

REBIRTH IN LIBERTY

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"Only so much do I know as I have lived."

— Emerson

CHAPTER I

EXALTED GREENHORN

"There must be something wrong with the country you are coming from!" said the customs officer and shook his head. With the eyes of an experienced psychologist he looked from me, who had arrived, to Jules, who had come to meet me.

"You are no 'refugees,' are you?" The word had just become fashionable.

"No. We have been called to America."

"And want to stay?"

"Yes, officer. Forever!"

"Bless you!"

Noticing his smile, I felt a lump in my throat. Never before had I seen a uniformed official, a part of the state, so to speak, being human toward any "subject." And I wasn't even yet an American! Yes, there was something terribly wrong with the country I came from.

For this officer, I had opened my big trunks, and he had examined a number of nice things—all used, of course. He made some mystical chalk signs over the stickers of the United States Line. I was "O.K." After all, not everybody was able to produce a Non-Quota Immigrant Visa! He saluted in a charming way.

I had no more time to think of the "wrong" country across the Atlantic. My whole imagination was occupied by the marvels I expected of the land I had just entered—my new homeland. The excitement of arrival had removed from my memory the painful knowledge of the existence of a certain cancer abscess which corroded just that part of the world which once had been my natural

background. The present alone seemed to count, and the happiness it gave to me.

Again, I walked at the side of Jules—a husband to be proud of! Six feet tall, sun-tanned, gay and young, he looked much more like a pioneer, a pirate, a heart-breaker on his way to Hollywood, than like a former German University Professor, cabled for from Paris by Columbia University. “Former”! Bah, we were too young for that word anyway. There was nothing but future ahead, glorious, American future! Wasn’t he already an old American—with a full fifty-four days ahead of me in this country?

A taxi door flung open. Ah, they had cabs in New York, just as in the Old World, perhaps a little more spacious. Somehow, I had expected that one might possibly fly from pier to destination. Americans on my boat had told me stories, you know. Incredible stories about the technical miracles of New York.

While we rolled along, my eyes caressed the river to the left. I always have loved to live near rivers. Rivers have souls, rivers are good. To the right, there was city turmoil. I love city turmoil, it has been my lullaby from childhood. Deserts or dreamy coasts were the backgrounds of my activities, or the hum of cities which harbored millions. Each big city has its own melody. I still had to learn the concord of sounds that meant New York.

“We’re going uptown,” remarked Jules.

Uptown! How could it be otherwise. I heard the word for the first time. Uptown—upward! It was just another expression for the upturn our whole life would take from this day on, this twenty-third day of June, 1934. Gratefully I turned my head to catch a last glimpse of the good ship *President Roosevelt*. But there was no further trace of it. We had left the waterfront, driving into more residential-looking streets.

“This is the last time, Panther,” said Jules, “that you try to look back—promise?”

"Yes, Jules. I promise."

And while my eyes examined strange steel platforms, connected by steel ladders running along the fronts and sides of houses, seemingly to invite burglars—while I tried to estimate the height of these houses and to speculate upon the occupations of their inhabitants, Jules repeated to me his familiar "anthropological rules of behavior" for new surroundings; the rules of Paris, Algiers, and the Sahara; rules, good to remember for all who feel themselves as citizens of the world: "Never compare things you see to other things you have seen elsewhere; never draw hasty conclusions before you know the necessary facts; never compare people with people and habits with habits; never make evaluations concerning human beings or the culture they have built up for themselves." In short:

"Be unbiased; don't drag old memories into a new reincarnation. Be fair. Open your heart first, then your mind—and wait a long, long time before you make any conclusive statements about America. Promise?"

"I promise!"

The taxi stopped before a friendly house somewhere in West 137th Street. One of Jules' new American Columbia students who years ago had been a member of his Cologne students' group and who, with his wife, spent this summer making a field trip, had rented their apartment to us—a nice chance to become acclimatized to the American way of living, before we chose our own homestead.

The trunks were bumped down, the door was shut. We were alone in our first American living quarters.

Like a savage who carefully examines the strange things around a white man, I went sniffing about, investigating the friendly studio and the living room where the absence of a big, sturdy family table struck me. The bedroom was interesting because of its built-in closets—no trace of clumsy European wardrobe cabinets. The bathroom looked familiar. The kitchen was simply a dream. An always

ready-to-use gas-range and built-in cupboards, meant high luxury to European eyes. And there was the white wonder of a refrigerator, run by gas, a source of heat, and producing *cold!* From time to time it made a humming, growling noise, showing that it was alive like a good watchdog. Ice cubes and hot water, and plenty of both, were my first impressions of American efficiency. Phone and electric light worked in the familiar way; dishes, chairs, glasses had no miraculous new shapes—only the soup spoons were cute and round. The first book I picked from the shelf was *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and the fireplace was crowned by a plaster reproduction of the Devil of Notre Dame whose weatherbeaten face my fingers had touched in Paris two weeks before. And they called America “a strange continent”!

The bell rang. Dear, dear—there were reporters already! They shot at me the unavoidable question:

“*How do you like America?*”

Were they crazy? What could I possibly know about a country I had entered two hours before? Could I repeat to them our “anthropological rules”? Could I speak of my own enthusiastic good-will? Oh, no; they wanted to know just what they had asked. Well, I said:

“*Wonderful!*”

and that was what they printed.

After they had left, we unpacked the most needed things. I changed my dress. And now, it was Jules’ turn to show me the “greatest sight”; according to our ritual this was his duty in any new country.

“What do you expect it to be?”

“Harlem! And the Empire State Building!”

“Well, let’s see.”

We soon disappeared in the nearest subway hole, and I admired the clever turnstiles which were so much better than the sadistic little Paris *portillons* which always shut just when you come up to them! It was hot, very, very hot. Here, I became conscious of it for the first time.

The speed was terrific. The passengers appeared amazingly well dressed, and there was no first- and second-class as in France. But there existed no good orientation maps in the cars. It seemed impossible for a stranger to disentangle his route. And figures, figures instead of street names, only rarely interrupted by a more individualistic word.

Pennsylvania Station. We got out. After a while we found ourselves atop one of the great buses, driving along Fifth Avenue, nestled up to each other like two little lovers, abandoning ourselves to the great, exciting rhythm of the metropolis. The Empire State Building was its jubilant super-chord; Public Library, Rockefeller Center—monuments of a new conception of beauty; towers that said "Yes!" to life; confirmations of a sacred optimism; of wealth beyond measurement; of strength, superior to any challenge.

Paris, I now felt, was the apotheosis of a magnificent but dust-covered and unreal world of the past. New York, however, was the triumphant expression of the future hopes of humanity!

Why had the reporters insisted upon such a premature visit? Now, I could have told them other things!

I was not ashamed of my tears of overwhelming happiness. When we had reached 57th Street, I said what I had said years before after my first header from a high diving plank:

"Once more!"

and back we went. Jules, the old American, could even be persuaded to take me uptown once more.

Now, twilight had given a new gray-bluish diaphanous tint to the sky. Lighted squares multiplied each other in the majestic towers which the German language terms "*cloud scrapers*," "*Wolkenkratzer*," while the country of their origin rightfully connects them with the *sky*! How must God feel to have them so close under his own realm!

The glowing show windows betrayed treasures yet to

be investigated. Being a fanatical addict of Scheherezade's Tales of the Thousand and One Nights, it had always been my most ardent desire to make, at least once, the trip from Baghdad to Basra on camel-back, to trail the sun-baked holy road of immeasurable ancient glamour. Now, I had traveled by bus, from 32nd to 57th Street in New York City, and this short stretch of way had blotted out the wishes of a former existence. Dreams of years were surpassed by a few minutes of reality.

This time we stayed on the bus. When we passed 125th Street, Jules asked:

"Harlem, now?"

But I was afraid that another impression of equal magnitude might burst my mind. We returned to the apartment to enjoy a light meal previously prepared. The bananas were *red*, and a strange green pear tasted like palm marrow.

When I was alone in the kitchen for a moment, I climbed on a chair and rubbed the lamp with a dust-cloth. Maybe, Ala-ed-Din's djinnee might appear, after all!

While Jules undressed, I saw to my horror that both his legs were entirely covered by bandages and that for the entire day he had withheld from me his obvious suffering.

"Jules! What has happened to you?"

"It's the sun of America. It is different, you know. More intensive. A rather violent sun."

He told me of a trip to Long Beach, together with two other professors, and how they all had fallen asleep on the beach, while the sun did something to the skin of their uncovered legs which resulted in his fainting in the subway; in feverish days in the beds of John Jay Hall of Columbia University and how the morning before, in moving out to "our" apartment, Jules had seen that a doctor's office was right on the same floor with his room. But nobody had told him. "Let him find out himself!" was the slogan of his first acquaintances.

"And right they were! I should have noticed it myself. I'm old enough to know, after all!"

He insisted that he was all right again and laughed the whole thing off. Later, the skin of his legs peeled in leather-like strips and he pointed to his new his "American epidermis."

We spent the night talking and talking. There were a number of adventures we had to recollect.

To state that we were "happy to be reunited" would not do justice to the situation. Also, "a second honeymoon" wouldn't do. Imagine twin brothers, each of them safely returned from a different man-felling battlefield that had separated them for months. They wouldn't exchange sentimental words. They wouldn't need to reaffirm each other of certainties. Perhaps, the weaker one of the two would lean his head against the shoulder of the stronger one; that is all. But together they would catch a glimpse of the same star, and the free soil that gave them rest would be holy to them.

If you come to a new continent to live there permanently, you have feelings entirely different from those of an occasional tourist behind whose enchanted curiosity rests the knowledge that he will return to the intimate familiarity of his established home elsewhere. For, if you come to stay, you have to realize that, whatever you see, whatever the given conditions are, you have to put up with them permanently. Your body, your mind have to adjust themselves to whatever you find. There is something final in *that* knowledge. It requires absolute objectivity and loads of physical and mental good-will. If you are unable to regain the innocence and naïveté of a new-born child who cannot compare and therefore happily enjoys his surroundings, you never will understand *a new country*. Yet it is possible to transplant yourself successfully if you only are aware of the fact that we all originate from the same planet and that those who exchange their native land

for another, are privileged to experience *another sector of Creation.*

Two steps are necessary: to forget and "die," and, to speed up the rebirth of your whole personality.

Your mind, if you are accustomed to common-sense thinking, will easily get rid of old slag. Not so, however, your body, that old reminder of our mortality. It's easier to forget a lost home and fortune; a pet murdered out of spite; a family that chose to accept cowardly the dictations of a gangster, than it is to train your body to accept sudden attacks of torrid, humid heat; to force your hands to sudden unaccustomed housework; to overcome the passive resistance of your lips which refuse to form strange syllables that you are easily able to write and to read but which you are embarrassed to articulate audibly in the presence of unfamiliar people. Human nature is like that. Nevertheless it's easy, after all, to triumph over all obstacles, if your eyes are only sharp enough to recognize them and if your will is strong enough to overcome them. A healthy sense of humor does the rest.

Someone had been kind enough to telephone a milk company to secure for us a daily quart. The first morning, we did not want to comment upon the strangely sour taste of the milk in our coffee. We thought it might be the climate. But after the third day we decided to do something about it. Long negotiations with the superintendent's wife resulted in the revelation that we had regularly and faithfully been provided with *buttermilk*. This realization brought an immediate and gratifying change.

Not without considerable stage fright did I enter my first American grocery store. Having once assisted Jules in the translation of some works of Thomas Hobbes into German, I had a pretty nice seventeenth-century British vocabulary and knew many things about Oliver Cromwell and the "Rump Parliament." This, however, did not provide much encouragement when asking for cauliflower or soap flakes of mysterious brands. Friends hurriedly pro-

vided me with the names of stores where people spoke German, but these were just the places I avoided. How can you learn to swim if you don't jump right into the water?

I became a nuisance to all the grocery clerks of the neighborhood, but the results were splendid: after three weeks I had not only been introduced to ounces instead of grams, to smaller pounds than the accustomed ones, to pints and quarts instead of liters; but I knew also the principal brands and designations of the most frequently used products and foods, up to the noble sirloin steak.

This knowledge provided me with more self-satisfaction than the success of my first public lecture four years later before an American audience of five hundred. And how magnificent was the reward! Having grown up in a periodically starving country my eyes caressed the dozen-boxes filled with fresh eggs; the unrestricted loads of butter; the ridiculously low price of the finest coffee (one dollar a pound in pre-Hitlerian Germany); the sugar bags, the jellies and marmalades, the packages of rice and noodles. I was startled by the luxurious habit of using white soap instead of harsh soda for dishwashing. I admired the mountains of attractively displayed fruits and vegetables which seemed beyond seasonal restrictions. The surgical saw-work of skillful butchers interested me as much as the heaps of fragrant bread and the idea of boxing, wrapping and bottling everything in a clean, inexpensive way. Once when buying a lemon and a bunch of parsley, I watched with amazement how the lemon was wrapped in a neat paper bag, as was the parsley, and how both were put into another, larger bag. This wonder of lavishness inspired hour-long reflections upon American sumptuousness. Nice-looking jelly glasses were thrown away, not washed and piled up on shelves. What a country! What wealth!

Something had happened to the motor of our refrigerator. A handyman came, had a quick look, raised an axe,

and demolished the whole humming wonderbox. Noticing my shock, he said calmly:

"Otherwise, you wouldn't get a new one. And that's what you want. Isn't it?"

Next morning, there it was, the "new one," silent, shining, and "much improved." Really, some things here resembled the "other sun" of the beach with its extreme rays. There was more violence, but also more soft-heartedness—everything a little exaggerated.

Postal clerks and bank-tellers won my immediate affection by the way in which they treated their clients. In France and Germany, everyone who asks something from an official or semi-official, is continuously made aware of his position of an underdog, an inferior being who dares to challenge the state. Here, such men treated me with more kindness, than, let's say, the spiritual head of my home church.

The more we saw, the more modest we became. The more we observed, the more we pledged ourselves to go on learning. After a few disillusioning experiences, we refused further intercourse with certain "former Germans," because we detested their backward-looking attitude. To many of them, the past was not, as it was to us, just another word for a closed grave, but a sinister handicap that hampered their days and blackened-out their nights, casting gloom over their future.

Jules' work at Columbia was to begin in the fall. It was still vacation time, and we had somehow to try to live on until his first salary would be due. Unlike "refugees" who had been provided with traveling funds and living quarters, we stood alone and without help. We refused to let our first utterance be a demand for money. There was a very modest sum I had managed to bring over, and Jules had still the rest of his British advance on the royalties for a yet unwritten book. However, I felt inspired by the joyful outlook of finding myself in a country "where women work", and as an old believer in

miracles I saw myself as a successful business or professional woman, somehow, sometime.

One famous old scientist whom my imagination had adorned with mystical kindness, had greeted me with the words:

"I hope you brought plenty of money with you!" and since I could answer only with a sad shaking of my head, I from then on avoided famous scientists and dedicated myself entirely to my ever-growing love for America.

Our primary concern was the procurement of our First Papers—the preliminary step toward American citizenship. But there was much red tape to overcome, and we had to wait a long, long time before the necessary application blanks reached us. It would take still longer until they were O.K.'ed and sanctioned.

When I think back on those first weeks in New York, the strongest impressions crystallize themselves into a few definite pictures.

First, and above all, there was the heat. We had lived for four years in Africa, but never had we experienced anything comparable to the sizzling, humid tortures of New York's summer. Because, in Algiers and the Cameroons, the nights at least are cool—not without reason do desert tribes wear woolen burnooses—and the day hours produce a dry heat whose shadows offer relief. This first July in New York made us cry out in anguish when we awoke at night from an unruly sleep. It reminded us of a wrecked submarine whose crew perishes in the agony of used-up oxygen. In such nights, I dreamed of four poor tropical fishes which, through my ignorance, had died a slow death when, as a child, I had imprisoned them in a badly ventilated, plantless aquarium. I knew now how they had felt. We became fearful that our brains "might have walked out on us." But, after all, other seasons would come. Many millions lived in this city, worked in this city during July and August. Again, we felt ashamed of our bodies' weaknesses.

Our second impulse was the impression of new freedom, provided by the routine of life in a city that harbors millions and takes care of them, without robbing them of their individual liberties.

Our letters were carelessly thrown upon our door mat. They reached us unopened, unread by outsiders. There was nobody around who collected "material" against us, who observed our movements or dictated our actions. The phone rang—nobody listened in. The paper came—the one we had ordered, not the one somebody had forced upon us. Our first American friends dropped in—not to spy on us, but because we liked each other!

In the evening, a nickel took us to Times Square. In the crowded subway, someone carelessly jostled us. They didn't care who we were. Their nickel, our nickel had pushed us all together. Nobody followed us. A "cop" was a friend who, to serve our welfare, ruled the city traffic—not an enemy, employed by the state to watch our movements. The lights of Times Square, the color cascades of Columbus Circle shone for us as well as for millions of others. And we were but two among the millions—legally admitted to this country of wealth and light, ready to serve it, in turn, with all our minds, our souls, might be able to offer.

In a way, these realizations were, naturally, temporarily dimmed by the grief you experience when your thoughts are grown up, but your vocabulary is not. We learned to understand that it is of no great importance to lose all one's visible possessions, but that it is a serious matter when you, as a writer, a speaker, a scientist, in short someone to whom a language has become a sacred tool which he has tried to handle in a perfect way, are suddenly deprived of that tool—when you find you have a hammer in your hand where tongs would be appropriate; scissors instead of a knife; a saw instead of a drill. And the more the spoken and written word means to you, the greater is your respect for the new vocables, and the more

you hesitate to mutilate with clumsy attempts the tapestry of another language.

In this respect, simple children of the people enjoy a considerable advantage. To them, language is nothing but a means of communication, and as soon as they are able to ask for a glass of water in the new form of expression, they are completely happy. They understand, they are understood—what more could they desire? They forget quickly the crude knowledge they had acquired of their native language and culture, and exchange it readily for the crude knowledge of another people's language and culture.

But to those who regard words as carefully shaded differentiations of differentiated notions, to those who try to choose expressions respectfully and discreetly, the loss of their native language means at the beginning condemnation to an illiterate existence.

Jules was not half so badly hit as I was. He spoke French almost as well as German; furthermore, he was accustomed to learn within a few weeks the principal idioms of a new language, and he already possessed such a thorough knowledge of English—from school, from visits to London, from frequent intercourse with members of international society—that it was just a matter of routine for him to add to his rich vocabulary the necessary everyday phraseology and to flavor it with some newspaper slang. After a few weeks, he had made such progress that he could painlessly discuss any topic in any circle—from mailman to university professor, from bank-teller to five-o'clock lady.

I, however, found myself in an almost desperate position. My "other" language always had been French. As a former Riviera reporter and a half-native of Paris, I had gone so far as deliberately to disregard all chances to improve my English. I frivolously neglected a lovely Canadian lady whom I met annually in Southern France and who possessed all the qualities of a prospective friend,

just because I had a strange prejudice against some sounds of the English language. The lack of "é's," clear "a's," French "u's," the mere existence of the nursery consonant of "th" and the groaning "r" were too much for my spoiled acoustic system. Yes, I had learned in school all irregular verbs, solidified by detailed knowledge of syntax and grammar. I could read any English book and understand all that was spoken. But to produce these sounds myself was another matter, a task that scared me.

Now, suddenly, in my new and tremendous effort of good-will, urged by necessity, it was too late just to be ashamed of my former idiotic attitude of giggling at words like "acknowledge," "husband," "cough," or "psychiatrist," with the swallowed "p"—all words which once appeared to me as monstrosities of phonetic discord. Now I had to pay for my stubbornness. While Jules read the *Times* and the leading literary magazines fluently and with obvious delight, my seventeenth-century wealth of British words had been enriched by just some grocery-store lingo. I knew the difference between "Are you waited on?" and "I am waiting for someone," but, beyond that there was not much hope at present.

Most difficult to remember were not the "new" words and expressions I had to learn, but the different spellings which were familiar to me in German and French and suddenly acquired, in American, a new, wretched appearance.

"Gymnasium," in France a theatre, in Germany a school of higher learning, became suddenly a hall for body training. "Stadium" to me, meant "stage" or "phase" and not "sports arena" which Europeans call "*stadion*" in the original Greek form. "Pathetic" suddenly meant "pitiable" instead of "heroic-emotional." The French "*comité*," the German "*Komitee*" were misspelled into "committee," a "toilette" turned into a "gown," while the other meaning of the word either lost its last two letters or became simply a "ladies' room." *Mahagoni*

changed into "mahogany"; *Alâ Al-Dîn* became "Aladdin." A *Roman* suddenly was a "novel"; a *Novelle* a "short novel." A *Dame* was not a "lady" but a gangster's girl friend; a *Salon* transformed itself from a formal reception room into a second rate drinking place by the name of "saloon." Bewildering, too, were the "Romance" languages which should have been, according to my feelings, "Romanic." My old friend Sokrates got a "c" and a "wrong" vowel at the end of his name. Something similar happened to Virgil with a "mispronounced" second letter and a shifted accent, and to "Psyche," with two entirely different vowels and an unspoken "P"—not to mention the abbreviated "Aristotle" so familiar to me as "Aristoteles."

Even the simplest words took on entirely different meanings. "Self-conscious," for instance, means in German (*selbstbewusst*) exactly the opposite of the English, namely "presumptuous." No wonder that grotesque errors were bound to happen. I still remember with horror the facial expressions of two elderly gentlewomen when I, wishing to praise a speaker as "unique," erroneously put the accent on the first syllable, thus making a "eunuch" out of one of our country's most distinguished men!

I began to appreciate the many distortions occurring in the translation of foreign political speeches, especially on the radio when it sometimes is necessary to listen to a spoken word before the translator has the printed text at hand. It is not enough to hear it. Very often the whole meaning changes with one wrongly placed or understood accent. It is not sufficient to consult a dictionary in order to get a language straight.

What almost invariably happened to the speeches of Hitler, which are not even *in German*, can only be hinted at, not explained. The translated version of *Mein Kampf* had this great disadvantage—that the correct English text suggests to the reader the wrong assumption that the original might have been written *in German*, which is not

at all the fact. Its original first edition can be read even by a German only with the help of a handbook of Balkan slang.

In a way, I had considered myself a pretty good fighter. But now I discovered that it is much easier to fight your enemies than to fight your own ignorance. If only I had been able to stop regarding certain words as "musical misfits!" If only I could begin to see the beauty which lies in *any* language—if you master it.

It took me three full years, and then, almost over night, my eyes and ears were opened, and I saw clearly after reading certain lines, that in America, too, words could be discreetly used tools, "carefully shaded differentiations of differentiated notions." My growing respect was rewarded by knowledge, by the ability to speak and to write *English!* And the day came when I was profoundly stirred by a magnificent, powerful English voice. It belonged to a man who represented the faith and pride of a world-embracing Empire. He spoke of Great Britain and of America:

... And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

But, as I said, I needed years to arrive at that point, and more years, before I was able to express myself to my own satisfaction. This is not flattering for me; but it would be cowardly to suppress in these my American confessions a point so important to my mental development.

A strange magnetism drew us again and again to Harlem.

Since we restrained ourselves from comparing the proud, naked masters of Africa with their mixed grandchildren of Lenox Avenue, garbed in the white man's ugly clothes, we were safe from disappointment.

Each human race has its beauty and dignity which shows itself best against its natural background. While in Africa, I very often experienced a pronounced feeling of inferiority on account of my white face which, somehow,

did not fit into a culture of glowing colors, shrill sounds, penetrant smells and mask dances in honor of the spirits of the deceased. In spite of my keen interest in the mysteries of the Dark Continent, I felt that I was merely tolerated in a world created for and by the black-skinned, slender, singing, impenetrable sons and daughters of Africa and their gods, wizards, and dreams.

Later, then, in Marseille, in Nice and Paris, I had encountered a few overdressed Negroes from the French colonies who strolled along the boulevards, often accompanied by some hydrogen peroxide-blonde white females with all the trimmings—a pitiful sight. There, *they* did not belong.

But in America, the Negro played an entirely different rôle. Even the progressive present harbored some painful remembrances of wrongs of the past which had been set right long ago but whose traces still lingered on in discrepancies difficult to adjust.

Harlem was one of the solutions to the problem. "Nigger Heaven," it had been called. It was the kingdom of those children and grandchildren of slaves who now tried to make fruitful use of their freedom, who considered themselves Americans but still had, without realizing it themselves, the rhythm of the jungle in their veins. To show how very American they were, they overdid whatever they considered as characteristic of their white compatriots. When the movies showed them films of savages in the jungle, they sneered disdainfully. What a tragedy, to have lost the pride of one's own millenia—old past and not yet be able to melt entirely into the united, mighty stream of the future!

In the quarters of African natives, the sight of a white woman is continuously the center of favorable or grudging attention. She has to "watch her step," and the smallest detail of her outfit or behavior may cause a riot. Not so in Harlem. There were too many whites around to constitute "exceptions." I thus got my fair chance to become

familiar in an unconventional way with the thousand variations of the theme of the American black man, his women and babies.

The streets of Harlem are wide and in no way different from those of the average New York business district. Branches of the great chain stores offer shoes, dresses, and groceries of the same brands as those in the downtown sections. No secluded Ghetto-atmosphere is noticeable. White shoppers mix freely with colored housewives, and in the perambulators parked before the Five-and-Ten-Cent stores piccaninny faces slumber peacefully beside rosy-cheeked white babies. Since most Harlem citizens belong to the working classes, their manner of dress is in no way different from that of other workers. That is true for everyday wear and for the daytime.

But at special holidays like the Easter fashion parade, the famous Harlem super-fancy makes its appearance. Violet trousers, yellow jackets, lilac in the button-holes are no extravagance for men whose long, narrow, shining shoes provide a touch of extreme refinement, while women love to sport costumes in which at least six complementary colors predominate.

But Harlem is not satisfied with the American routine holidays, it has its own celebrations. When Father Divine, self-styled God of thousands of Negroes, circles over 125th Street in a red airplane, streams of his followers turn out, all in white dresses with green handkerchiefs, waving and shouting, presenting, from above, the sight of a wind-swept meadow, full of daisies and brown bugs.

However, such daytime celebrations are exceptions. As long as the sun is shining, Harlem life tries to be average American in its activities. Only the night is more African, and the luxuries of the American civilization merely serve to make the jungle touch even more evident. After dark, the Negroes take over complete rule of their streets and houses, and at such hours it may be adventurous if not

dangerous for any white intruder to show too great an interest in the thrills of Harlem.

Since I had to climb down only a few hills in order to reach 125th Street, one of the main Harlem shopping centers, I frequently bought my vegetables and meats in one of the great markets where black hands touched mine in the baskets of fresh spinach. In fulfilling my housewively duties, I thus experienced many an anthropological thrill.

In the evenings, Jules made me aware of the more significant phenomena, and we penetrated Harlem from the superficial sights and events of its daylight life to its deeper, African heart whose beat we heard distinctly.

We joined the white and colored sidewalk superintendents who listened, with sympathizing apathy, to speakers displaying dramatically heightened emotions. The sight of kinky heads treated in open barber shops, the African rhythms of the Savoy dance hall, the sometimes visible ever-ready razor blades, and the tap-dancing feet provided only the overture for deeper research. We visited the Holy Rollers who sought their God in ecstatic convulsions. We learned in the Harlem Negro Synagogue that "white Jews are only perverted Jewish Negroes"; we saw, in a burlesque show, white girls strip before a spellbound black audience. A Negro theatre gave evidence of serious artistic effort, while, next door, "magic bundles" were sold, guaranteed to "bring immediate relief from any ailment."

All this stimulated our minds considerably, never suggested any idea of "looking back" and made us forget even the humid heat.

While we tried so hard to "forget" and to speed up our rebirth, sudden news of another act of violence jumped over the Atlantic and succeeded in creating American headlines. The invader of Germany, the Austrian house-painter, had, by his own law, executed overnight many of his own pals and fellow-felons. Röhm, his super-mercenary and organizer of the Nazi storm troops, fell as the most spec-

tacular victim; General Schleicher and his wife were assassinated in their home. Some prominent co-incendiaries of the time of the burning Reichstag building, Count Helldorf and Heines, died a violent death at the hand of their idol. Too late, it was thereby demonstrated to them that a philosophy of betrayal does not logically stop with the fellow-betrayer.

The sensation swept America. It was only human to interpret the internal clean-up among ringleaders as the long-expected, late, yet honorable awakening of the German people against its régime of shame. Information that even the famous "S.S.," the élite guards, had caused a mutiny seemed to indicate that the monster's end was near.

But somehow we did not allow the sensational nature of such news to influence our honest efforts toward genuine Americanization. At that time, many Americans refused to occupy themselves with the occurrences in one sector of Europe where somebody had run amuck. Coming from that unfortunate region, we felt as embarrassed as someone might feel who has sprung from a disreputable family. The cleanliness, the frankness, and candor of American mentality made us eager to dismiss from our minds the disgrace we had been forced to witness. We were ready to forget it, for our own sake and for the sake of our new start. Therefore, neither the excitement of that 30th of June, 1934, nor the disappointment which followed when Hitler survived it, after all, could penetrate our minds profoundly. Years had to pass until we became aware of the fact that America expected from us more than to "forget"; that it was our duty to overcome our desire for restraint and that our experiences with Hitlerism burdened us with a task we had to carry out, not "*against Nazism*," but *for America*.

Accustoming myself to manual housework was not difficult at all. I had always been a good cook. Now, for a change, I could also practically test the quality of my

recipes. But the more our meal hours became stabilized and my shopping experience improved, the more our desire grew to have a home again, some rooms, filled with things of our own, even if they were as small as cells in a bee-hive!

Our European furniture and the rest of our saved books were stored in Paris; but for the moment, there existed no financial possibility of bringing them over. Furthermore, all those things were terrifically heavy, too solid, too much destined for the use of generations instead of for a tiny New York apartment.

I hoped to acquire American things, designed for the American way of living. Perhaps I also shunned the sight of perpetual reminders of bygone days. But first we had to make money to realize such hopes. Jules had begun to write articles and to sell them. For book-writing, the heat was still too great. Our creative forces were on strike.

In this situation, one Miss Esther Daniels appeared like an angel of promise.

Smartly dressed, she entered our door. Somebody had told her that we were in town. She did not believe in announced visits and preferred to confront her game in person.

She was charming, indeed, and as soon as she had found out my enthusiastic readiness to "join the army of working women," she let her eyes wander, scrutinized my possibilities, and soon announced:

"There may be money in you, my dear!"

The sweetest music I had heard for a long time!

She noticed a table-cloth, embroidered with exotic figures, and as soon as she had found out that these were my own work and design, she quoted sums which caused me giddiness.

"How much could you produce in a week? What would you charge for one? How much a dozen?"

It was simply wonderful! This, I thought, is opportunity. This is America. Soon I will own a flourishing embroidery concern.

Appealing to my imagination which, as she could not know, had been my pitfall before, she invited me to tell frankly "everything you know anything about." She intended to weigh my "possibilities." To oblige her, I began, while she scribbled notes on a pad:

"Swimming — French — playing Bach — cooking — saddling a mule — raising dogs — drawing with pen-and-ink — painting with water-colors — entertaining people — embroidering with silk — writing German — typing — cheering up melancholy grumblers . . . "

"That's plenty!" interrupted Miss Daniels. "I shall send you outlines for the following careers:

"Swimming . . . no, that's nonsense . . . but French . . . now I have it: language teacher. Playing Bach . . . what do you mean by that? By how many is it done? A parlor game?"

"No. It's merely a pastime at the piano . . . "

"Oh! Are you making fun of me? I hope not! Let's forget that! Piano playing, that's the very lowest . . . but the rest is good. Listen: hotel manager — sensational explorer in the style of Osa Johnson — breeder of priceless new dog types — first-rate artist — manager at the Ritz — needle-painter — member of the U. S. Intelligence Service — typing . . . let's see. Honey, that is vulgar, we'll forget that. And gloom-chasing—I see no glamour in *that!* But the rest is absolutely super! As soon as we have agreed on your career, I will send you the boys from the press!"

"Listen—" said Jules, overwhelmed by pity for his partner.

"Listen—" said I, afraid of being transformed into a professional bluff.

"You'll be hearing from me!" announced Esther Daniels with a cheerful voice and disappeared, not without a moist look in Jules' direction. But she returned once more.

"Can you speak publicly, Mrs. Lips?"

"No."

"I don't see why. I can kick anybody on to a platform!"

"Sorry. No."

"But you could do some writing in English, couldn't you?"

"No!"

"'My Impressions of America'! That always catches interest. You might sell..."

"No! Perhaps after seven years!"

"Well!"

Murmuring something about a prospective "Neighborhood Kitchen," she made her exit.

Without her help, without her knowledge even, Jules had quietly accepted a number of speaking engagements in some camps around New York. These friendly occasions of informal exchange of opinion brought us in touch with a number of stimulating people—be it a Hindu disciple of Mahatma Gandhi, be it men, women, and young people of different ages. After such lectures, we were slowly driven through cool, nocturnal parks with the silhouettes of pines against the sky, while hundreds of flash-lights brightened the way like giant fireflies.

Thus, Jules' work began to provide again not only spirited joy, but also a material foundation for our existence. The mellow wisdom of a renowned philosopher who became our first New York friend shone over these months of adjustment. While firecrackers taught us the significance of the Fourth of July, while from the Lewisohn Stadium elysian music melted into the night and Chinatown opened to us its oriental fascinations, we slowly took root.

Amusing contributions to applied psychology were provided by some cajoling letters from Europe, written to Jules by people who had forgotten his existence while we were in need and who now, overestimating our financial status and reminding us of their "sincere friendship,"

tried to realize with our help their schemes to become dollar millionaires.

Esther Daniels asked for more time, in order to have the opportunity to "build up a real career" for a poor and exalted greenhorn who watched her efforts with big, startled eyes. Was she "American Opportunity" in person, that dream-fairy of all Europeans, or was she merely a delirious business woman? The future would show. It was rather difficult, of course, to distinguish between the typical and the exception. We avoided coming to generalizations suggested by occurrences, the regularity of which we were not yet able to estimate.

Along came the happy day when it was possible to look around for our own abode. It was not a whole house, this time, to be built according to our plans and filled with self-designed furniture. It was so much more: a whole island of freedom in the humming ocean of New York—an island of our own.

I began to make daily expeditions to the neighborhood of Columbia University and overcame violent attacks of timidity in the face of colored elevator men (the place where we had stayed was a walk-up). I learned that "four rooms" meant three, and "five" four—that "leases" were contracts for at least one year, while "jobs" were bound to no promises—that each kitchen I saw had the same built-in closets and shiny refrigerators—that floors are made of hard or soft wood—that in America most walls are painted, not papered—and that an impressive army of handymen, janitors, scrubwomen stood ready to make maid-less living a pleasure.

Whenever it came to deciding on hotels, apartments, even houses, I claimed the pleasure and task as my own privilege, and in some cases Jules was allowed merely to close the final deal by signing his name on the dotted line.

This time, however, it was he who made the final choice. We ceremoniously entered the large building in 118th

Street. The elevator brought us to one of the upper floors —like Ibsen's "Architect Solness," we had a preference for "towers"—and there we were, in *our* "five-room apartment." It had a worm-like dark hall, a tiny bedroom and a small storage place, termed "room." But in front there were two extensive rooms, flooded with light. From one row of windows one looked down to a garden with sunny, green, gigantic tree-tops—

"Here will be my desk," said Jules immediately, the old outdoor boy whom fate customarily sentences to confinement in enclosed surroundings.

The other room had a Morningside Drive view, and one could look deep, deep down to where at the descent of a rocky and lovely park Harlem spread itself out in blue-black haze.

"I sign!" said Jules, and when the men had gone, we paced the resounding, empty floors, overcome with happiness.

A mother getting ready the outfit for her coming baby could not go to work with more tenderness, more care and joy than I did while planning the furnishing of our American home.

Riding escalators in the great department stores, clipping advertisements, exploring second-hand opportunities, I soon found out that a hundred dollars does not go very far, nor does two nor three hundred dollars. I discovered that oriental rugs, chaise-longues, down-filled pillows, and certain qualities of glass and chinaware were simply "out." On the other hand, I marveled at the phantastic treasure-houses called Five-and-Ten-Cent stores, where taste and beauty could be bought for almost nothing. Bless the Five-and-Ten-Cent stores! Their products provided almost everything for my kitchen. Candlewick bedspreads, shower curtains, and the lovely luxuries of American cotton wealth had to remain as hopes for the future.

Yet, our bedroom looked quite lovely with modern furni-

ture of a gray unusual wood. The tiny cube that pretended to be a "room" was baptized "the box" and treated as such, with things stuffed in. The principal care was given, of course, to the two front rooms which we converted into two studios where each of us could work in comfort and privacy. A dining-room seemed ridiculous, compared to our needs; a conventional living room would be most impractical. Each of us got a good, sane desk, bought second-hand at an amazingly low price. A couch and comfortable chairs made lounging easy, and there was space enough for a nice birch table with four chairs, trimmed with red lacquer, quite cheerful and inviting. The rugs were not so good, the lamps a little cheap, but our favorite color schemes were preserved: blue and light orange for Jules, jade green with poppy-red touches for myself.

An hilarious party celebrated the day when we moved in; even some champagne sparkled in the ten-cent glasses, and "Joe" and "Harry" and "Butch," a Big Business man, a philosopher and a World War flyer, now University Professor, swore they had had "the time of their lives!"

One little disadvantage could not be denied: there were too few "things" around, things you bring from trips or inherit or acquire in some unusual way, in years of mutual life. There were neither paintings nor vases, nor clocks, nor small, carved tables. And, of course, *there were no books*.

And yet, they existed, somewhere in wooden boxes, stored away in a spooky continent. We managed to pay monthly for their preservation a rather high amount, like the alimony you may pay to a person once dear but now separated from you by the storms of life. "My books are asleep," said Baudelaire when he was separated from his. Our books were even dead. But the small, rescued part, the nucleus of our new library, still "slept" in Paris. Honestly and whole-heartedly I can say that the separation from *them* was the only acute pain of loss we felt.

One evening in the kitchen I saw a little brown bug, disappearing in a crack of the cupboard. I called Jules.

"Look! How lovely! A cockchafer!"

"And there is another one," said Jules.

"They must come from the trees, out there."

"Better kill them."

"Kill? But, Jules! They are the sweetest things. Here, in the city! Maybe they like sugar water and bread crumbs."

We had no dog, no bird, not even a turtle—why shouldn't we at least have fun with a few little summer bugs who visited us from the trees?

They seemed to like the attention they received; but after about ten days I got the uncomfortable feeling that there suddenly were rather many of them. The window was closed, and yet there were at least fifteen of them around. I consulted Jules.

"Jules! You don't think they *live* here? Jules—would it be possible that they are—"

"—vermin? I don't know. We'd better ask."

Next morning when I returned from a shopping trip and opened the apartment door, something horrible was going on. Jules received me in a rather bewildering mood.

"You with your 'lovely summer bugs'! Now see what you have raised in our kitchen!"

An ear-splitting noise made further words futile. Opening the kitchen door, I almost fainted. A gas attack was in full swing. In the middle of the battlefield stood a handyman, an electric implement in his hand, fanatically spraying and shooting, cursing and coughing. And over the shining linoleum, over the gas-range, the ice-box, the bread-box, the cupboards ran dozens, scores, hundreds of my favorite brown insects, suddenly resembling nightmares after being unmasked as pests. The biggest ones lost, in their hurry, transparent bags, obviously containing their brood. In their panic they tried to reach the door to Jules' studio, and some managed to enter it, as the sound of

blows betrayed. Yes, there stood Jules, slipper in hand, and fought the most disgusting, loathsome battle I had ever seen. And it was all my fault! I, proud of my cleanliness, I, the "neat housekeeper," had deliberately raised that army of cockroaches!

After hours of battle, victory was ours. But it had been almost easier to kill the insects than to appease the handyman. After having received a considerable tip and a handful of cigars, he confronted me with the decisive calm of a marshal who knows how to conquer his contempt. Thus he spoke, in cool disdain:

"And why didn't you ever let him in?"

"Him? Who?"

"The *exterminator!*"

I suddenly remembered the shy figure of a little man who, flash-light, can, and sprayer in his hand, had appeared at my door at regular intervals. He had greeted me with just one badly articulated word:

"Exterminator!"

Enlightened by some experience with Fuller Brush men, I had hurriedly closed the door, mumbling:

"Thank you very much!"

thus ejecting my savior.

After the corpses of my enemies had been swept up, I spent half the night washing the kitchen with soap and soda. It was a convenient opportunity to memorize two new vocables of the English language: "cockroach—exterminator,"—"cockroach—exterminator." I won't forget them as long as I live.

"Maplewood" was another new word, but a thoroughly pleasant one. I liked its honey-golden shade. My desk was made of maple, my simple chairs were. It was an entirely American sort of wood with a touch of wholesome comfort. On that desk stood a ceramic pot which contained the one living thing I had smuggled into America: my old cactus plant, raised from thimble-size to a multiplied, respectable

giant of organ-pipe shape. This stowaway now had followed me to the third continent.

Its inspiring presence before me, I spent many hours drawing, painting, dreaming. Esther Daniels had come to the conviction that my "genius for patterns" predisposed me to a triumphant career as a handkerchief designer. I never had seen printed handkerchiefs before, and I thought they were something very lovely, very American, real playgrounds for a picturesque imagination. With wild enthusiasm I drew orchids, sophisticated hands, African desert patterns, peacock's feathers, butterflies, the Eiffel Tower, the Devil of Notre Dame—all on handkerchiefs. When I had a collection of about twenty, I delivered them to the indefatigable Miss Daniels who seemed to be impressed.

But only too soon she returned them to me. They were "too refined," and their prospective buyer had said that he would have preferred daisies or forget-me-nots.

My disappointment was great. O Lord, how much did I desire to take part in the female activities of a country "where women work"! Fortunately, Miss Daniels was inexhaustible. Handkerchiefs were "too low" for me anyway. How about "spots" for *The New Yorker*? Vignettes, as I had done them for many Cologne posters; title heads for their feature articles on "Theatre," "The Movies," "Books," etc.? And away I tucked my flashing watercolors. Dipping a tiny pen into India Ink, I began to draw books and phantastic characters jumping out from their pages; a seductive gun woman opening the "hunting season"; a Negro child enjoying a lollipop; a whole bacchanal of dancing figures on a stage; movie lovers on a screen and the silhouettes of their imitators in the audience; notes and caprices, masks and men; dish-washing husbands and ladies with powder puffs; dogs and birds; subway entrances and peanut vendors....

Even Jules, my most severe critic, found them rather good. But don't worry. They, too, came back. They were "too individualistic" and inspired "too little sales appeal."

Anyway, nobody could take from me the fun I had experienced in scratching them on paper; no, sir!

Esther Daniels now went with me to a subway entrance in 57th Street to study an exhibition of huge water-color cartoons, the originals for magazine covers, netting their creators "ten thousand dollars a piece." Why not get right into the *big* money?

From now on we had to eat in the kitchen, because our dining table was covered with gigantic cartoons, tubes, brushes, rulers, water containers. Big money requires big size! After weeks of hard work, a truck called for my masterpieces, to deliver them to five leading New York magazines. Jules said:

"Bigness is not grandeur!"

I said nothing, because I was afraid.

Promptly they were returned, slightly crumpled. I stored them away in the "box" to counteract their provoking, hateful sight.

The next logical step would have been: blueprints for skyscrapers. But I did not get that far. Miss Daniels' fearless suggestions suddenly stopped. She had spotted another newcomer to America, much more promising than I. This lady manufactured artificial apples for dining-table centers.

I was an idle woman again.

One evening, walking along the Hudson, we complimented each other on our sparkling eyes and the refreshed coloring of our complexions. Something decisive had happened. We took a deep breath of good, clear air. The contours of New Jersey were as delicate as glass; no depressive mist veiled the view. A sudden gaiety we had not felt for a long time carried us away. In high spirits, we laughed and joked. What had happened? There was a sudden enlightenment: *the heat had gone!*

An explorer's rave filled us with a new spirit of enterprise. Repeatedly we rode up to the highest platform of

the Empire State Building. Deep down, unearthy, the city of wonders was spread out. Houses caressing the sky, the Hudson, the East River, thousands of cars, dimmed noise, people, people of New York! And we were two of them. Two New Yorkers, greenhorns yet, but with an honest will to improve.

In a palatial movie house a golden orchestra rose and sank, while Fokine's familiar ballet danced "Les Sylphides." A Yale friend invited us to New Haven; an auto trip to the Bear Mountain confronted us with a road sign: "SIN NO MORE!" We promised. A wave of happiness carried us away.

Screaming headlines announced new Old World discords: Dolfus, the little chancellor of Austria, had been murdered. An ugly dream. We were reborn. A Nootka Indian visited us. We vowed: forget Europe, find America.

But that unhappy continent wouldn't keep quiet. An old man died, by the name of Hindenburg, and a presumptuous house-painter made himself, now also in name, head of a formerly respectable country. Doomed Lemures! This, too, shall pass away!

The fifteenth of September, our tenth wedding anniversary, was celebrated by a trip to Long Island. Bare feet in white sand, hilarious embrace of the salty waves; dunes, shells; boats and bait; a Lobster Tower—one feast of continuous thanksgiving!

Six days later, Jules solemnly pronounced his oath on the American Constitution, as a staff member of Columbia University. The day after, all papers carried his picture. This was no appeal to my vanity, but the glorious manifestation of being a link again in the working chain of human usefulness.

And I was blessed to see the fulfillment, the day, when Jules' life regained its sense, when he became restored to his mission of science.

While he developed the history of legal thought from the beginnings of mankind on, I felt the familiar sacred

awe again that had gripped me whenever he had been surrounded by worthy listeners who had come to hear the results of his scholarly work. Last time, this had happened in Paris, with his French words resounding in the venerable halls of the Sorbonne. Now it was in New York and in English. How frontiers broke down before a universal mind! Truth was his sun, which now shone over America. How proud I was! How ridiculously proud!

Forget Europe! Find America! Columbus Day; rodeo in Madison Square Garden; first social gatherings. Let's close our eyes to degrading sensations provided by a doomed continent!

Weren't we installed forever? Weren't we home again? In science, in liberty? Our battle was over. Human beings should have a right to privacy.

"What do you think of Hitler?"

"Who? Hitler? Oh, I suppose I have forgotten him. I'm in America now, you know."

We daily fed peanuts to the gray squirrels that performed their antics on the Columbia campus. Daily we visited their brothers of Morningside Park. Soon, they approached our hands, climbed on our shoulders. Even to them we were not strangers any more. Their little cold black paws grasped our hands while we offered them something to store away for the winter-time.

Snow flurries began to dance in the air. Four weeks before Christmas, at the first Sunday in Advent, our old star of light made its renewed appearance in my studio. I had had it with me all the time. Just a worthless thing, consisting of a few long, red points, which, joined together and illuminated, announce the coming holy feast. This one had been ours for a long time and had survived a whole house of stone and a dog who used to bark with joy at its sight.

I did my morning shopping. Suddenly, at a street corner, I noticed something in the reality of which I did

not dare to believe. I came closer, saw it, touched it. It was something with the assumed absence of which in America I had secretly wrestled since Advent had come, that sweet festival of expectation. Taking another good look, I raced home.

Breathless, half-weeping, half-laughing, I rushed into Jules' studio, viciously interrupting the well-organized cycle of his thoughts. Almost choking him in a violent embrace, I sobbed:

"They have Christmas trees! Jules they have Christmas trees in America!"

From now on, we were at home again.

CHAPTER II

AND YET — ANOTHER CONTINENT

But it is not enough to settle down in a new room in a new country and to say: "From now on I am at home here." It is not that easy.

The reason that had brought me here was merely incidental. The new life to be built was not connected with it. Or was it, after all? I thought: no. Definitely no. The upheaval itself which caused my transplantation into another continent was to be forgotten. I wished to push it into the background, at least as far as it meant a personal experience. My life under Hitler was a thing of the past, like an operation for appendicitis I had undergone years before. It had left hardly even a tiny scar.

Other peoples' lives under Hitler, however—that was something different. My own fate had provided me with an insight into the ways the Nazi crime works. My own experience had turned me into an involuntary expert on the technique of the supreme threat to human civilization in our century. The bewildering fact was that against my own will and inclination I had been forced to concern myself with that crime and its technique. Perhaps, I should now make use of that knowledge, not for my own sake but for the sake of others, by making them appreciate more keenly the freedom they still enjoyed without realizing the full extent of its blessings.

This task was a painful one. It kept me from attaining calmness. It spoiled the naïve contentment of peaceful rooms and interfered with the quiet satisfaction of being a legally admitted faithful addition to my new country. But a life had been given to me, my own life. And neither Hitler as a phenomenon nor the fight against him could

have been meant to be the crest of that one, that irreplaceable life. His arrival only ended its first movement and decided the key and tempo of the next.

Isn't a human lifetime comparable to a never-ceasing stream of music? Ridiculous the weakling who allows any single theme, and transient outside noise, to become a leit-motive for the whole sequence.

There had been my childhood among books: *capriccio agitato*; followed by the grown-up partnership of my marriage, that continuous adventure of travels and world-embracing happiness with the ever-stable counterpoint of a house which one owns, built for "eternity": *andante maestoso*—abruptly broken off by the discord of a savage symphony.

But now the last fermata had been duly reached. I had turned a new page and tried to regain an old melody which was to be played on entirely new and different instruments. Again, I considered myself at home.

At home in America.

How much had I known about these United States until I rushed there because my husband had received an unexpected cablegram in Paris? What had I expected to find? America—what did it mean to me then?

I was about ten years old when my brother was fancying books on Indians "who lived in America." He read about them day and night, even at school, secretly during classes. *The Pathfinder, Old Shatterhand*. I disliked those brutal yarns of torture, scalps, and tomahawks. I preferred *Uncle Tom's Cabin* instead and in it the one scene of someone fleeing over the floating ice cakes of the Ohio. Ohio—that sounded fascinating, like exclamations of joy bound together to one cry: "Oh! Hi! Oh!" A mighty river was that. I forgot the story over this sound. And I forgot the country of that river. I indulged in the *Arabian Nights*, in Nietzsche and Rimbaud, Flaubert, Shakespeare, and Baudelaire—all much too early in my life. I read them as "stories." Moods thrilled me and colors; exotic-sound-

ing names and twisted adventures of extraordinary individuals who were in constant battle with a vulgar and ignorant outside world. Julian Sorel was my hero, Hamlet, Zarathustra, Cyrano, the Karamazovs, Scheherezade, Tonio Kröger, Gil Blas, Dorian Grey—

To me, they all had no “nationality.” They were citizens of a dream country where nobody died, where thoughts were precious as rubies and diamonds, and actions as refined as brocade.

But America? When did America come in and how? Oh, now I remember. It came to me with a few lines from a poem:

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting—still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a Demon that is dreaming...

My childish fingers impatiently turned the leaves of a dictionary. “Pallas” was the only truly familiar word, but I found the others, put them together and understood—

—and Edgar Allan Poe joined the citizens of *my* country. After him came Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Eugene O’Neill, Pearl Buck—all fellow-nationals of Stendhal, Pushkin, and Galsworthy!

Yet, their language reminded me that they had been or were physically at home in America.

America? How does one form a notion of a far-away, never-seen country across the ocean? Out of myriads of particles a jig-saw picture built itself. It was not a good picture. Its contours were vague like a short-sighted person’s impression of unrecognized surroundings. Scraps of school knowledge mixed with movie glitter and half-understood discussions. America?

Slaughter-houses and gangsters existed in Chicago; Harlem and skyscrapers in New York; movies in Hollywood; millionaires everywhere. During the German inflation an American had bought a castle on the Rhine for fifty dollars. As others read or loved, “they” traveled and bought castles.

One word shone out: the name of the Quakers who had fed the starving schoolgirl Eva in 1916 three times a week: chocolate soup with cookies, rice and beans were the kingly meals I enjoyed together with my classmates, while at home our butler served turnips cooked in salt water on his silver trays, because there was nothing else available to cook. The Quakers bought no castles for their pleasure. They, too, were Americans. The others chewed gum, day and night. They wore coats with huge checks. They were the objects of many Parisian jokes. All held some sports records. Yankee women were generally spinsters with lovely teeth and flat heels. Americans spoke neither French nor German, and a Britisher had told me they also spoke no English. Did they sing when they wanted to communicate their thought? They collected "antiques"—a friend of mine in Nice worked day and night to make *antiquités* for Americans. Their great man was Washington, with a cherry-tree as school bore. Lafayette had gone over to fight in one of their wars—as though there were not wars enough in Europe. Did people marry in America? I did not know. In Leipzig, Cologne, Paris, Monaco, and Algiers I had met only American merchants (male, single) and American spinsters (female, single). Perhaps they multiplied by ramifications, like some plants. One of their most glamorous export articles was the chorus girl with a voice deep and guttural like that of an old opium-eater.

Thus prepared I arrived in the New World. "The Raven" was practically all I knew of my new country, besides the just reported embarrassing notions, green as unripe apples. While the "Marseillaise" whenever I hear it goes into my blood like the great song of my childhood, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,*" I did not even know "their" national anthem. Was it Yankee Doodle? Three among a dozen of Americans whom I first met could tell me the title of the "Star-Spangled Banner," one the text of the first stanza.

As an exalted greenhorn I had acquainted myself quick-

ly with all kinds of visual novelties—skyscrapers, cock-roaches, and gum-chewing jaws. But now came the time to notice details and to learn that it is the small things of life which form the typical character of a nation and the personalities of its individual citizens, not its official monuments and sights. Not all habits and attitudes of daily routine could be understood immediately. After all, it was another continent.

Carefully and quietly I collected my impressions which, as I fully realized, were to influence and to reshape my own mentality and future. I would receive and give, melting into the strange new fluid, being enriched by it and at the same time also influencing it to a 130 millionth degree.

Coming fresh from war—my war with Hitler since 1933—some typical American peace-time phenomena struck me as extraordinary.

Naturally, I had expected to find *Americans* in America, just as I had found Frenchmen in France, Italians in Italy, Danes in Denmark. But my first startling discovery was that America was not a nation grown like France or Russia or Arabia or Greece. It was a huge assembly of people who had all come from somewhere else. Some had forgotten this fact, others not. My shoemaker was French, my hair-dresser a Porto-Rican, Jules' cigar-manufacturer an Italian, my grocer a Russian. Many of them were hardly able to make themselves understood in the English language. Nobody had told me that in school.

Those fine-looking old gentlemen with "Indian" profiles whom I had admired in international society were not proud descendants of the Sioux or Hurons; they claimed Irish or Scotch, Scandinavian, French, or German ancestry. Everyone had a different national past.

That meant relief to a newcomer, but it also rendered the finding of an answer to the question more difficult:

"What is America?"

a question perfectly natural for the partner and disciple of an anthropologist.

What is America?

Looking around and making my observations, I thought it fair to disregard completely the country and continent of my origin, as any good anthropologist should do when dealing with a new people. I tried to observe and to understand American men and women; their natural scenery; their material possessions; and their spiritual efforts.

A heterogeneous mass of humanity populates this country which is a continent.

Indo-European races, Negroes and Malayans, Indians and Chinese call themselves Americans and—that is the mystery of this nation—feel and act as Americans. They walk proudly through the streets of their cities and roam the immense country sites. Their differences of religion, political views, skin, color, and education become insignificant in view of the fact that it is they for whom and in whose name an immortal document was created which begins with the words:

“We, the people...”

These three words give the clue to and the explanation of the miracle, that from so many sources the unique reservoir of might could form that we call America. The heterogeneous mass has united in one mutual desire: to enjoy and to maintain liberty. By this congenial ideal they created for themselves that typical homogeneous American framework of life which finds its visible expressions in record-breaking super-structures and its spiritual triumph in the Constitution. One air has forged together the seemingly incompatible. One mutual pride, the belief “that all men are created equal,” has bound the dissimilar children of older lands into one youthful, dynamically inspired nation. In unity they have worked to make their country unique among all countries on earth. France, England, Germany, Italy, Greece, and the rest of the nations of Europe have grown into homogeneous and therefore isolated and vulnerable entities. But America, by its united

mass effort scintillating with thousands of different abilities and possibilities, conquering a soil with a thousand promises, logically enough has achieved results without parallel in history. This federalized nation inspires each of its citizens with such a keen sense of pride and with so mighty a feeling to "belong" that the superficial differences of appearance and origin hardly count any longer. They provide merely individual touches to the one common creed of being American.

Therefore, to a newcomer who tries to get to the bottom of this nation, the many minor discrepancies of an outer nature soon melt away; and from the manifold picture of ethnic variety arises the impression of shining unity comparable to that of the seven colors which, when rightly blended, produce one light.

This state of cognition reached, my thirst for more knowledge gave me no rest. I talked to Americans in all walks of life and with all manner of social and racial backgrounds, to ascertain whether in that pattern of national American feeling there were not, after all, further divisions.

The result was fascinating. No sociological theory known to me provided an adequate classification of certain very characteristic groups of citizens; no racial or religious, no cultural or linguistic system would do. I had to work out my own strictly human scheme to bring some satisfactory order into the phenomena I observed.

Naturally, these observations could be nothing but strictly subjective. Transplant a South African Negro, a Chinese, a Scandinavian, a Frenchman, a Russian right into Fifth Avenue—each one's reaction toward its structure and appearance will diverge world-wide from that of the others. It is one's individual background that decides the way in which we translate outside impressions into inner feelings. And each fellow-man is entitled to his own feelings.

Nothing could be farther from my mind than the attempt

to force the rich emanations of American life into any pattern-like “theory.” The classifications I instinctively made at this early stage of my American existence were merely my own means to help me find my way through the forest. They were my own yardstick whose entity of measure claimed no general value whatsoever. But I had to use something in order to organize fruitfully my newly-won thoughts and to assemble my impressions in an orderly fashion. Perhaps, my method was entirely wrong, but it did work out as far as I was concerned. My approach was bound to be subjective until I had gained focus enough to understand America in a more objective way. My later years would bring me in touch with people, problems, and phenomena showing America as it really was—in the meantime I had to build for myself some buoys on the ocean of immensity; some road signs had to be cut in the gigantic trees at the sides of my path—even if other people might prefer other methods, better suited, perhaps, to their own subjective thoughts. Naturally, I was still a greenhorn at that time, but my exaltation had been replaced now by the sounder passion of observation.

I tried to embrace all, to compare and criticize nothing but to interpret it for myself in my own way. I undertook to bring some order into the habits and origins of many men and women I met. I ventured to group them, even though this grouping could claim no scientific value. It was merely to aid myself that I invented some groupings of American humanity which later experiences would, probably, throw overboard. At the beginning, many things appeared funny to me—to an undirected mind each phenomenon misunderstood in its causes seems to challenge unseasoned gaiety.

Later all my quickly-found conceptions of the “other” continent were to change fundamentally. The American Indians I met had certainly no similarity to the Old Shatterhand of my childhood, and the “groups” I had tried to recognize differentiated themselves most astound-

ingly. However, in that first state of orientation, my own little scheme did wonders for me.

Watching that great mirror whose brilliance originated from the spectrum of a heterogeneous yet united population, I saw its huge glaring surface part before my eyes, separating into various well-distinguishable entities, all somehow complete, just as particles of mercury taken from a great quantity of that metal immediately round themselves to globules.

The difference between the diverse globules was sentimental rather than sociological, cultural rather than ethnical.

I saw four groups shining out of the great reservoir; four groups whose members freely mingled with each other and sometimes even became merged into each other. Yet, they nevertheless managed to retain most of their typical characteristics. I gave them these names: the Skyscraper People; the Corn, Cotton, and Coal People; the From Somewhere People; and the Outright Americans.

The Skyscraper People naturally live in the big cities of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and other communities where the downtown district boasts from ten tall buildings up.

Skyscraper men are legendary. Like the Dalai Lama of Tibet, like the Pope of Rome, they represent a power of almost mystical extent. This power is not laid down in sacred codes but in the all-mighty medium of money which never has controlled human interests to such a vital degree as it does in our modern world.

The Skyscraper men are the financiers and Big Business men of the United States and therewith of the world. It is they who have built the gigantic industrial machine which supplies continuous power to the dynamo of national life and extends its influence over every part of the earth. Symbolically enough, Skyscraper men work in towers like the alchemists, their medieval counterparts. It seems difficult to fully appreciate all their hard, driving, intelligent

efforts which achieve things fundamentally great. When it comes to vital decisions, enormous investments, world-embracing transactions, it is the Skyscraper men of America who alone can undertake them successfully.

But they, too, are men. As an individual, the Skyscraper wizard is perhaps the most masculine modern male on earth. He has a philosophy of business which is unique and characteristic of the country itself. His fundamental belief is that anything can be done, but only if you work out a clear, intelligent plan, and then follow it up with the hardest kind of driving power. He believes in luck, but he believes also that you ought not to leave everything to it, but should add your own ideas and efforts. He is the creative type of American; the field of his imagination is reality. His temperament is optimistic. He wants everybody around him to share his optimism and to radiate the idea that "it can be done."

In general he is a serious man, far from British or French self-persiflage. His own life, his business, and even his forms of recreation receive his constant and earnest thought. His watchword is progress—understood as the visible development of visible elements.

The routine of his day is singularly characteristic. He comes downtown in a limousine driven by his chauffeur. He walks briskly to his office, seats himself at his desk, reads his mail, calls his secretary, and begins the day with the dynamic force of the powerful machines which play such an important part in the structure of American life. Frequently his business is continued over his lunch which is brought to his desk, and all through the afternoon he is telephoning, consulting, ordering, planning, negotiating at top speed, yet never losing his poise amid the swift events whirling around him.

As his wealth increases his mode of living becomes correspondingly luxurious. He is anxious that his family shall have every advantage money can buy. Both he and his wife strive to give their children every "opportunity"

and especially those which they themselves might have missed. He regards education in the sense of instruction to be bought at the best possible places as essential; but he sees no reason for culture as an end in itself.

The Skyscraper man has a keen desire for golf, tennis, cards, billiards, and other forms of sportive and social competition, yet this desire is not solely for recreation; it is another form in which he can apply the same intelligence, energy, and will-to-win which he applies to his business. To him the supreme test of life is success through winning amid competition. *Savoir vivre* in the French sense is a ridiculous waste of time for him. He does not want to be "happy" in a contemplative, self-indulging way. Since he moves the wheels, he wants to be rewarded with those visible results which he terms "success in life." He would not understand a man who would tell him that his own great achievements are the results of *thought*. He calls his special talents of ingenious business-philosophy "work," and he believes that anyone else working as hard as he does, can achieve equal success.

His imitators, the petty Skyscraper apprentices, ever eager to achieve results similar to his, copy the more boyish traits of his character without understanding their fine and valuable equivalents. Unfamiliar with his decisive creative moments which he shares with his collaborators alone, they misinterpret his nature and take his routine behavior for the secret of his success, because they do not know the words of the philosopher:

*Im echten Manne ist ein Kind versteckt, das will spielen.*¹ They see that "child" alone and do not look deep enough to analyze the "real man." Therefore, they understand his rush-attitude of continuous busy-ness as the success-bringing motor of his life and introduce it as an element of genuine restlessness and continuous improvisation into their own lives.

One of the symbolic expressions of this misunderstood

¹ "In any real man a child is hidden who will play." (Nietzsche)

dynamics created by the petty imitators of outstanding Skyscraper men is the annual moving from apartment to apartment. According to statistics, one-third of the total population in New York moves each first of October. This proves their desire for change—new people, new scenes, new activities—and all is done in the interest of “improvement” and of “progress.” This transient attitude reflects itself in certain city cemeteries where crumbling monuments are covered with weeds because the young man who moved West had neither time nor inclination to occupy himself any longer with things belonging to the hereafter. There they rest, the rushers of the last century, forgotten by their children who run after new successes in a super-hurry.

The truly great Skyscraper man has nothing in common with these petty imitators. He has risen to a secure and commanding position in American life. He has slowed down his tempo, and life has become to him less mechanistic and infinitely more human. He represents the highest type of centrifugally orientated men modern civilization can produce. He has learned to use the resources of metropolitan wealth not as the final aim of life or as merely the expression of material success, but as a means of building up and extending the material structure of American life, not only in the Western hemisphere, but throughout the world.

But though one of the distinguishing features of his life is that of speed, it is not characteristic of all the leading men of the country. Never have I seen truly great Americans like Supreme Court Justices, Governors, or other outstanding leaders in a state of hurry. Never have they complained in my presence of any ailment. Never have they stressed to me their self-sacrificing attachment to any cause. Never have they betrayed, as their imitators love to do, the strain that naturally lies in all great public work.

When he reaches this plane of development, the Sky-

scraper man turns into a Sky-Man. But Sky-Men cannot be typified. They have even ceased to belong to one nation. They belong to humanity as a whole.

Under the sky lies the soil of the earth, and over it presides in America another characteristic group of men and women—the Corn, Cotton, or Coal people who rule the farms, villages, small towns, and cities.

Theirs are the restful minds which so often become the hot-beds of profound ideas. It is here that American men and women find time enough to prepare themselves internally for great tasks of the less spectacular but longer lasting kind.

When you meet the Corn, Cotton, or Coal group of Americans in the big cities, you do not see them in all the unconscious perfection they possess at home. It is their tragedy that they find themselves scattered all over America. The hope of gaining riches drove them to the cities from their farms, villages, and small-towns. They run the railroads of America. They are the traders, shop keepers, and little manufacturers. They are the human element everywhere. Yet, they never forget the place of their birth and never cease to be homesick for it. They are the proof of the fact that internationalism and even nationalism are artificial products of breeding and education, and that each simple human being has originally only one strong locally bound impulse: a life-long devotion to the place where his cradle stood, the place of his parents' homestead on farm or village. Even the Eskimos have this instinct. When they feel their approaching death, they move back to the place of their birth to insure peace to their souls.

The Corn, Cotton, or Coal people of America remain only visitors in the big cities. They never become wholly a part of the scene where they probably married, raised their children and enjoyed "success" in the Skyscraper sense. Their face lightens up when they say:

"I'm a Wisconsin man!" — "I'm from Oregon!"

In their steam-heated penthouse apartment, they will long for the tiny room with the wood stove where their mother lived. As wealthy New Yorkers, they will retain the world-outlook of the little merchant who sold seed corn to the farmers and the loving, simple heart of "real people" who are splendid pals and adorable neighbors.

Their business and the influence of their surroundings may induce them to assume the outer appearance of Skyscraper men. But whoever could read their souls would find them filled with the secret desire to be rich enough to return to the farm, to the village with the tiny church-yard where they can meditate on life and death. They are happiest at home, where they enjoy social distinction as the local banker or lawyer or "as the nephew of the owner of the general store." In the big city they feel lost, because there a man relies much more on his inner life than in the country. On the other hand, the city gives them no chance to develop fruitfully this inner life. No one recognizes their importance. Sadly they say: "I am someone in my town. I am no one here." Money, to them, means a peaceful old age, a new tract of land, a nice trousseau for their daughters. It is not, as it is to the Skyscraper man, the only expression of success in life. Whoever saw and heard Will Rogers knows the supreme form of the development of the Corn, Cotton, and Coal man of America. Neither fame, nor wealth can spoil him and the purity of his simple heart.

At home, in their wall-papered little houses where warm water is a problem in the upper floors lives all the quaintness, friendliness, and primitive beauty one loves to encounter among their kind.

All over the wide countryside small communities are blessed with efficient housewives; ambitious husbands; beloved patriarchs; attractive girls; freckled boys of the Tom Sawyer type; heroic little country doctors; and story-book lawyers with a shingle over their door.

It is not the fault of the Corn, Cotton, or Coal people

that their way of life is so often misinterpreted in a sentimental way, which turns their powers of simplicity into a misconception.

It is very honorable to have been born in some cabin somewhere in the woods, but this fact as such is neither a prerequisite to future greatness, nor does it presuppose future failure. Lincoln would have been as overwhelming a figure if he had come from a New England mansion, because he had the spark of eternity in his soul.

It is the Corn, Cotton, and Coal people of America who have time for a more reflective kind of human happiness.

The wide open spaces are their pride; the pioneer spirit of fight and fearlessness; and the songs blossoming on their soil. "She'll be coming round the mountain" is a much more valuable American song than any "arranged" melody by Schubert, sung, hummed, whistled by a thousand voices and accompanied by lavish instruments. The spirituals which transformed the glowing breath of Africa into a glorification of the American cotton-fields are art and therewith immortal—which cannot be said of "hot" transportations of foreign classic music in the spirit of a girl named Hazel who declared publicly: "While I 'swing' the old masters I still let them hang around," whereafter she played something resembling Liszt's "Second Hungarian Rhapsody," as jazz.

The soul of America does not express itself in arrangements, transcriptions, and imitations, but in some original and very great qualities of character.

A little Corn, Cotton, or Coal man recently displayed this spirit unknowingly on a popular radio program destined for "armchair entertaining" of millions of listeners. Brought to the stage, he confessed his ardent admiration for the famous baseball team of the Brooklyn Dodgers. He was shown three tickets to see their key game for the pennant in the National League, tickets unobtainable to him otherwise. Overjoyed, he prepared himself to accept this gift which meant so very much to his heart. But, to

entertain the audience of Skyscraper men, he was invited first to "pay" for these tickets by giving a one-minute speech *against* his adored heroes, the Brooklyn Dodgers. The audience roared. The little Corn, Cotton, or Coal man of America first stood startled, then quietly prepared to leave the platform, refusing to accept the tickets under the given condition. He refused to betray his Dodgers for one minute, not even for the prize of being present at their anticipated triumph. The master of ceremonies was quite embarrassed. There was suddenly, no sound to be heard. Then, with a reluctant joke, he handed the tickets over to the little man, relieving him of the "condition." And there were tears in many eyes in that room, and tears, I am sure, also in the eyes of some among the millions who listened in.

Having witnessed, in January, 1933, in Germany, how millions betrayed overnight the entire spiritual contents of their former lives, how they turned Nazi to save their money and their jobs, I thought: *This man never will betray what is holy to him.* And I understood that it is not important *what* you cherish, whether so-called culture or a baseball team. What alone counts is the way in which you defend your ideals when the test comes.

The Corn, Cotton, or Coal People never "let you down," whether with a broken wheel, a broken arm, or a broken heart. They know hardships from childhood, and they never cease to remember them even when they become successful. They endear themselves to anyone who has spent part of his life with them. Any visitor nurses forever a longing to return to the old homesteads reminiscent of joy, innocent entertainment, cheer, and laughter.

It is among this group, as among the persistent imitators of great Skyscraper men, that we find the mediocre character, the fellow who has outgrown the fields and mines and yet not gained a cosmopolitan outlook. He has the least to offer to his community and his country. He is apt to lose himself in a material satisfaction provided by his

secure life, which is as far from the worker's simple strength as from the great spectrum of responsible national unity. He forgets his natural dynamics, and the diseases of mediocrity enter his door. The small-town demons of a stuffed belly and a sleeping mind threaten his better qualities.

Other Corn, Cotton, or Coal men, born with an instinctive longing for the blessings of the spirit, trespass spiritually upon the narrowness of their native background in some isolated State. Their keen intellect drives them forward to new realms of thought. Even when they try, they find themselves unable to sentimentalize themselves back into the warm community life which they do not have to abandon physically in order to outgrow it. Shy and chaste in their souls, they shun the noise of the cities. They withdraw to some isolated farmhouse or to some shack in the half-wilderness to become Sky-Men: American artists, writers, musicians—the flower of their nation.

Scattered over the huge territory of the Corn, Cotton, or Coal group, this invisible fraternity of world-renouncing idealists lives in solitude to carve their plastics; paint their pictures; write their books while listening to their inner voice alone; communicating with other creative monks whom they probably never see or wish to meet but whose trust and confidence is something very real to them and often their only inspiration.

While the Skyscraper men and the Corn, Cotton, or Coal people are typified by their natural surroundings, the third group, the From Somewhere people, luxuriate everywhere. Their characteristic is a "former life" which they just cannot forget. That former life may not even be their own—as in the case of the *Mayflower* traditionalists—or it might have been so hard that it needs time to heal, as a wound.

Whatever the reason—this group is worthy of every enthusiastic fellow-citizen's help, as long as the "from

somewhere" process still goes on. Such help is hopeless only when that process becomes a permanent condition.

The lighter From Somewhere cases are those who spread their roots only loosely over any soil, hardly penetrating it at all. Culturally speaking, they have the least to offer to America. Those who "at home" did not even touch the fringe of their native spiritual traditions and achievements, are, naturally, incapable of bringing them as a fertilizer to American soil; nor can they, on the other hand, absorb fruitfully anything the New World offers them in the way of culture. Witnessing a Syrian wedding in New York, held in native costume by Syrian, now Americanized, workmen, you could learn nothing about their native civilization. When I saw them perform an ancient sword dance with ten-cent-store kitchen knives and without the spoken ritual, it dawned upon me that they were as ignorant of the glorious past of Syria as any neighborly Bronxite. I asked them about their great Bardesanes, about their fifth-century leader Narsai of Mealletha, about Sarug and Kyros. They did not even know that their history reaches back into the third pre-Christian millenium—and they did not care.

The same holds true for the Italian vegetable vendor who thinks that Hadrian is a sort of cucumber—for the Russian grocer who never heard of Pushkin—for the French cook for whom Rabelais is a misconception, and for the Spanish hair-dresser who thinks that the Toledo Blade is merely an Ohio newspaper. They all brought nothing to America but received much; and whatever they remember from "home" has little to do with the culture of their respective countries. As vacuums they came over the Atlantic, and America filled them with her astounding manifestations of technical progress. Gratefully they absorbed whatever they could get from the language and the dollars and bought themselves a happiness which, in turn, has hardly any relation to the inner workings of America.

They are the salt of the earth, they are good-will and working power, and as to themselves—they are happy.

But a great nation needs more than happy dollar-makers. To be as brilliant as its own technique, America needs spirit manifesting itself in science and art, in music and in books. That spirit came, especially during former centuries, often from the Old World. But people who had succeeded in these fields usually were crowned with the admiration of their own nationals in Europe and had no reason to leave the soil of their birth. Only during certain revolutionary periods has America absorbed some of their kind. They arrived in small numbers, intermingled with thousands of starving Italians; dissatisfied Irishmen; surplus French or German workers. When new fevers shook the old body of Europe, her nobler children, who cherished liberty, had to flee her to insure the survival of their religion, their science, art, music and their books. The results of such transplantation were gratifying. The year 1848 brought the first great wave of intellectual liberty lovers, a flame amid a dull stream of hungry working-class immigrants; and the present neo-barbarism over the European continent has, as a sieve of selection, collected the best minds of the Old World and presented them to the nation of one hundred and thirty millions which produces so few children that she depends on perpetual immigration. The results are already evident, and they will become more so with each passing day.

They have arrived, America's new children. They came to mingle with the Skyscraper and the Corn, Cotton, and Coal people. As guests and later as compatriots of these groups, the great among the newcomers, who had always been citizens of the world, now add their voices to the American hymn of Liberty, while the smaller ones, the From Somewhere band, begin each sentence with the words:

“But over there, it was so and so.”

A German or former German who continually says in

America with retrospective thought: "But, at home . . ." acts as if he had been responsible for phenomena like Bach, Luther, Goethe, or Beethoven. And yet his attitude shows that he hardly even understands them, because they were universal minds, Sky-men, who never belong exclusively to one nation but are the property of the world.

A Frenchman who repeatedly says in America: "*Mais, chez nous . . .*," proves himself unworthy of the traditions of Racine, Corneille, Molière, Louis XIV, Danton, Stendhal, Rouget de l'Isle, and Bergson, who have existed before and in spite of him. He had to leave their country and its wines, cheeses, chocolates, and perfumes, because he was unable to maintain for himself in France that which he came to enjoy in America: liberty.

To have been born within the framework of an ancient culture does not presuppose that one is its standard-bearer. To have been born in Africa does not mean that one is black. To have been educated in Eaton does not necessarily mean that one is cultured. To derive one's ancestry from the *Mayflower* does not prove *per se* that one possesses a nobility of character.

The driving idea of the From Somewhere conception need not necessarily be a geographical place. It can be an abstract notion as well.

A church-woman who never left America yearns for "the place of Luther's birth"; a man known to me lives exclusively in the Asiatic world of Tibet which he never saw.

Times of national emergency are especially apt to bring the From Somewhere attitude, which seems harmless in peace-time, out into the open. On such occasions, it often becomes evident that not all the metal that went into the great melting-pot has really been dissolved and that much slag must be removed in order to preserve the purity of the whole mixture.

It is interesting to observe that men are more often

members of the From Somewhere group than women. Women, forced by nature to accept given conditions more inevitably than men, yield more easily not only to the forces of nature but also to the forces of transplantation. The place where their children are born is home to them. Women enjoy greater opportunities in America than anywhere else. Thus it may be that the women of a family become Outright Americans long before their men can manage to forget their From Somewhere attitude.

Slowly and painfully, the From Somewhere man who could not forget finally takes root in the new continent. The humidity of the American summers will mold him—the dazzling movies—the waiting in ante-rooms of Sky-scraper men—the hospitality enjoyed in small towns—the drug stores—the cocktails—will transform him into a new being. The sharply contoured unit he once was will lose its edges and roughnesses of foreign origin; the wave of American habits will wear away many traces of his ethnic past. Even his appearance will change, as that of a rock rounded by millenia of ocean tides. Daily experience will add a dash of bitters to his heart, and squeeze some juice of amazement into it, add a strange fruit and two drops of something sweet or dry—

—and one morning, he will wake up to find himself an Outright American. He will consider the man from Europe who has just moved in next door, a “stranger” with very much to learn before he can tell *us*; but he will invite him to his Thanksgiving dinner, because he might enjoy it, poor chap. And when the flag passes by, the flag with the stars and stripes, sudden emotion will tighten his throat.

How much more manifold is his life in America than it was in the old, the stagnating world! The Outright American is proud to be one of the millions of all imaginable roots of origin who spread themselves over a territory which, as though symbolic of its population, presents a digest of the climates and beauties of all other lands on earth. It has tropical seas; snow-covered mountains;

trout lakes, beaches, meadows, steppes, streams and deserts, hills and prehistoric caves, parks and fields, Northern lights and palms. Each bit of this soil somehow reminds one of foreign scenes and yet is typically American, just as are its people who have created that strange mixture of notions, habits, and utterances known as the civilization of America. But nature, in the United States, has created some special super-structures as though to encourage the skyscraper idea of the American cities: the Grand Canyon, the redwood trees of California, and the Niagara Falls are natural symbols of the fact that Americans can "do it bigger and better."

Mixture is the unique recipe of this country, mixture and yet uniformity. Mixture of former nationalities, mixture of races and of creeds. Scientific research has shown that in America immigrants change their physical and mental status within a relatively short period of years. By changing themselves, they contribute toward the change of others.

The American Law comes from England; Santa Claus's reindeer from Sweden; many geographic names are of Indian origin; the patios of New Orleans come from Spain. Four kinds of New Year are celebrated in the big cities: the Chinese, the Russian, the Jewish, and the Outright American—but it all works out nicely and harmoniously.

This polyhedral love of mixture finds its every-day expression in some typical American inventions: the drug store, the cocktail and the symbiosis of different tradesmen in one business establishment. One side of a store may house a watch-maker, the other a shoe-repair shop. Barbers love to associate with shoe-shine establishments, where a Negro, black brush in hand, joyfully watches the white lather on the faces of Skyscraper men. I even saw a preacher and a pawnshop owner sharing their business risks in brotherly fashion.

The most characteristic among American mixtures are the sometimes amazing products of culinary efforts: cheese

on apple pies; fruit salads sprinkled with mayonnaise; fish served with green vegetables.

Like the drug stores, the cocktails, the foods, human ages also have no firmly contoured limits. Six-year olds may sing on children's programs: "I'll Never Love Again"; grown-ups indulge in the "funnies," those remarkable manifestations of daily entertainment rivaled by the "soap operas" of the radio. The American movie as a national institution has conquered the world and therefore can hardly impress itself as a novelty upon the newcomer who is looking for the new habits and customs of a new continent. During my first American months I discovered some familiar things at unfamiliar places, like flowers, these children of the sun, being kept in ice-boxes; or academic gowns worn by band-leaders or kindergarten graduates.

But these were merely superficial touches. What impressed me most was a spirit of dignity in which the population of America enjoyed what I might like to term their Applied Liberty.

At that time, I had not yet thoroughly studied all the renowned documents of American history. The greater was my admiration of the extent of liberty given to the average citizen and, even more, of the graciousness with which he enjoyed his privileges.

How naïve and natural were the children of America; neither artificial dolls nor little savages, they knew their place in life and respected their fellow-citizen's rights from babyhood on. A small boy, standing with his father before the elevator of the building where I lived, stepped aside when he saw me come, lifted his little cap and declared: "First the ladies, please, then the gentlemen, and then the children to whom I belong!" This same tiny chap chased the owner of a big Chrysler from the scene of his base-ball game with the words:

"Can't you see, sir? This is a play street, reserved for kids!"

He displayed on these occasions all the dignity of Applied Liberty. Fabulous structures like the buildings along Jones' Beach would, in Europe, be the exclusive property of a snobbish millionaires' group. In America, they are open to everyone. The so-called "public" of France or of Germany, if presented with a place like this, would throw empty bottles and dirty papers on its lawns and flower-beds and would mutilate the flowering shrubs to take home some free bouquet. But the little shop girls of America and their beaux who enjoy themselves regularly at Jones' Beach respect its beauty without any "verboten"-posters. Instinctively, they follow the rules of Applied Liberty. With the same proud attitude, they show themselves worthy of their zoos and museums which they can enter free of charge. I cannot say how deeply impressed I was with this every-day maturity of a people educated in freedom.

The dream of true democracy: to give the best to all, is realized in America in a gigantic way. As a heavenly gift to all, Toscanini's concerts and Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour go over the air-waves, together with Metropolitan Opera performances for a world-wide audience. Free concerts are open at regular intervals to 14,000 New Yorkers in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Some of the superior radio programs unite the whole nation as one family, with every heart beating higher in the knowledge that it shares the best with all, in the dignity of Applied Liberty.

The American people as a nation are clean not only of body but clean also of soul. Nowhere are men and women more neatly groomed. Nowhere are animals better loved; nowhere do Christmas trees gleam brighter, do carols sound sweeter. No other nation can surpass American children's feasts, "freckles contests," spelling-bees and Walt Disney fairy dreams. Public acclaim for the "most polite child" is as constructive for the development of new, proud citizens as is "Iggy, the prize-winning alliga-

tor" of a pet show organized by children of a slum district. On such occasions the America of the Gettysburg address and of Tom Sawyer, of Poe, Whitman, and Will Rogers, shines like a central sun over us all to proclaim the dignity of a free people. Its reflexes mirror themselves in the *Reader's Digest*, in the armies of Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls, in the American Red Cross and in its Community Chests. In it resounds the eternal message of "good-will toward men."

All this seemed very enchanting to me, very great. I found it in the sights along the streets of New York; in the books I read; in the splendid qualities represented by the growing circle of my American friends.

But I still stood too close to these many impressions. They were like tiny multicolored stones of different shapes, intermingled and robbed of their harmonious meaning as well-ordered parts of a greater picture. The day would come when, stepping back from the too close-up view of too many details, I would conceive the contours and colors in their right proportions and would understand the complete mosaic whose perfectly balanced structure spells the word "America."

CHAPTER III

"YOU ARE WELCOME TO CANADA, SIR!"

When the summer came, our second summer in the New World, the old unrest came over us again, an unrest unknown to those civilized citizens accustomed to spend their entire lives in one town, county, country, or continent. It is the unrest of anthropologists who, disregarding the place of their permanent headquarters, feel that they have once again seen too many highbrow faces and that they need another of those purification cures which alone can be provided by "savage" surroundings and daily intercourse with members of some primitive tribe.

We had seen young Columbia students leave for field trips, packing wife and baby into a station wagon and driving along luxurious highways toward some reservation where Indians of formerly proud tribes had learned to forget the persecution of land-hungry "civilizers," just as they had forgotten most of their own ancient traditions.

Together with millions of other citizens of this world we had learned, by our own experience, that we were destined to live in a century with unstable moral standards. All values were wavering, and people began to doubt the infallibility and correctness of their rules of life and of their legal and ethical conceptions. The most enlightened minds of many nations were searching for a new ethics of human law.

No wonder that Jules felt the urge again to return to primitive peoples nearest to the cradle of mankind to find out among them what, according to their ancient traditions, was considered righteous, was considered *law*. From his earliest university years, he had dedicated his scientific studies mainly to this problem. In New York, his seminars

and courses on Primitive Law now filled the chairs of his lecture halls with as many professors and lawyers as students. As a trained lawyer and a trained anthropologist, familiar with the conceptions of law as well as with the cultural status of tribes without written history, Jules had codified the unwritten law of many savage peoples during the four years we spent in Africa.

He was yearning now to do this familiar work again on the soil of our new continent. It was the Columbia Law School that enabled us to realize these plans. When Jules told me that we would go to Labrador to study on the spot the legal conditions of the Montagnais-Naskapi Indians after they had returned to their summer places from the wilderness of their hunting-grounds, my joy was exuberant.

"What language do they speak, Jules?"

"*Montagnais-Naskapi, Panther.*"

"Can I learn that?"

"You learn the usual necessities, I do the rest." The usual necessities were those words which you have to know in the language of all peoples whose countries you visit—if you want to be a well-liked and co-operative friend instead of a stranger.

There is no people on earth where the mothers' faces do not brighten up if you can tell them in their own lingo that their children are the most beautiful babies you have ever seen. There is no child who will refuse your candy if you can say to him: "Don't be afraid. Come here. This tastes heavenly." There is no hunter who doesn't like to hear that you consider him the best shot you ever met. No night is dull when you are able to tell, in whatever company, stories of the moon, the sun, and the stars, and what other tribes think of them.

We went to work at an ancient grammar of the Montagnais-Naskapi language, written by an ancient priest by the name of Father Lemoine. To learn a native language is not half so difficult as it may sound. The simpler mode of life, the few objects of daily use, the absence

of abstract conceptions, all enable you to get along with a modest vocabulary. Jules insisted that the Montagnais-Naskapi language had a striking resemblance to the dialect spoken by the population of his home-town in the Saar country, and soon we tried out on each other expressions like:

"*Astém!*" ("Come here!"), "*Stimáo*" ("tobacco") and the like. The most intriguing word was "*mishinahiken,*" which designated everything made of white man's paper, from "books" to "debts," from magazines to wallpaper.

The prospect that Labrador lay in Canada gave me the hope that I might find an opportunity to speak French again, a very cheerful idea at a time when my English was still somewhat fragile.

Where did those Indians live?

The map showed me the East of Canada where the North American continent swings out to form the mountain-shaped Peninsula of Labrador, washed at its northern top by the waters of Hudson Strait and Ungava Bay, its West being marked off by the gigantic basin of Hudson Bay. These arctic seas break on rocky coasts. Only the southern-most part of the peninsula, said Jules, knows of civilized life. There the ancient city of Quebec towers proudly over the enormous beak formed by the St. Lawrence River. But above was wild country. Labrador was no white man's land.

And soon, I sat on my little hassock, my arms resting on Jules' knees, listening to one of his great stories more fascinating than any tale, because it was not only thrilling, it was *true!*

He told me of the Eskimos who hunt and fish along the rugged beaches of the North Atlantic and of the bands of Algonquian Indians roaming throughout the interior. Hidden were their trails in pathless woods crossed by inextricable water-ways. No white man's government had yet been able to draw exact maps of their immense lakes

and hunting-grounds, of their soil full of treasures. Mercury, gold, and silver were hidden there, asbestos, vermillion, coal, and quartz.

Once a year these tribes used to assemble at traditionally designated summer places, to barter with other Indians, to meet their fellow-tribesmen whom they hardly had a chance to meet during the winter in the vastness of their hunting-grounds. Ever since the seventeenth century, the white traders of the Hudson's Bay Company had followed them to these summer places. Inducing the Indians to sell their annual fur harvest of the woods to the Company, these whites provided them in turn with better weapons, clothing, food, and tools from the white man's world, thus strengthening their resistance against the hardships of winter and enabling them to return from their hunting-grounds with a larger and better stock of furs. Their mode of life, their rules and views were still the same as that of their ancestors centuries ago.

That is where we would go.

I had had a glimpse at the civilized population of my new continent; now I would meet its aboriginal children. I would get to know a broader stretch of the soil of the North American hemisphere.

Learning Montagnais-Naskapi and preparing our few but efficient outfit necessities, I had a hard time remembering that I lived, after all, in the most fashionable city on earth and that there were certain social duties I was not allowed to neglect.

Outstanding in this respect were the teas held by the lady members and wives of the Columbia faculty. From the beginning, I had experienced a feeling of unlimited admiration whenever I met some of these smart, intelligent, well-dressed and immensely efficient representatives of my sex, who were so absolutely superior to any group of women I had known in Europe. To be one of them, to try, in a shy yet cheerful way, to be accepted by them as an

equal, was one of my most ambitious dreams. Becoming an "American woman"—what a goal!

Bravely, I suppressed my feelings of linguistic inferiority to follow their invitations and to sun myself in the rays of their charming indulgence. My good-will was tremendous, but I was always afraid that a word by Somerset Maugham might prove true when applied to my efforts: "I was like a performing dog in a circus, whose tricks the public would probably like, but who somehow couldn't be quite fitted into the program." I wouldn't let this happen! To "fit in," I had to jump right into the center of my desires!

Remembering certain "executions" held in store for young faculty wives by elderly sadistic European University women, I felt as though I were in Heaven, getting acquainted with the pleasant institution of the American reception line which, at such occasions, greets each entering guest right at the door and dispels at once any feeling of lonesomeness she may have. Before I had time to wonder where to turn, a courteous lady had taken my arm to present me to a most striking elderly gentlewoman in whom I recognized immediately a member of international society of the kind you often encounter on gigantic ocean liners or in the International Sporting Club of Monte-Carlo. At sight of her, I felt free and happy.

"To what department do you belong?" she asked me, drawing me into one of the cozy corners of the Faculty Club.

"My husband is Visiting Professor in the Department of Anthropology."

"Anthropology? Well! As long as I have been at this University, I never saw a member of that department at any social function. What a delightful innovation!"

She asked me for my name again. Naturally, I had not understood hers when we were introduced. She remembered Jules from his picture in the *Times*. I thought it polite to apologize for my poor English.

"Poor? But I *love* your English!" she said with an ambiguous twinkle.

"I'm just an eager parrot," I tried to explain, "repeating every phrase I hear from others!"

"I never met such a *charming parrot!*"

"Compliments such as that I can answer only in French, not yet in English—"

"*Alors, parlons français!*"

To my amazement, she began to converse in perfect French with me. A French not of the brand you hear from the lips of certain Riviera travelers; no, the French of Maurois and of Paul Reynal.

I forgot my surroundings. We talked and laughed. My tongue-tiedness was over.

A hand separated us, almost with force. I lost my idol. She had become aware of other duties and disappeared with a smile.

"Who are you?" asked the newly arrived lady, "that you kept our *first lady* so long for yourself? We're rather jealous!" She laughed.

"First lady?"

"Well, don't you even *know* Mrs. Butler?"

Two minutes later I was pouring tea at one of the shining kettles, another new American custom.

"Strong or weak, cream or sugar?"

When I left, I saw Mrs. Butler again. She waved at me.

I had to bite my lips not to burst out in Montagnais-Naskapi:

"*Chee tach hitane!*" "I love you!"

It was really better to think of the Montagnais-Naskapi now, because the day soon arrived when we found ourselves at Grand Central Station for our first longer trip on American soil.

We admired the practical regulations for the checking of suitcases, which makes a traveler free as a lark and spares him the common European luggage slavery. In-

specting the train that was to take us to Canada, we noticed a strange apparatus whose likeness we had never seen before. From a huge black box moved about on wheels something emerged which we were induced to take for a prehistoric snake of gigantic dimensions. This black "snake," whose body was subdivided into fierce-looking partitions, stuck its head into one of the car windows, producing the sound of a wind-spout or hurricane.

Was it an American super vacuum-cleaner? When we entered the train we found out. From jungle heat we changed into pleasant coolness. It was our first acquaintance with the miracle of air-conditioning.

With Father Lemoine's Grammar on our knees, we rested our eyes on the ever-beautiful sight of the Hudson. Albany passed by; green meadows, well-fed cattle, brooks, lakes, isolated farms—all in brilliant sunshine. For a long time Lake Champlain sparkled at our right, blue as the *Côte d'azur*.

At 5:53 p.m. (I'll never forget it) we crossed the Canadian border at Rouses Point, papers of identification in our trembling hands.

Trembling, yes. It was an old European habit. Since 1933, each crossing of a frontier seemed dangerous; each traveler, however honorable his person and mission, had to watch out for "complications" which, in Europe, might end in some prison. One never knew, since the gangster from Braunau had taken over. Without speaking, we looked at each other, absorbed by the same thoughts. Like a criminal, Jules had been forced to leave over night the country of his birth two years before, in secrecy and under false pretense—a country to whose prestige he had added in the world of science. Like a criminal I, too, had been forced to flee a land where my family had lived for centuries. Crossing border-lines did something to us, still. It was terrifying, it was dangerous, no matter how clear one's conscience might be.

"Sir—?" said a man in uniform, standing before Jules.

We looked up, like hunted children. The man wore the characteristic and very becoming caps of the Canadian customs officials.

Jules gave him our papers. They were beautiful papers: large of size, one carrying the golden crest of the Indian Office of Ottawa, the other the sky-blue seal of Columbia University, certifying that we would be "expected back for the next term." The man in uniform took a long look at them. Suddenly, he saluted.

"*You are welcome to Canada, Sir!*" he said, bowing slightly and moving on to the next traveler.

We looked each other in the eyes. We were welcome to Canada. Jules was an honored scientist again, traveling in the service of his work. He was not a doubtful individual, crossing from one country into the other. He was Julius Lips again, the man known to the Colonial Ministeries of Paris and London, to the Governors of the African provinces, to ambassadors, mayors, and other high officials. A future American, he could show letters with spectacular seals; he was respected by respectable governments!

When I had fought it out with the Nazis, I had never faltered for one moment, not when our liberty, and perhaps our lives, were at stake. But now, it was too much for my heart. The old wounds were still bleeding. Supporting my head on Jules' shoulder, I did not try to stop my tears, tears of grief, of shame—and then, of happiness. For the first time I fully realized what it meant to come from America, traveling as a free and honored human being into Canada with the right to *return* to America, my future country. Never have I heard and never will I hear again any words in the English language sounding so sweet to me as this simple sentence:

"*You are welcome to Canada, Sir!*"

Our dignity as free human beings returned to us with it, our pride, and we became fully aware of the Grace of God that had brought us to this blessed continent.

Montreal impressed us with a monument of noble beauty, erected right in the railroad building in honor of the victims of World War I: an Angel, full of power and grace, carrying a soldier to Heaven.

In another aisle this astonishing railroad station harbored an exhibition displaying the wealth of the Canadian soil. From asbestos to wheat, from coal to gold, one of the proudest sources of wealth of the British Empire showed here its great treasures.

Well, there was the usual grand hotel, there were almost as many ancient cannons as around the Tower of London, there was a very spectacular building we took for the opera, but it turned out to be the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Moccasins and carved wooden figures made their appearances in shop windows, as a first evidence of the tribes of the interior.

But we had not come as curious tourists. We went on to Quebec, getting our first taste of Canadian French with its somber "a's and its occasionally Rabelaisian syntax. The "*Grand Restaurant Français*" whose owner's name, *Kerhulu*, reminded us indeed of medieval France, did complete justice to the rumor that French cooking is known in Canada. We duly visited the *Chien d'or* and the monument to Louis XIV whose presence here had something ghost-like nevertheless. This ancient city harbored forty-four Catholic churches—a record even to a former inhabitant of Cologne, the German Rome.

The great impression came with the sight of Château Frontenac, that truly majestic triumph of architecture, looking down upon one of the most majestic triumphs of nature. The immensity of the St. Lawrence stream at the foot of this Château, the formation of its banks, the magnificence of the Promenade at its shores, effaced in my memory the picture of that other mythological stream, the Rhine, which I once had known so well.

The St. Lawrence has something elementary about it. No other river except the Mississippi has given me greater

evidence of the inspiring magnitude of the American continent, of its vast resources, and its exciting possibilities. Great streams are like the desert. They seem infinite. They soothe the most turbulent souls. They are mirrors worthy of reflecting the glory of the skies; symbols and messengers of Eternity. To us, this river was a glorious foreboding of the free and savage soil our feet were about to touch.

But before we would greet the Montagnais-Naskapi with their native "*Quay!*" ("Hello!"), we intended to visit the last members of an Indian tribe once of legendary fame, the Hurons, now crowded into a reservation near Quebec by the name of Loretteville.

We drove out there by taxi, an unromantic way indeed to pay a visit to the last members of a tribe whose history immortalizes them as one of the mightiest peoples of all North American Indians. But their continuous fights with other red brethren and with the Whites had, as early as 1905, decimated them to only about 800 souls. Now, there was nothing left of them but a small village with cheap white man's houses and the main attraction of an "Indian Museum" advertised by a yellow tent of Coney Island appearance, with a wooden Indian clad in leather in front of it, an involuntary persiflage of lost glory.

The Museum itself turned out to be a shop, aimed at U. S. tourists. Buckskin articles were trimmed with Canadian maple leaves and decorated with phrases like "Forget me not!" or "To my Darling," applied in white man's poker-painting. Much finer were the handsome baskets woven of hard rush, and moccasins trimmed with fur and beadwork.

We were not looking for rarities like these. A friend of Jules had urged us not to miss Loretteville, certainly not for the sake of tourist's gadgets but for the thrill of meeting one of the last great Huron chieftains, Prudent Sioui, who was supposed to have still many memories of the heroic times. His children ran the Museum in order to provide a livelihood for the family.

A beautiful girl with long black tresses and a beaded Indian head-band made her appearance. As soon as we mentioned our names, her pretty eyes began to flash. She had expected our arrival.

"*Je suis Anne-Marie Sioui,*" she said in melodious French. "*On m'appelle la toujours brûlante.*" ("I'm Anne-Marie Sioui, they call me the Ever-Burning!")

That was a fine introduction. She called her brother Tiloup ("Little Wolf"), a slender young man with handsome Indian features, but in white man's clothes; and her sister Elsie, a sweet girl of quieter disposition. They were all that was left of the old man's eleven children, two of whom were now nuns in a Catholic convent. They spoke English with Jules and French with me, in a worldly, versatile way. If the girls had not worn squaw's skirts with Indian embroideries, it would have been hard to believe in their Huron background. We learned that they had a French mother, now passed away, which explained their emotional and witty way of expressing themselves.

"Our father, however, is of pure Indian blood!" With the hospitality of an American small-town family, they conducted us into a neat modern kitchen where the old man sat dreaming in his chair.

His lean, aristocratic face radiated with dignity. In well-chosen French, this seventy-eight-year-old Indian welcomed us as his guests. The keen inquisitive look of his magnetic eyes betrayed his authority as "*sous-chef*" (Deputy Chieftain). His French first name, "Prudent," seemed to be most adequate. With a refined gesture, he invited us to sit down while Elsie and the ever-burning Anne-Marie prepared in our honor a typical American lunch of tomato soup, salmon, eggs, mashed potatoes, ice cream, and coffee.

We answered the many questions of that dignified old gentleman who spoke no English and spelled his name, Sioui, ("Tortoise") in this peculiar way: "Tsi8ie," the number 8 figuring in his dialect as a French "ou" or an English "w." It was sad to learn that he remembered

hardly anything of the olden times. Explaining his interest in us by the fact of our being "keen about the forgotten times," he soon encouraged us to tell him about the great Hurons of the past instead of inflaming our imagination with his own faint recollections.

It seemed he had trouble remembering that his tribe had been one of the proudest and most powerful native American nations. He had forgotten their long houses of birch-bark, often sixty yards in length, sheltering in separated compartments the different families and their individual fireplaces. He had forgotten the totemistic mysteries, dividing his ancestors into bear, wolf, beaver, and tortoise clans. He had forgotten the ceremonious funerals on platforms in the woods and the religious rôles played by certain animals who influenced or governed the powers of nature. Wasn't it the eagle who sent the thunder; didn't the hare rule the light of dawn, and the owl the dusk of the evening? All that was left to him from these glamorous times was a vague idea of pride and a twenty-year-old photograph, now displayed in the "Museum":

"Le conseil de la tribue Huronne Indian Lorette, P. Q.
Odoladat, Sous-Chef
Atehiata, Sous-Chef
Teonbatasta, Sous-Chef
Sassineho, Sous-Chef
Tsodato8an, Sous-Chef
8enho8an, Sous-Chef
Maurice Bastien, Agnionleu, Ex-Grand-Chef et agent de la tribue."¹

Gone were the famous fifty chieftainships, gone was the greatness of the past.

In old Sioui's living room hung the portraits of two nuns, treasured by this last full-blooded Huron who had become an admirer of the white man's religion, mixing up the visions of his past with those of Catholicism. Very emphatically he stressed the point that he was a devout son of the Church, and in a whispering voice he told us

¹ "The council of the Indian Huron tribe at Lorette, Province of Quebec." Signed by six "deputy chieftains" and an "Ex Grand-Chief and Agent of the tribe."

about a vision he had experienced at a Christian death-bed when "angels descended clothed in strange fragrances."

He did not know that such mystic ideas were the last reminiscences of ancient Huron religious conceptions. We exchanged a sad look when he reached for his traditional head-gear asking us, obviously as a matter of routine, when we would like to "take the pictures."

Stirred by the tragic entanglements of this noble but bewildered mind, we expressed our gratitude, telling him that we were now on our way to the "savage Indians." For one second, he seemed to have a special message on his lips, but he did not succeed in expressing it.

Anne-Marie and her sister Elsie, however, had no intention of letting us off so easily.

"You stay in Quebec?" they asked, "in a *hôtel*?"

"Yes, in a *hôtel*."

Braving their "savage" make-up, we invited them for dinner. But the most pleasant surprise awaited us. Within ten minutes they were back, dressed fashionably in a most conservative manner, prettier than most ladies we had admired on the St. Lawrence Promenade.

"Want a taxi?" asked these descendants of the wild Hurons. We certainly did.

While waiting, we bought a few trinkets in the Museum. Over the door we noticed a painting of the old Indian good-luck-charm of the Swastika, but turned in a direction different from that of Adolf the plagiarist. It was painted over with some other color, but still showed through.

"Why did you do that?" we asked with curiosity.

"The tourists did not like it," said Elsie.

"What do you think of the Nazis?" I could not refrain from asking.

"*Ça?* C'est trop loin! Nous ne savons rien de cela." ("Oh, *that!* That is too far away! We know nothing about that!")

May you be right by thinking that "it" is far, far away, I thought, may you be right!

The evening in Quebec's most fashionable dining place turned out to be a most successful enterprise. Having a little fun over the girls' names, Jules said "*Si oui!*" to Anne-Marie and "*Si non!*" to Elsie who did not mind it a bit. Both behaved as well-bred ladies. Only on one occasion did they fail to master an overwhelming urge to giggle when the waiter approached our table with a silent-butler of silver to remove the crumbs from the damask cloth. They had never seen a gadget like this before. Immediately they decided to make silent-butlers of birch-bark to be sold to the tourists as ancient Huron ritual baskets. I mention this as a warning to over-eager anthropologists doing "field-work." Investigate the origin of things before you record "facts"!

Anne-Marie and gentle Elsie vanished in the night like a dream, asserting that they were to visit us soon in New York. Who would have believed then that they really redeemed this promise!

Next morning, we finally boarded the tiny train which would take us to Chambord, toward savage Indian land.

As soon as the city was behind us, nature began to assume a more and more majestic aspect. Blue-black pine woods intermingled with romantic, flower-speckled meadows. Brooks danced wildly over erratic stones, reminding me of the *Trout Quintet*. Here, no artificial air-conditioning was necessary. The modest speed allowed the windows to remain open. Soon, our train was a full hour late, but who cared? All the passengers were one big family: two lumberjacks, carrying a tiny puppy in a cardboard box; an old woman with a cat sprawled out at her side with impressive apathy; two hunters with their rifles; two half-breeds from Roperval "near the outskirts" and we New Yorkers who, by public poll, spoke "the best French ever heard of any American."

We were fully aware of our great responsibility to live up to the honor of being taken for full-fledged Yankees. All ideas of the "other continent" had left us the moment

we crossed the border. We were proud of our home town, New York; everything we had left behind in the U. S. A. was perfect without any doubt.

In St. Cathérine we were joined by a jolly Catholic priest who shortly laughed his heart out when one of the English-speaking hunters sang for him:

"L'amour est enfant de bohème."

Woods, lakes, boats, houses flew by, a few fishermen waved at us from lovely places called *Kiskisink* or *Lac au Vison* (Mink Lake).

Suddenly, a noise like that of a shot shattered the windows. Our train stopped. What had happened?

Due to a sudden change from cold weather to warmest summer, the rails just in front of the engine had burst. A crew of railroad workers, always carried for such emergencies, immediately went to work, while we happy passengers left our car to pick flowers in the high, fragrant grass, drink from a cool, silvery spring and behave like Alice in Wonderland. After two hours of fun and fraternizing, we hated to leave this pastoral idyll. Not without loud protest did we go back to our railroad cars.

The evening came. We parted with our friends. A farmer's wife in Chambord fed us our first moose steak, deliciously accompanied by home-made bread.

In the morning, a miner's truck took us along the road to Pointe-Bleue, the summer assembly place of our savage Montagnais-Naskapi.

The meadows became wilder, wider. There were hardly any more houses. After a sudden curve, Lake St. John spread its ocean-like immensity before our eyes. There, on the other shore, we would find our Indians. A few children with exotic faces, the slanted eyes betraying migrations of millenia ago, made us aware that at last we were going to see the real thing.

Our miner told us that there, to the right, we would find Pointe-Bleue. Unloading our suitcases to store them

under a rock at the roadside and refusing any remuneration, he moved on with his truck.

Hand in hand, like two children fallen from Heaven, we began one of the most delightful hikes we ever made. The goal was before our eyes: the only large building all around, the white Post house of the Hudson's Bay Company. We just had to follow the lake-shore. The air was cool and spicy. We noticed two honey-colored canoes of birch-bark on the blue water. We went on and on, recalling our first expedition to Africa. When we then approached our Negro friends, our experiences had been entirely different from those of Labrador. As soon as we had settled down in the little villages and the savages heard that a white man had come to write for the white world about themselves and their institutions, they flocked to our quarters to tell us all about their lives, their habits and their latest gossip. Believe me, it took a great deal of effort to get rid of them, and especially those enthusiastic fellows who wished to stay with us in our rooms, flatly refusing to leave.

But Indians were different. They were cool, restrained, sceptical, and lethargic. To win them would require an entirely different psychological approach. In this respect, they were similar not to the African Negro but to the proud and quiet desert tribes of the Sahara. And not only that, we soon were to find out that the nights of the desert and the nights under the Northern Lights had much in common. Their magic evoked visions which no white man amid the noise of his cities ever imagines. The visions of the desert conjured up the beauty of scenes of two thousand years ago, scenes immortalized by the Bible and the Koran and now re-lived before our very eyes in the same setting by men whose appearance, clothing, and behavior had never changed. Labrador, however, did not re-enact for us such ancient scenes of life. Instead, it would give us dreams; penetrating the mind like the fragrance of a strange incense, dreams inconceivable under any other skies.

Behind the green meadows loomed the pathless woods. The white Hudson's Bay Company House became larger and larger, and soon we passed the first Indian tents of gray canvas. There were no drums announcing the approaching strangers, there was no half-naked mob following us with wide-open eyes.

It was amazingly quiet along the narrow road. Many tents were pitched along the shore, sometimes replaced by wooden houses so tiny and primitive that the Indian called them rightfully indeed their "*mishtook mitshooap*" or "wooden tents."

The manager of the Post, a blond, tall Scotchman with delightful manners, gave us a warm welcome. He, the Indian Agent, and the Catholic priest were the only "civilizers" in Pointe-Bleue. The Company had followed the Indians and the priest the Company.

As agreed upon, we moved into one of the tiny wooden houses as the guests of a full-blooded Indian of the Naskapi tribe. His name was *Kakwa*, meaning Porcupine. He was a sturdy man in his fifties, one of the few tribesmen who had a job with the Company.

As soon as we were installed in our "wooden tent," one of the most phantastic and yet busiest times of our lives began. We were here to study the unwritten law and the economics of these Indians according to a plan worked out by Jules well in advance, a plan drawn according to their special mode of life. But before we would be able to do any work, we had to make friends with our Naskapi Indians.

You can not go to an Indian and address him in a friendly way with a cordial: "How do you do?" He does not believe in words. He has a keen sense of things. His winters are spent in arctic woods, hunting the furs of bear, beaver, mink, lynx, marten, and other precious animals. Starvation threatens him, together with bad hunting luck and the fear of antagonizing the holy spirits of the woods who still rule his winter, in spite of the white man's sum-

mer religions identified by the Indians with the warm weather, the better food, the tools of steel, and the provisions they enjoy during the summer-time. The only white man in whom they really confided was the manager of the Company, the man to whom they delivered their furs in the spring, the man who gave them their provisions for the winter. They did not know about white "scientists," and since we had nothing to trade, our position was a peculiar one. Either we must be accepted by them as pals and "story-tellers," getting their own "stories" in return, or our mission would be a failure.

To make friends with the Indians, we had to avoid any rush. We had to make them understand that we wanted nothing from them. During the first, difficult days, we needed merely plenty of time, some huge bags full of candy and—Jules' conjuring box, filled with a score of tricky gadgets whose irresistibleness we had previously tried out with other tribes.

Strolling along the narrow road, we became an accustomed sight to many a peeping eye. Occasionally, we would reach down to show a piece of candy to some trusting tot and to make, in Montagnais-Naskapi, some complimentary remark to his mother. We avoided conspicuous nuisances like cameras; whistling (which "calls the ghosts"); conversations in French, English, or German (because bad spirits do evil magic while conversing in incomprehensible lingos), or any display of "things an Indian has not," like fancy clothes, hats, sports gadgets, etc.

In the evening we joined the silent groups of men lingering on the wooden porch of the Hudson's Bay Company House or resting on the shore in the dusk. Gradually, a few greetings or superficial remarks were exchanged. Once, a certain fish-hook made the rounds, and incidentally they gave it to Jules for inspection. The time was ripe for him to do something for their imagination. He produced from his pocket two rings, apparently inseparately joined, and began to play around with them as though to try to

get them apart. After a while, a dark hand reached out, a hand clever in using beaver teeth for knives, a hand used to scraping skins with the thigh-bone of a bear, a hand with an unfailing trigger finger. Slowly, others tried to separate the rings. It became a game, a contest, a topic of sudden vivid conversation.

After three days, Jules, seemingly favored by sudden technical skill, separated the rings as if by chance. For the first time, admiring dark eyes looked piercingly at him, beginning to appraise his capabilities.

Here was a white man who hardly spoke, and if he spoke he did so in their language. He had solved something they all had tried in vain, something intricate and technical, kindred to fish-hooks, trap-releases, and other familiar phenomena.

Kakwa began to be proud of us. Frequently, Indians would drop in quietly to inquire whether we had "other things like this."

With the stage of casual conversation and mutual respect reached, we had to accustom them to Jules' partner, myself. They had to forget that I was a woman and had to understand that I was merely "Iraquai's helper." Iraquai's, yes. The ice was broken. They had given Jules a name of their own. He had become a factor in their lives. Iraquai meant "the smoker," on account of Jules' continuously lighted cigars, a variety of tobacco enjoyment entirely unfamiliar to them. When finally Johnny Conolly presented Jules with a handsome box of birch-bark, sewn together with spruce root, glued with resin, and decorated with Iraquai's own image smoking a cigar, we knew that the time had come for us to go to work. Sheets of paper made their appearance, as well as my typewriter, which was so strange to them that they even didn't give it a thought. They considered it my "peculiarity." Well, all humans have faults!

Thus started the phase of "story-telling." We began to mention countries across the seas (oceans being "big

lakes" to them). These countries to them were "England" or "Scotland," breeding places of white "civilizers." They had never heard of a country called "Germany," and we were careful not to make them aware of its existence. Was *this* the way Destiny had found for healing our wounds?

If so, it worked successfully. For the first time since the pollution of Europe had begun, we felt supremely happy. For the first time, Jules could again dedicate himself to his science, in a powerful, innocent, clean atmosphere of creatures closer to God and to the sources of true wisdom than any "civilizer" could possibly be. How inconsequential were the swarms of black flies which caused painful blisters on Jules' stay-at-home hands, compared with the absence of disturbing newspaper headlines. How unimportant was the lack of warm water compared with Jules' ability to animate the dark beautiful faces around him and hold the steady attention of their shrewd eyes. How insignificant was the hardship of the carefully concealed purpose of inquiry when compared with the reward of information received—undistorted, truthful, free of purpose.

If you were to go there today, friends, and ask these Indians whether Iraquai ever talked with them about *law*, they first would laugh at you and then ask, highly amused, "What did you say? Law? What is that?" And yet, he brought back about three hundred pages filled with all details of centuries-old traditions of their customary rules of property, land-tenure, inheritance, debts; their criminal code as well as their ways of enforcing the legal process.

"Iraquai?" they would say, "oh, he's the one who loved our families so much that he even wanted to find out all about our hunting-grounds, about our wives and children and their possessions, and all that interests *us*."

Well, we worked day and night, hiding our great eagerness for exact information under a coat of stories. One of the great difficulties was when one of our redskins, right in the midst of his most valuable contributions, suddenly

stopped and began to play with a bug in the grass or when his fancy induced him to go fishing for hours. But we knew this phenomenon of sudden short circuit in the midst of seemingly concentrated thought. It is typical of all primitive tribes. One just has to overlook it and to wait for another day, another mood.

Soon, we found ourselves in the woods, building traps the ancient way, without a single white man's tool. We helped to build a canoe, "tailored" from birch-bark and sewn together with spruce root in the ancient way. I became an expert moccasin manufacturer, a knitter of rabbit-skin blankets and of nets, and finally we could even dare to produce our cameras. Even our "uncleanliness" was now forgiven: our habit of taking two swims a day in their crystal-clear lake intended only to furnish water for drinking and cooking, and not to be touched by human bodies.

When we all became so close to each other that the thought of possible separation began to be painful, the Indians started to take their supplies for the winter and began to depart for the woods, following the water-ways in their canoes along unmapped and yet irrevocable paths to the immensity of their hunting-grounds.

As one family allowed us to go along with them on their road to the wilderness, we left behind our white man's ridiculous ballast and experienced once more that supreme existence between soil and Heaven we had yearned for since our days in the deserts of Africa.

Sleeping in the tent with our red brethren, with balsam twigs as mattresses and bear-skins as blankets, we forgot the white world. Living on meat, fish, and blueberries exclusively, we lost our notions of vitamins. And the nights! How could we ever forget the campfire and the strange tales of the spirits of the woods! The Indians had stored their English and their French varieties of Christianity at the summer place. The closer they came to their sacred hunting-grounds, the more plastic the powerful forces of nature became to them. The stars had other and new

names. *Tsegabec*, a hero of the olden times, rode to Heaven as the Man in the Moon. The quarters of the globe were ruled by the mighty Men of the North, the South, the East, and the West. The bush was populated with Little People. Each animal had a soul, a "*Mistapéo*," who had to be dealt with according to firmly established rules of respect. Wizards of the tribe performed magic in Spirit Houses to settle cases of dispute among their tribesmen. Under the Northern Lights we, too, began to dream of strange, prophetic happenings of the future.

We began to chant in the ancient way. We began to share the feelings of these Indians and to adore their heroes of centuries ago: Nosipatan, Saiko, Utish, Cawopaweset. When this happened to us while we were with any primitive tribe, we always knew it was time to leave.

The women wept when we told them that "our dreams had ordered us to go"—but each Indian understands that lifelong unhappiness will come to anyone who dares to disobey a dream. We left them while it still hurt. The grief of Indians is short. We did not want to see them smile again, overcoming the sadness of our separation. We did not know then that Jules would see them again in the winter on their hunting-grounds.

A rainbow stood over Lake St. John when we were on our path to the white man's foolish world. A rainbow—we had learned in the meantime that it was a barrier erected by the ghosts of the woods to keep back the rain. We said good-bye to Jules' pet, *Peter Diogenes*, the bear-cub living in a barrel.

In Chambord, a half-breed insisted on taking us to a "secret place." Wisely, prohibition was the rule for these parts of Labrador, but the secret place to which we were led was a white man's boot-legging establishment!

We entered a dark house. No signal was necessary. A flashlight lighted a trap-door on the floor.

"How much?" asked a voice below our feet, in spite

of the fact that French is the language of Chambord. But we were *Americans*.

"Three bottles—a dollar," said our half-breed.

"*Premièrement la monnaie,*" advised the ghost below, "first the money." A hand appeared, to grasp the dollar bill. Three bottles of beer came up. We presented them to our guide.

The white world surrounded us again.

And yet, two days later in our Pullman car, a new desire seized us. In spite of our love of savages, the woods were not our world. We were at home in the big city.

While Jules sat quietly in his corner, reflecting upon a book to be written, *Economics and Customary Law of the Montagnais-Naskapi Indians of Labrador Peninsula*, I thought of my shining bath-tub at home, in New York. I thought of the shop windows along Fifth Avenue; of dry-cleaning establishments; books and the halls of learning. The Columbia teas were now in my dreams, not wolverines and ghosts; our newly painted apartment began to occupy my imagination and the coming days of work under my big desk lamp with immaculate white paper and new black typewriter-ribbons.

When we enjoyed all these things again, we asked ourselves whether this visit to the more remote soil of our new continent had provided us with better understanding of our future fellow-citizens. What knowledge, besides the scientific harvest in Jules' papers, had enriched our minds?

It seemed to us that the French-speaking population of Canada had been much more "European" than all other people we had so far met on this continent; but it seemed to us also that the simple words of a customs officer: "You are welcome to Canada, Sir," had done something to our hearts and had caused a profound change in our entire approach toward America and its language.

Now, among the rushing city people of New York we found more traces of native American mentality than any superficial observer might deem possible. Americans were

not, as so many of their tourists in foreign countries had wrongly demonstrated, loud and without respect for other people's feelings. The men and women who had rushed into a venerable cathedral of France before my astounded eyes, to film the most sacred moments of worship while shouting at each other in English, were *not* typical of the America I had just begun to know.

In spite of such "evidence" and despite their skyscraper behavior, Americans were quiet, restrained, and shy. They had one thing in common with the Indians roaming the soil of Labrador: a strong dislike of any public display of emotion. Now I understood what had startled me so much at the beginning of my New York apprenticeship: why strikingly beautiful girls in the subway did not collect, from male eyes, the admiration due to them. I understood the absence of loving couples in streets and sun-flooded parks. Their unconcerned exchange of feelings would have provoked raised eyebrows and not the benevolence they might have found in Europe. It was not done—either in New York or in the wild woods.

The struggle of life in the big cities was as merciless as the trapping of wild beasts on an ancient hunting-ground. Another Indian would kill the beaver overlooked by his fellow-tribesman. Another job-hunter would seize the position lost by his colleague.

I understood also the sectarian undercurrent in so many American minds. Souls were lonely in the big cities, just as they are in the big woods. City dwellers were sometimes inclined to believe in phantastic prophets, as their Indian brethren believed in phantastic ghosts. Like the Northern Lights, the lights of the Great White Way also did something irrational to sensitive minds.

While sharing the life of these savage children of nature, we had rediscovered tolerance, that most precious gift. Again, we had forgotten ourselves under wider skies whose brighter stars had taught us renewed respect for the ways of our fellow-men.

CHAPTER IV

ZISKA DISCOVERS AMERICA

Strange are the workings of the human mind. Under the Northern Lights it had seemed a simple matter to forget the existence of four other continents outside of North America. Tents in the wilderness seemed all that mattered, and thoughts and dreams so far-reaching that they embraced the Universe.

While we were with the Indians, we had pictured ourselves going to work immediately after our return, to write down what we had found in Labrador, for the sake of science and for the sake of Jules' own American future.

Unfortunately, however, and in contrast to the hunting-grounds, our big city had newspapers. If we wished to keep pace with our fellow New Yorkers, it was our daily duty to read "all the news that's fit to print." It was just this news that allowed no rest to "forgotten" memories, like swirls in the ocean, bringing again and again to the surface those things which should rightly rest in the darkness of the deepest underground. Since we really did not belong to the From Somewhere group, it was not what we might have been, or what we once might have possessed that re-occupied our minds at the sight of European news (we had gained so much in experience in the meantime!); it was a certain atmosphere of complacency, the dull clouds of which hung over Europe and over the rest of the world.

It seemed to us that the few occasions which brought the word "Nazi" into the American news, were alarmingly similar to those which we ourselves had once dismissed from our thoughts in Germany as "irrelevant" and "ridiculous." In the face of the Hitler threat, the young German republic had, years before, acted like a careless patient

who disregards certain unpleasant, but so far painless, phenomena becoming evident in certain portions of his body. The patient had refused to regard them as symptoms of a much more serious disease and had preferred to treat the nuisance with remedies of occasional quackery. Then, suddenly, the terrible swelling had developed to a size no longer possible to overlook; and when all the experts cried "cancer!" it was too late for a successful cure.

Such a cancer was Hitler and his barbarous rule. Was it possible that the world still believed that this horrible disease in the center of Europe could be hushed up by covering it with blankets of indifference and quiet disdain?

The natural desire of each normal human being to be happy in a private, inconspicuous way, clashed with the urge in our souls to tell the citizens of this free new country of ours how the cancer had infected another land and what the symptoms had been. We had no intention, as so many former Europeans have, of trying to reform anything existing in America or to force our views upon anyone. We would not offer advice but rather discreet warning. We would quietly describe the fever curve we had actually observed, without any suggestion of its possible existence elsewhere. If there *were* attentive surgeons in the world, they might understand and begin to watch the bodies of their nations more carefully than the doctors of Germany had done, her inattentive politicians.

Yet, we still fought with the task we preferred so very much to do. We still occupied ourselves lovingly with the world of the Indians who had given us peace.

We had a wonderful circle of friends, among them Edward Murrow and his beautiful wife Janet. He was then connected with a renowned scientific institution and had not yet dreamed of the international radio fame which was in store for him as a well-earned reward for his extraordinary insight into world affairs and his superior mental capacity. People like these understood us, they understood also the fateful signs of our time. But they

were not "the average public," nor were they typical of the millions of Corn, Cotton and Coal people whose peace and liberties might be already endangered by the cancer abscess spreading so rapidly in the over-aged body of time-tortured Europe.

A few personal experiences gave us the final impulse to raise our warning voices. Jules had been invited to many platforms, to many speakers' tables in the meantime to give his picture of the threatening decline of the Old World.

One experience we had in Philadelphia, was, to me, an unforgettable *mene tekel*. The Foreign Policy Association there had invited Jules to speak, as a native of the Saar, about the approaching elections in that still free part of the soil between France and Germany.

Monsieur Pierre de Lanux, the Paris director of the Office of the League of Nations, was one of the featured speakers, a Mr. Frederick E. Auhagen the other. Meeting the latter at the speakers' table, we heard him introduce himself as a "Professor of German at Columbia University" and also as "a refugee of the Versailles Treaty who spends his summers in Germany." One look into his smooth intriguant's face caused an electric current to shoot up my spine. Here he was, the Nazi *per se*, the perfect type of the Hitler-bred brute whose every breath was untruth and whose presence in that assembly seemed more than alarming. There was no necessity to talk to him—I knew his species from the offices of the Gestapo.

Following the gentlemanly custom of objective Anglo-Saxon discussion, Mr. Auhagen had been picked as the "*pro*" speaker and Jules as the "*con*"—"pro" meaning the Nazification of the Saar, "*con*" the status quo. Well, I was too familiar with Auhagen's brand of Nazi gangsterism not to know that in this one case objective dealings were suicide. But we still were guests in America and we wanted to be careful not to overstep our privileges. It was not up to us to point out that a Nazi amid this gentle, well-meaning, and intelligent group was as pleasant a

dinner companion as a professional murderer, a sinister prophet of decay, would have been.

After the addresses, members of the audience, with tears in their eyes, came to Jules to congratulate him upon his speech, and mothers brought their young sons and daughters "to shake once in their lives the hand of a truly great man."

But I could not enjoy this gratifying hour. I still heard Auhagen's words: "Some may consider Hitler a horse cure. He was a necessary one, a glorious one. He will save Germany, as he will save Europe and the world."

From that day on we watched the activities of that "American" in the United States. He continued his "constructive work" until years later the F. B. I. finally got hold of him and put him in prison where he belonged. Yet, he was so precious to Hitler that he was exchanged for some unlawfully imprisoned Americans. Now, he is in Berlin as a constructive veterinarian assisting with the application of the horse cure to the body of Europe.

Was it our duty to spot men like these and to expose them in the light of our experiences? It seemed to us that so long as we were not American citizens, we had no right to do so.

No, we were not yet justified in speaking our minds concerning strictly American matters. But we owed it to the country which would be ours, the country whose liberties we enjoyed, to express our feelings of concern wherever we saw destruction at work in our immediate circle.

Such a test came to us at a party we attended at first with much pleasure and which we left with rather heavy hearts.

Our host was a scientist. His charming wife received us in a flowing gown of green velvet. We were introduced to a number of crackling tuxedo-breasts and some sweet-talking ladies in silk and brocade. All were highly intelligent and highly liberal people, believing in the glory of

democratic institutions and in the personal obligation of us all to do our share toward their maintenance.

At that time, it was not Hitler who was the news-maker, but Mussolini, the big bogey man. It was the period when the Nazi chieftain, still deeming it necessary to consult, at least as a matter of form, the voice of the German people, had gotten himself re-elected one hundred per cent. New York was raving about Bruno Richard Hauptmann's execution and John Gielgud's "Hamlet," while in Monte-Carlo the King of Sweden applauded Larry Adler's harmonica playing. On May second of that year, Haile Selassie had left "forever" his native Ethiopia "in a boat full of jewels." Mussolini, the Empire builder, boasting that "Ethiopia is forever Italian," threatened the world: "We are ready to defend our shining victory with the same intrepid, irrevocable decision with which we achieved it!"

"Shining victories" of that sort had just become fashionable, and hearts aching at the sound of the words "Manchukuo" or "Abyssinia" were regarded as those of "meddling eccentrics."

Our host made witty remarks. He was accustomed to divide his friends into "low-brows" and "high-brows," and he inflated the egos of those present by telling them that they had every right to feel flattered at belonging to the latter group. After indulging in lavish refreshments, we all sat down to enjoy "an informal speech about China."

Listening to the speaker, a Professor of a great University, we did not at first dare to trust our own ears. We exchanged one of those married looks: "Are we crazy or is he a fool?" After an hour and a half there was no doubt about it. It was not a speech on China but one on Japan. And it was not even a lecture on Japan, but a glorification of international crime. It was no "talk" at all, but a propaganda hymn, shrewdly presented before this liberal crowd who did not *dare* to "understand," for fear of offending the tuxedoes and the evening gowns.

We learned that the culture of Japan was "much older

and much more precious" than that of China; we heard that the rape of Manchukuo was "as beneficial to China as the courageous hold the Italian civilization has now upon Abyssinia." There spoke the voice of evil, the voice of Hitler and Mussolini, out of the mouth of an American University Professor!

After he had ended we spoke:

"So you think that poison gas against African natives is apt to teach them 'civilization'? So you think that theft and rape spell 'progress' and that the recent part of the rest of the world should permanently tolerate such attacks upon independent countries which are, in their final aim, attacks upon the very heart of all free humanity?"

"Yes," said the speaker.

We looked around. Nobody uttered a word. Everybody had an uneasy face. Someone nodded in our direction, approvingly. They all felt the test. They all heard their conscience's voice urging them: "Act! Act!" But nobody moved.

We exchanged one look. We rose quietly. We found our coats. Our bewildered host murmured something. We were "sorry." We went out into the cold night and to our home where we spent many hours talking and wondering how this could have happened in America. In America!

We knew our duty now. It was cowardly to indulge in our newly-won civic and scientific happiness. We *had* to look back. Not for our sake. For the sake of America.

We began to write, each absorbed by the problems of his own, individual work; and yet, both were to serve the same ideals. You can write a hundred books about the same theme, if you approach it from a hundred different angles. Jules saw the danger of Hitlerism through his science, I merely through the experiences of my heart. Jules discerned the weaknesses and dangers of Europe by seeing them with the eyes of the natives he had observed and learned to love in so many parts of the world; I chose the narrower milieu of two people—their house and their

city—to show what Hitler did to them and thereby to the culture of the country they represented.

We lived like monks, hidden away from the world. We attended to our daily routine and then dedicated all our energies to the growing bulk of pages.

While writing, I tried to avoid two possible faults: becoming bitter and becoming political. The latter was easy. I never had been a politician. My story was human, not didactic. But the first was even easier. While sitting at my pretty desk, I breathed the free air of America, the blessed air of liberty. When I stopped to think, my eyes rested on sunny Morningside Drive and the trees of the descending park where squirrels played with laughing children. In the dark dusk at the foot of the hills was the phantastic world of Harlem, providing never-ending food for my imagination.

Thinking of what I was supposed to have "lost," I remembered the countless enrichments I had received.

We had lost our families, yes. Even the poorest refugee is certain of the sympathy of those tied to him by the mysteries of biological relationship. Not so with us; the "Aryan" rebels against Hitler. Had they really become Nazis? They said so, but I don't believe it. They had wanted to avoid losing their belongings. No doubt, many of them were now as brave anti-Hitlerites as some sixty millions other Germans with them. Criticizing the daily orders enslaving their people more and more and being ashamed of Germany's present cultural level, they probably uttered behind closed doors their true opinion of the painter from Austria. Perhaps they even dared to listen to banned foreign broadcasts or passed on some sensational gossip—but when it came to receiving pay-checks or to drawing from bank accounts, they certainly would not hesitate to raise their right arms and shout "Heil Hitler!" when requested. If families of the upper brackets lived thus hypocritically—families who had produced states' ministers; commanding officers stationed at ancient castles;

scientists and artists, why should the man in the street pull their chestnuts out of the fire? Why should he die, rebelling against the Nazi régime, just to make their presumptuousness a little more comfortable?

Well, this knowledge enriched me indeed. It dried up the streams of relationship, thus demonstrating that the waters of the Atlantic were "thicker" than any foreign blood. I would be able to justify this attitude before God, my old Christian God who had accompanied me as he led me to the New World.

The security of life-long positions had been "lost" to Jules with his voluntary resignation, his expression of protest against the pollution of science in Germany?

Well, by the same act he had saved himself from the dangers of bourgeois satiety. He was saved from the fate of becoming a fat-bellied Old-World Professor who sniffed in his ivory tower the incense of continuous adoration. He was a young fighter again, with flashing eyes and a proud heart. In America it was of course impossible for him to live on a fame which was unrecognized by those in financial power: he was judged by his immediate abilities. The ambidexterity of his hands, the hopefulness of his smile, the things he did *right here*, were the things that alone counted. How young he was! To "lose" all—what an achievement in rejuvenation!

People and things had failed us. But for three students who betrayed Jules, he had been blessed with the faith of thirty who still loved him and had proved this love under the most dangerous tests.

What had Einstein said to him much later?

"You lost your families? Well—did you lose your students? Not the best ones. What other proof do you want of your value as a man? Your family are those whom you have fertilized with your mind!"

I found out more about this. Your families were not only those we had "fertilized with our minds"—it was also those who had become a part of our hearts.

In many places on this earth, a light shone in some tender eye when our name was mentioned; relationship lived on undauntedly, in spite of distance and of time, as long as those beloved souls were still alive.

There was Boubaka, a savage African of the Tuareg tribe—our brother. There was Jacquino of Monte-Carlo who had taught me to look through the flimsiness of supposedly glamorous people and had introduced me to the astounding world of the natives of his tiny country. There was a whole *quartier* in Paris where every boy, girl, waiter, and shop-owner knew us, where the dogs and cats playing atop an ancient Roman wall recognized us even after years and came to enjoy our caresses. They had now been joined by an Indian by the name of Kakwa who had “bound himself” to us. But beyond all, there was Ziska, our devoted maid who had turned my last somber days of Cologne into a triumph of love, reliability, and faith.

It was more than a coincidence to me that while I wrote her story, I received letters from her. In roundabout ways, naturally, since no one in Nazi Germany would have dared to put our name on a letter.

First, she had expressed her grief over things of the past; but later she indulged in cryptic hints, as, “nothing on earth is impossible”; “even a girl grown up in an orphanage might have ideas”; “decisive plans,” and similar intimations.

Knowing her thoroughly, I was sure that something extraordinary was going on in her pretty little head and I only hoped it might not be something phantastic or dangerous. I knew that she had never been reconciled to the dissolution of our household; that the place she had ruled autocratically while we were in Africa was now a castle in the moon, and that *her* dog Tapir had been poisoned by the Nazis. To a character like hers, it would be impossible even to render mere lip service to the Hitler hordes. Being as ingenious as she was, she would find

ways of her own to free herself of an obviously unbearable mode of life.

The underlined words in another letter: "I was in Stuttgart last week," gave me the first clear clue. In spite of the few railroad hours from Cologne, Stuttgart was to her almost "abroad." If she really had gone there, it could have been only to visit the American Consulate-General, because I had gone there once for the same purpose. Dear! That girl did not really intend to come to the United States! Perhaps she had an entirely wrong notion of our financial circumstances. She might assume that a University Professor was, in America, as kingly and independent as in pre-barbarian Germany! I wrote her immediately that in New York we would never be in a position to afford a full-time maid. But she did not seem to mind. To my amazement, her next letter was signed:

"Always your treu ergebene Ziska."

Where had she picked up the first two words? I became alarmed. Soon, I learned (again underlined) that she worked in the home of an American family in Cologne. The rest was clear. She wanted to leave, as we had done, the country of her birth to follow us into the new, the better world!

She did not ask us for one dollar. She did not ask us for the smallest bit of advice. Up to the moment when her cablegram came in correct English, we did not know whether she really had prepared herself all alone for the great adventure.

It was spring when I expected her at the pier—in my hands roses of the same colors she had once picked in my deserted garden as I left Cologne forever. Without any difficulty, I recognized the little dot of light blue at the railing.

"Wasn't it a fine idea?" she sobbed, in my arms. "You look grand! So do I, isn't that a *wonderful* suit?"

Well, well, well—the suit was as smartly tailored as

German ready-to-wear products used to look. Heavy material, poorly cut, and an absolutely terrible little hat. Of course, I admired it all.

"*How is Herr Professor?*" she asked then in the cutest English I have ever heard, adding whisperingly, in German:

"I have to speak English here. They might otherwise take me for a Nazi!"

O Ziska, Ziska! Where had she picked up her "perfect" English? In an American home in Cologne and from one of Jules' former students who had a reading knowledge of that language. They had used Hobbes' *Behemoth* as a textbook, because they had possessed Jules' German translation of it!

Once in our apartment a great celebration was being held. She told us of the secret rumors going on about us among our old Cologne friends. Some believed we were in India where Jules had supposedly established an Ethnological Museum for one of the richest maharajahs; others favored Hollywood where Jules "made films with savages." She had not bothered to correct these phantastic notions. The wilder they were, the more she liked them. And there were Nazi spies all over the world—why inform them? She brought the greetings of our mail men and of the garbage men, of the shop-owners whose establishments I had patronized, of scrubwomen and University Professors, priests and reverends, Jews and Christians, zoo wardens and musicians.

With the fine tact I always had admired in her character and which was the more astonishing because of her natural impulsiveness, she avoided any hint of the past.

"I came to stay," she said, as if this were just a whim. "I'll go ahead here. I know it is a wonderful country."

I compared her with many From Somewhere people I knew in New York, and I measured her faith and cheerfulness with the defeatism I had encountered among

former bigwigs from Europe. To illustrate the course to take, I told her an instructive anecdote.

"Three former Germans were sitting with an American friend in an American cafeteria. 'What is your profession?' the American asked the first man. 'I was the president of the greatest bank of Berlin.' 'Well,' says the American to the second, 'and what do *you* do for a living?' — 'I was the head of one of the outstanding theatres of Germany.' — 'And you?' the American asked with a sigh, turning to the third. — 'I? I was a full Professor of Philosophy.' — Silence. Suddenly, the American noticed a little dog cowering under the former bank president's chair. 'Did you bring him from Germany?' he asked the owner. He nodded sadly. 'I see,' said the American, directing his words to the tiny mutt, 'you were formerly a St. Bernard, I assume!'"

We laughed. Ziska said:

"I was a maid, formerly. I will be a maid here, too—at the beginning, I mean. Then, I will be more!"

"You never can be more than you have been, dear Ziska, never more!"

"Oh," she smiled, misunderstanding purposely the meaning of my words, "one either marries a millionaire in America or one becomes a millionaire oneself. My American family in Cologne told me so."

She did not intend to become "a burden" to us, she explained then. First, she would serve us as always. Later, she would leave us to make what she termed her fortune. She understood that this was a big country, requiring bigger plans.

In the evening, she made her bed on my studio couch. We said good-night to her. It all was like a dream. I said to Jules:

"There is only one more precious thing left in Cologne now. Perhaps, tomorrow the Cathedral will arrive by boat to take root on the top of our apartment house. Ziska here! I can't believe it yet!"

I could not sleep very well. Wanting to make sure whether Ziska had a good night I went quietly to her door. I heard suppressed sobs. No doubt, she was weeping. I entered the room.

"But, Ziska," I said, taking her into my arms, "there is nothing to cry about. It is a strange country, yes, at the beginning. But you will learn to love it as I do already."

"It is not America!" she burst out, "it is *we!*"

"*We!*"

Under a stream of tears, she said:

"Where is our beautiful furniture? Where are the things we saved from Hitler? Where is our grand piano? Where are our books? Where is our china and silver? Where is the huge glass fish from Venice? Where are our oriental rugs? Where is—"

"They are in Paris, Ziska, safely stored away in a big house."

"But why?"

"Well, Ziska, we haven't the money yet to bring them over the ocean. It takes a lot of dollars, you know. Some day we may have it all again."

"We'll never have them again!" she said with a new, calm voice, like a Pythia. Her words seemed prophetic to me, I didn't know why. The heart of this girl knew so much; much more than our combined intellects.

"Perhaps it is even better," she said, drying her tears. "Certainly, it would be better! They would remind us. And we don't want to be reminded. We want to be new!"

We want to be new. All the ancient wisdom of rebirth was in these naïve words. I thought of Goethe:

Und solang du dies nicht hast,
dieses Stirb und Werde,
bist du nur ein trüber Gast
auf der dunklen Erde.¹

"Sleep now, Ziska," I said, and a presentiment of a

¹ "As long as you don't know how to die and to be reborn, you are merely a dull guest living in a dusky world."

new happiness, greater than any I had known before, filled my grateful heart.

Ziska had rearranged her bed. This time, she would sleep. I saw her hide a dark object under her pillow.

"What is this?"

"Oh, nothing. It makes me sleep better."

I took the thing into my hands. It was a worn dog collar, once the property of a boxer by the name of Tapir.

"Good night, Ziska. And don't forget your own words: 'we want to be new.' God bless you."

Almost since dawn I had heard tiny noises in the front rooms. When we came in, already dressed, we found the sturdy table in my studio covered with one of the white damask cloths I had not used since Cologne days. There stood milk for Jules and tea for me, and the kitchen smelled of good strong coffee. It was our old three-beverage breakfast. Ziska wore her uniform with the lace apron.

When Jules had left, I took her to "the box"—that tiny little storeroom next door to the kitchen, and we decided that she could live here as long as she wanted to. Ziska had brought two suitcases and two wooden boxes, the latter filled with fine linen of the kind each European girl of the lower classes collects piece by piece for her *Ausstattung* (trousseau). I had foreseen, however, that the dresses Ziska might bring would not exactly be up to American standards. Taking her to my bedroom, I opened some huge cartons to let her have a look at the outfit that had awaited her arrival. No Christmas joy I have ever seen equalled the surprise and overwhelming appreciation I now was privileged to witness.

There were American silk stockings of the sheerest grade; summer dresses of that fresh and colorful appearance so irresistible to European eyes; shoes of different leathers, two hats, thin white gloves, a bag, and a number of other little necessities, nothing luxurious but all neat and pretty enough to be worn by so good-looking a girl.

To interrupt her exclamations, I began to teach her the

difference between centimeters and inches. To her delight, she learned that in America her size would not be forty-two but sixteen for dresses and seven instead of thirty-six for shoes. Any woman gets a thrill at feeling tiny all of a sudden.

We went back to my studio where she now began to touch each little object as if it incorporated the essence of America. I warned her. Not all the gadgets I had assembled were probably as refined as she assumed. In Cologne, she had so often heard our utensils praised as something unique and precious that she now thought the few examples of mass production filling our rooms in carefully balanced colors might represent the peak of American fine arts.

Shyly, she eyed the piles of typewritten pages on my desk.

"Is this the Monte-Carlo book?" she asked, knowing that for years I had worked on a novel depicting that equivocal place from, so to speak, an anthropological point of view, seen with the eyes of those born there.

"No, Ziska," I said, slightly embarrassed, "it will be a book telling the story of Cologne. Your story and ours, Ziska—"

"No!" she exclaimed, "that is no story. That was life! I'll never read it!"

Later, when I read the proofs of that book with acute pain, I again realized how right she had been. It really was no story. It was life. I loved the book's cover, but I hated its contents. I never looked into it again.

As we sat down, she bashfully handed me some sheets of paper which she had used, as she said, as a guide to America. No one had seen them. She had made them up all for herself, collecting the bits of information she had picked up from the "American family" and from the student who tutored her for the trip. With typical European inquisitiveness, she had summarized, in her own way, what she thought was necessary to know in order to become an

American. This strictly personal effort accounted for her strange orthography. I read:

AMERIKA (America there), good to know:

Lincoln ("i" and "o" like in German) freed the people. Frau Professor wrote he's the greatest, must be loved. Has beard. *Washington* ("sh" wie in *Wäsche*) has no beard.

Cranberry, funny big *Beere* we don't have in Cologne. Goes with turkey (*Törkee*) bigger than goose but not so fat and sweet potatoes (don't believe there are sweet potatoes except frozen, have to ask Frau Professor) for Thanksgiving (can't yet speak the word), "t" at beginning is no T. Very fine holiday, ate there at the Ripleys. Like Christmas, only no gifts.

4th of July. Great holiday with fireworks. On this day we will be proud to be Americans. Dear, no more Swastikas!

Great poets. Answers not satisfactory. Have to ask *Herr Professor*.

Policemen. Mr. Schmitz said they are called "Bobbies," but this is not true. Mrs. Ripley said that is in London. In New York I should ask for cops (*Kopps*). Nothing to be afraid of. They help people.

Have to find out about *Fuller Brushes* and *Straberry-soda*.

They have *Saints*, too. Sister Hildegard in the orphanage said it is good they are no heathens. Have to change from *St. Gereon*, *St. Ursula* and *Schwarze Madonna* of the *Kupfergasse* to *St. Patrick*. They like him in New York. He prefers green, Frau Professor's favorite color, and shamrocks. They celebrate him March 17. He has an own church, *St. Patrick, bête für mich!*¹

Eggs they buy by the dozen and not expensive. Unbelievable, so rich!

Frau = Mrs.; *Fräulein* = Miss; *Herr* = Mister. Mister Professor, funny!

America consists of *states*. But not like in Europe. They are friends. 48 of them, says Mr. Ripley. 48 friends, so many I did not get in Cologne!

Permanent waves = *Dauerwellen*. Perhaps some day.

You don't have to tell police where you live. Just move in. I don't like that. If somebody now is a thief or a Nazi. He can hide! I would like a *Wohnungsschein!*²

Ich liebe dich = I love you. If they ever say it to me?

President Roosevelt rules Amerika. He forces no one. You can even write him. And such a kind face. (Hangs over the entrance in Stuttgart.)

They cook mostly with *good butter*. Not much margarine.

They have dogs, too. And cats. Their names are *pets*.

Other table manners, more with *fork*. Have to ask *Frau Professor*.

I should not be shocked seeing my lady doing housework. Even famous poets do it. Many eat from cans. (Pure tin!) beer = Bier. Wine they mostly don't have. Brandy = whisky, for parties.

Thus, it went on for about thirty neatly handwritten pages. I encouraged this effort.

"How did you feel, Ziska, seeing yourself confronted with the necessity of a foreign language?"

"It won't remain foreign, I hope. It is not difficult to learn. Only that they write it so differently from the way

¹ "St. Patrick, pray for me!"

² Police certificate registering the address of each citizen, used as identification paper. (Pre-Hitlerian German institution.)

it is pronounced! The Nazis introduced another language, too. So I was accustomed to it. Did we ever use words like "Heil," "Führer," "Meckerer und Kritikaster"; "Bluthund" before? Certainly not!"

"You did not tell us about your ocean trip. How was it?"

"Oh, that was nothing. Just like a trip on the Rhine."

"And the Americans you met on the boat?"

"Men, women, and children, all so nice. Like in Cologne before Hitler. There was nothing strange at all."

Her main concern was whether she would be good enough for a country of one hundred and thirty millions.

"Do you think, *Frau Professor*, they will accept me?"

"Now, forget the *Frau Professor*. Americans are more logical. They don't call wives by the titles of their husbands. They value everyone according to the things he has achieved himself.

Whether they will accept you? Don't you worry, Ziska. A true heart and never-tiring hands are coins of international value. They are not traded in dollars or in marks."

Her first experiences, compared to my own and to those of others I met, convinced me of one truth: that today there is no such thing as "the typical immigrant." Immigrants are no longer people with a scarf around their head, a sack on their back, and five crying babies trailing with them. I have known former European writers, musicians, and scientists who entered America not half so well prepared as this simple girl. Arrogance was in their minds, and a readiness to make unfair comparisons. They were not willing to see themselves reborn. Each immigrant finds, in a way, only what he wants to find. I am convinced that a former German who leaves his country voluntarily because he detests its usurper, will be a better American than the bad German who became a Nazi, who lost favor with his slaveholder, and who now looks around for new horizons in the spirit of opportunism. Also the phenomena that impress them in America will be entirely different.

A former European workman or peddler may be overwhelmed by the sight of his first American bath room, while others who had all the modern comforts at home will indulge in more spiritual reflections. Each of them will judge America according to his own background and social situation. And America, in turn, should judge them according to the expression of their right good-will.

Not wishing to exploit my larger experience, Ziska soon made her rounds alone in New York. The sight of her first Negro was a milestone in her life. He was so different from the pictures we had brought from Africa! She always blushed when she saw one. When I asked her for the reason she said:

"He might think that I think he is black!" As always, she thought of *his* feelings, not of her own.

Our first party at which she served, confronted her with a bitter disappointment: *Herr Professor* was being called *Dr. Lips!* We had to console her for many days. Well, she had celebrated the day with us when Jules had been named Professor by decree of the ministry of education in Berlin. A carefully painted certificate had arrived. It was a title, much more significant than Jules' two doctor's degrees. It was comparable to the *character indelebilis* of priesthood. Even Hitler could not take that title from him, but merely forbade him to teach. Yet, America did it.

"So what?" I said and laughed.

"So what?" she repeated, eager to learn this arch-American expression, and with us threw the old title overboard.

Much quicker than I had done, she acquired a remarkable every-day vocabulary. Whenever she lost track of some street or some expression, she stepped up to the nearest policeman and said with a graceful little bow:

"Oh, sir, would you kindly help a future American?" Some became so fond of her that I advised her to drop this practice unless she desired to marry into the police force.

Unique was her own system of learning the American language. Each Monday, I went with her to some movie. At home, we talked it over, scene by scene. On Tuesday and on Wednesday, she would return to see the same picture, and on Thursday we repeated together the most characteristic phrases which she wrote for herself into a little book. On those occasions I learned that it is impossible to follow the action of any film if one does not understand its language. The pictures alone do not give a sufficient clue to the plot.

When she knew her way around, we decided that it would be well for her to change her surroundings for a while to accustom herself to unfamiliar faces and to improve her English. We knew the ideal place: the lovely house of a middle-class American family. Twelve years ago they had come to the United States. During the economic post-war convulsions, Mr. Schwabe had been unable to find an adequate job in his native Germany. A skilled workman in the electrical trade, he had resolved to leave, with his wife and son, the country that refused to feed them. Without any knowledge of the English language, they had arrived in New York, sparkling with good-will and ready to do anything. Immediately, both went to work, she as a cook at Schrafft's, he first at inferior jobs, then, finally, at his regular trade. To speed up their son Georgie's Americanization, they sent him to a farm in the State of Ohio.

Now, after a considerable time, they were proud and full-fledged Americans. The old farmer had died without children and had bequeathed his property to Georgie Schwabe, making the boy a wealthy farm-owner. They themselves had moved to the ocean, which they never ceased to admire. In one of the quieter coast-villages of Long Island, they now owned their rose-covered home, together with two cars and a row of handsome rooms to be rented out during the summer. As week-end guests, we had enjoyed these surroundings, together with the dignified

character of these two hard-working Americans who were pleased indeed to take Ziska for the summer. When they discovered her many talents, they refused flatly to let her return to us.

"We never met anyone so dear to our hearts," they wrote. "Imagine, she refuses to talk German because, when she receives her First Papers, she will be able to express her thanks for it in fluent English. And since there is now an opportunity for her to improve her writing of English, we really see no possibility of letting her leave."

This was pleasing indeed, and we decided to spend a week out there, to recover for a short time from the labor-pains caused by our growing books.

The evidence we found showed—what else could we expect!—that Ziska had taken the Schwabe family by storm. And not only them. Many ladies from the neighboring luxurious estates were already courting her favor to have her enter their households in Long Island or New York as a maid or even as a governess. All she had to do was to pick whatever she preferred. In her modest way, blushing and with a smile, she said:

"America is too nice. It spoils people," not knowing that it was her own charm which made others cling to her.

She immediately went to work, teaching me at once the best recipes for clam chowder, shrimp cocktail, and baked apples.

One evening as we returned aboard a fishing-boat, we noticed a very handsome young American with a big lock of golden hair over his blue eyes and a sun-tanned body of Hellenic measurements. He was not alone. Near him in the sand sat our Ziska, schoolbook and pencil on her lap. It was too dark now to study. But it was not too dark to decipher the writing in the wet sand: I LOVE You. That was the way Ziska took her writing lessons.

Returning to the Schwabe home, we found out that this Adonis was Georgie, the Ohio farmer, now there on a visit.

Since he did not speak one word of German, Ziska just had to learn what every good American schoolgirl should know.

Do I have to tell you that we all celebrated her wedding as one of the gayest feasts we ever attended? Georgie, himself the owner of a true heart and never-tiring hands, had found his idol in Ziska, the girl from the Cologne orphanage. As a well-matched, supremely happy couple, they left for the Ohio farm. They were soon able to double the number of their farm-hands and to buy some neighboring ground. Wherever Ziska went, she left behind her good luck, good cheer, and good companionship.

Hers, I felt, was the purest form of civilized existence any human being could hope to attain in this world. And again I returned to the thought that it was just this kind of existence Hitler began to threaten from across the seas. Ziska's and her husband's life were like a sweet tune played on a pastoral flute while Hitler's "new order," if it could be designated by any musical term at all, was a cacophonous, a *savage symphony* written and directed by a mad enemy of all melodious sound on earth.

Ziska never read the book which resulted from these thoughts. She also never got to see a sentence about herself which, much later, was sent into the world by the mightiest chain of British newspapers:

"From these dark pages the loyalty and courage of a domestic servant shine out like the small candle in Portia's Garden at Belmont."

CHAPTER V

Two Worlds in One City

HEAT KILLS 100 IN NATION; ZOO LIONS YEARN FOR COOL AFRICA! proclaimed the headlines while I staggered through Central Park in the company of a charming French Major-General who was lecturing in America about Franco-German appeasement. I did not care to hear his official remarks, yet we understood each other perfectly. We had the same drawback: our English was equally bad, only with different flavors—his Neuilly-raspberry, mine of the Rhine-grape variety. We also had the same love: feeding the ducks we fancied ourselves near the crystal-clear waves of the Mediterranean.

"When generals talk about peace, war is near," said Jules and left us alone. But we did not enjoy it much. It was so hot that the general lost his képi without even noticing the injury to his dignity.

What a summer! The *Queen Mary*, arriving on her maiden voyage, was saluted by all the sirens, whistles, trumpets, and horns of New York harbor. But even this unprecedented blowing produced no cool air.

During the summer, two great prophets left this planet: Oswald Spengler first, who had foreseen the Decline of the West as early as 1919. Maxim Gorki followed him, to be buried in the walls of the Kremlin, close to the body of Lenin. Gregory Dimitroff, the hero of the Leipzig trial, was with Stalin among the pall-bearers. To me it seemed as though the American heat wave had swept them off the earth.

Having learned to respond to all significant world events in a cosmopolitan way, we celebrated as a personal holiday an international triumph of free thought: Carl von Ossietzky, while in a Nazi concentration camp, received the Nobel Prize.

With fall and winter approaching, the climate of nature cooled off; not so, however, the temperature of human hearts. America shared all the convulsions and tensions of a royal romance, sucking in December the radio address of the century, culminating in the words:

But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love.

It was consoling to know that this came neither from a story-book nor from a seventeenth-century play. Problems like this really existed while millions of sensitive citizens of the world watched the political skies for storm-clouds and prepared themselves to rekindle the flames of their ideals, to defend them if necessary with their very lives. Edward VIII quietly turned into the Duke of Windsor and his brother Bertie into George VI. For the first time, I was deeply impressed with the elasticity of the British Empire and her ability to cut out in time any appearance of decay, just as the blood corpuscles in a healthy body automatically kill a seemingly harmless germ which carries the threat of serious trouble.

That December, Jules began to exchange confidential letters with an address in Washington. Knowing well the signals of impending important decisions, I forbade asking him before he was ready to tell me himself. All new phases of our lives had been the final result of a long, logical development. When the matter was ripe, Jules would discuss it with me and we would decide Yes or No on some quiet evening, while the smoke of his cigar and of my cigarette rose to the ceiling in a single dancing wave of blue; like the djinnee emerging from his bottle with the seal of Solomon.

I did not have to wait long. We sat there, just as I had imagined, and he talked to me in his gay, yet even-tempered, way about one of the most astonishing prospects I had ever heard.

Did I remember Dr. Just, that great scientist of international fame whom we had met on one of the French ocean liners? Well, I did. — Did I remember that this man with the fascinatingly spirited face was a Negro? I certainly did. — Didn't he mention that he worked in Washington? Perhaps. — Maybe I did not realize, said Jules, that America possessed a number of Negro Universities.

He paused. He raised my head, interested and suspicious.

"Fisk?" I asked, "somewhere down South where one might see the cotton grow? Watermelons? Bullfrogs? Raccoons? Uncle Tom's Cabin?"

"Don't be so quick, Panther. Don't let your imagination run away with you!"

He began to speak to me about Washington, D. C., our nation's capital.

The Smithsonian Institution!" I interrupted, "the Library of Congress!" That is what Washington meant to me. What it had meant in Cologne when I read the big green volumes published by the Bureau of American Ethnology.

Washington, I learned, possessed many more scientific and cultural centers than the few I knew of. Besides its importance as a political, legal, and administrative capital, it was famous for a number of Universities among which not only the Catholic University but Howard University were remarkable; the latter especially for being the largest institute of higher Negro education in the world.

"Jules!" I exclaimed, "is that where you want to go? A Negro University? But does such a thing really exist? There are not even Negro Universities in Africa!"

"Well, Panther, it is a large institution, kept and maintained by the Federal Government and headed by a Negro President."

"I don't believe it! What do you want there? Study them? Doesn't this hurt their feelings?"

"The accent is on 'University,' Panther, not on 'Negro.'

It is just another University, only with black students, that is the whole difference."

"When it is a *University* it needs no segregation. When universal knowledge is being taught there, why care about the students' skin? I don't get the idea at all!"

"I suppose you never heard of a thing called color-line?"

"Not much. Why?"

He began to give me a little lesson in American history. I felt from the way he chose his words how happily excited he was. Finally, I knew it all. They had engaged him to establish at Howard University the first department of anthropology not only at that institution but at any Negro University in the history of the United States.

He knew his partner well. He had not yet ended when my enthusiasm flared up like a sudden flame.

"Naturally, Jules! It's the most logical thing you could possibly do! The 'Aryan' who left Hitler in protest against the racial Nazi nonsense! The African familiar with the savage children of the Dark Continent! The author of *The Savage Hits Back*, depicting the white man as seen with colored eyes! Now, the white man looks at them, for a change! How glorious! It surpasses all imagination!"

"Now, Panther, you don't know what you are talking about. Calm down. We are not going to study any savages. We will deal with civilized young Americans."

"But Negroes here are only porters and doormen."

"Don't be ridiculous. You did not meet the others. How would you know?"

I was ashamed of myself. I certainly did not know a thing about the American civilized Negro. But, halt, one I knew. His name was James Weldon Johnson. His *Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man* had been a best seller in pre-barbarian Germany. In fact, it was one of my favorite books. To meet men like him would be a superb thrill. Women like Josephine Baker from the Paris *Follies Bergère*, probably! No wonder that I was beside myself.

To a European, exotic races are something most precious. They are so rare on that old, narrow continent that the one Chinese student I had known in Leipzig and the one Hindu of Cologne had been sensations to all who ever had a glimpse at them. In Paris, later, on the boulevards, I had seen them in larger numbers for the first time. When they were "civilized," Frenchmen, and I with them, had treated them as precious, inconceivable masterpieces of art, turned out during Creation by our Lord in one of his rarest moods. All exotic women were "*ravissantes*," all exotic men were supposed to possess the demonic attractiveness of those climates around the Equator. Civilized exotics—the most fascinating human species! And Jules and myself were to live with and among them!

Slowly it dawned upon me that to go to Washington would mean to leave New York. Oh, why is traveling a continuous departure! Why do we have to love cities and seas and landscapes so much that we feel a loss of heart when we have to leave them for some other horizon! Washington was certainly not far from New York, but it would furnish an entirely new frame of life. Would we love it as we loved New York? Would we be able to enjoy there that pleasant anonymity which only enormous cities can provide—the feeling that nobody cared who we were, which is so important to undisturbed creative work?

Well, we had managed to leave countries and continents before. Why should we not be able to live in another city, only four hours by rail from the one we adored?

How I suddenly loved the hurrying Skyscraper Men around us! How I would long for the rush hour in the subway; the chewing gum sticking to my soles in certain downtown sections! How tenderly I suddenly judged certain yelling advertisements! How bitterly I would miss Fifth Avenue, Grand Central Station, the Empire State Building, the Metropolitan Opera House, Greenwich Village!

I used my last New York weeks to enjoy all the big

city pleasures which might not be customary in the more aristocratic atmosphere of the nation's capital. I urged Jules to take me to Times Square at night and to join me in making all the pin-game-machines rattle, lighten, puff, and ring. I bought books for 29 cents from carts and sidewalk shops. I listened for hours to soap-box orators around Columbus Circle and in Harlem. For a change, I topped these treats with the refined joys of great art. Listening to Raya Garbousova, the 'cellist, it seemed to me that all pieces on her program had but one title: *Hymn to New York*, never mind whether their composers were Boccherini, Beethoven, or Stravinsky. The enchanting Hindu Uday Shan-Kar seemed to dance nothing but a sophisticated adoration of New York—despite the fact that I had seen him in a similar program from a box of the Cologne Opera House.

When I bought our tickets for Washington, I saw, in the center of New York, an abandoned elderly man lying on the pavement, obviously ill. Nobody seemed to care whether he might be run over by a truck or die of the wounds he probably had. I went around the corner to fetch a police officer who followed me to the scene.

"Look, officer," I said, "this man—"

"If he is drunk," he interrupted me, "that is his own business."

"Drunk?" I repeated. "It did not occur to me. Perhaps he is ill."

"I know *that* illness, lady," he smiled. "File a complaint and I lock 'em up!"

Dear me, this certainly had not been my intention! Embarrassed, I murmured an excuse and hurried away, the "victim" remaining where he was.

This, too, was New York. And yet, my heart ached for leaving it.

President Roosevelt's second inaugural provided us with a great symbol of our new scene of life. The historic ceremony took place while a great flood of rain poured

down at a temperature of just two degrees above freezing-point. Flags wrapped themselves around their poles, freezing at their height; the Chief Justice had to cover his shoes with sheets of sturdy paper; hundreds of patriots sacrificed their new top-hats while picture reporters assumed the stature of heroes; and ten-dollar seats on the tribunes remained unclaimed by their holders, to be quickly occupied by the anonymous crowd. Under such conditions, the triumphant *viola d'amore* sound of the President's voice was even more impressive. It swung over the air-ways, confident, proud, and inspiring to all.

Thus prepared and cheerfully invigorated, we left our New York apartment after all the things that had again accumulated, were packed. With a last sigh, we went through the magic electric-eye doors of Pennsylvania Station.

To a tourist who arrives there to drink for a few days from the sources of patriotic splendor, Washington is an entirely different city from the one I now began to roam. Not until almost one whole month had passed did we see the great sights.

It began at the station where our taxi, instead of following the course of the shining avenues, made instead a sharp curve to the right thus carrying us through an awkward-looking district of little gray houses and shabby yards. After a few more crossings, we landed in an attractive street where we found our provisional headquarters in an agreeable hotel. Soon, however, we ourselves and all the other permanent guests were given to understand that the cherry-blossom-tourists were to be expected and that charging them higher rates was preferable to having all the rooms filled with guests paying weekly rates. While Jules began to establish himself in his new surroundings of the Negro University, I, consequently, had to indulge again in the familiar sport of apartment hunting.

This kind of occupation had already acquired some phases of madness. During the first years of the Roosevelt

administration, the population of the nation's capital had quadrupled, but not the available living quarters. Huge apartment houses of the New York variety were still scarce. I learned that for people without excessive means it was more advisable to live in a furnished private home or in one of the smart-looking apartment hotels where one room with bath and kitchenette was more expensive than our whole spacious abode on Morningside Drive in New York! When it came to the narrower choice between a dentist's "upper floor," reeking with the smell of carbolic acid; or the private home of a witch-like lady longing for "company in the evening," we decided definitely on the apartment hotel. This meant that our belongings had to remain stored and that all ideas of feeling at home had to be abandoned again. But how little all this meant, compared to the task confronting Jules!

Visiting Howard University for the first time, I had to cut my way, so to speak, through the underbrush of a gray, narrow, over-populated section where liquor stores, pawn-shops and sectarians' headquarters mingled with cheap sales, wood-and-coal establishments, and undertakers. It was the Negro section, bare of the luxuries of Harlem, bare also of the exotic genuineness of Africa. It was difficult to believe that the greatest institution of Negro learning should arise out of this ground.

But it did. As soon as I saw, high up on a hill, the sixty-five handsome buildings with their graceful columns and southern porticos, as soon as I went over the trim campus, my mind was filled with the keenest anticipation.

Jules' office was situated in one of the nicest rooms of the most beautiful building, with a magnificent view. I learned that he was the only white full Professor at the whole institution, and I soon found myself privileged to meet a group of black men with doctor's titles who were introduced to me as fellow-department heads and colleagues. In a ceremonious way I met the president himself whom I never would have taken for a Negro on account of

his light complexion and white man's features. I realized that the word "Negro" at Howard designated merely men and women with more or less colored blood in their veins. They could not be compared to the tradition-bound, pure, and proud Negroes of Africa. But if they all were, more or less, carriers of white blood (later I learned that *this* was the blood they were proud of, not the dark one), it was even more difficult to understand why they insisted upon having a *Negro* University instead of sending their gifted young people to the white institutions of higher learning so lavishly scattered all over America. Well, I had to wait and to learn. Jules did not seem inclined to give me the anthropological explanations of this problem. Again, he warned me not to indulge in curious reflections but to consider his work at Howard as University work of the kind he had done ever since I had known him.

When he was told that the University could not afford a secretary for the new department, I volunteered with all my coöperative impulsiveness. Every morning we left the apartment hotel together, and I hurried to my white-lacquered typewriter in his Howard office, banging out letters and other routine work for the Negro University.

Since our New York pals had taken care that we would meet their Washington friends, we soon found ourselves at some of the leading mansions, and were drawn into that typical swirl of social activities unavoidable in all capitals of the great countries of the world.

In fact, for the first time since our arrival in the New World, we moved again in circles to whose broad outlook and cosmopolitan attitude we had been accustomed from our childhood. It comprised the best men and women of America who, by their world-embracing approach to life, awakened profound echoes in us and who, in turn, had a deep understanding of our own aims. Their charm and wisdom taught me that America, besides its Skyscraper, its Corn, Cotton, and Coal peoples, and its From Somewhere group, harbored also another layer of citizens who

possessed international *grandeur* of the type to be found, as a gift from the gods, in all leading centers on this earth. Most of them were Sky-men whose achievements not only penetrated their own circle, their city, and their country, but influenced the world. It was they who displayed the finest spirit of undaunted Americanism and who, through the deep love they had for their nation, had developed an equal love for humanity as a whole. None of them resembled the pompous windbags at home in some of the skyscraper offices. They were natural, very much at ease and very easy to love.

Outstanding in this respect were Mr. Justice and Mrs. Brandeis whose names, naturally, had been familiar to us for many years and who received us with the grace and hospitality known only to Sky-men.

At our very first visit, we recognized the Justice's recipe of eternal youth. Whoever was lucky enough to enter in at his door was charmed by the Justice's genuine interest, not only in the visitor himself, but also in the subjects that were of special interest to him. Whether this visitor was a business man, a prelate, a butcher, a professor, an artist or a farm-hand, the Justice would make even the dullest fellow talkative and interesting by drawing out of him a minute account of his work and his attitude toward it. This not only provided the Justice with a never-ceasing stream of information, so evident in the wisdom of his great judicial opinions, but also it enabled each human being present to appear at his best—sometimes even surpassing his social or spiritual value.

The Justice and his wonderful wife were kind enough to receive us alone at our first meeting, thus making an intimate acquaintanceship possible; without the usual waves of social animation thinning the condensation of thought.

After we had met this tall, lively giant of the spirit and his equally unforgettable partner, the Justice withdrew with Jules to his favorite corner while I followed Mrs.

Brandeis to the teacups. We heard the first question the Justice lustily shot at his guest, the Howard professor:

"What is your opinion on the Negro question in the United States?" his typical way of getting at the bottom of things.

We smiled at this straightforwardness.

One question followed another. After forty-five minutes it seemed to me that there was nothing secret left in any corner of our souls. I expressed this to Mrs. Brandeis who whispered, proudly:

"My husband was always famous for his cross-examinations!"

Well, it was the kind of exchange of opinion most adequate to Jules' own mind and structure of thinking. I saw his happiness in the sudden glow of his eyes. How seldom had he met men who knew how to ask him things in this enlightened fashion! How rare was that superior congeniality of the spirit in this world!

As we left, we were told that we would be welcome again to the Justice's home at those famous Sunday afternoon occasions where, over the teacups, many great leaders of the nation met to exchange their views in an informal, brotherly fashion. This was the way in which we soon met many characteristic figures who shaped American destiny. It was the most miraculous course in Americanization any future citizen could pray for. The greater the man, the more he was interested in the work and hopes of his neighbor. Not empty talk, but a proud record of great deeds distinguished the leaders here assembled.

It was in Mr. Justice Brandeis' home where we were privileged to meet Mr. Justice Stone—he who was to be Chief Justice after Mr. Hughes' retirement. His clear, scholarly, and yet deeply human way of thinking remained one of the supreme experiences of our lives. He was one of those great psychologists who, with one look at another man's face, know and analyze his character unfailingly.

He and our host and a few others who measured up to their caliber were, to us, the proof of a very wonderful realization: that America's great men were greater than any we had ever seen in any country. Perhaps, it was the process of democracy at work that had not alone formed them from the mediocre millions but also had enabled them to preserve and even subsidize their human qualities. Powerful positions had not narrowed their souls. They were humble in the face of their God, humble also in the face of their fellow-citizens. Their superior minds had not impaired their sensibility.

Great men, in Germany, had only too often become slaves of their ambitions. Great intellects, there, had been prone to swallow the more tender elements once their own. A too one-sided longing for spiritual perfection had crippled their human hearts.

In France, then, vanity had been the demon of the great. Lust for physical comfort had, in many cases, killed the genial spark in many a man's soul. The light of fame had darkened their self-criticism.

But, in America, a happy synthesis had harmonized the minds of her greatest sons. To my own amazement I found, for the first time since I had received my First Papers and had experienced the feeling of being a future citizen, that I had begun to make comparisons. Yes, I compared America to Europe at the first important occasion when I was sure that the comparison would be to the glory of my new country.

We had night-long talks about this happy discovery. Fate seemed to have led us to Washington, not so much to make thrilling anthropological discoveries, but for the sake of fundamental realizations concerning this *new nation, conceived in liberty*; realizations which were to influence and to reshape our whole future.

Naturally, not all circles we entered were moved by so supreme a spirit. Unpleasant experiences hurt all the

more, because our great enthusiasm was now awakened and longed for ever more affirmations.

But no one, while he continues to live on earth, can move about in Heaven constantly. We thought that Washington symbolized a higher, a dreamlike world. *One* world.... It took us some time to find out that Jules' peculiar work had destined us to live in two different forms of existence, as remote from each other as water is from fire and snow from the desert. The name of this discrepancy was *the color line*.

The lesson began with the simple experience of Jules' colleagues of Howard University, trained and titled scientists, being refused admission to our domicile. We were told that "another appearance of niggers in this building" would make it advisable for us to look around for other quarters.

This was not only an unexpected shock to us, but it also brought an element of non-innocence into our relationship with the black companions of our daylight hours. We felt guilty toward them, guilty of an injustice which they, cheerfully enough, not only ignored but were disposed to regard as "natural." Yet, it disturbed them nevertheless. Later, when we freely discussed the subject with them, we learned that all "Jim-Crowism," as they called it, caused them ever-bleeding wounds and that the famous "racial prejudice" was much stronger on their part than on that of their white fellow-citizens. Like each misunderstood minority, they had learned to hate in silence and to hide their hatred so carefully that it became evident only in the presence of trusted friends.

And even we, when we came to be numbered among their friends, on one or two occasions wounded them quite innocently.

"How did you spend last evening?" was the casual question of a Negro Professor who used to drop frequently into Jules' office.

I mentioned a certain downtown movie house. While I

was giving a short description of the film we had seen, I suddenly noticed the face of our visitor turn to an ashen color. I really did not know what the trouble was. I said, innocently:

“I am sorry, I fear you disliked this picture.”

“Dislike the picture?” he asked, gnashing his teeth. “Do you think we ever get to see it? Do you think they would admit a *nigger* to that theatre?”

Nowhere have I ever heard the word *nigger* pronounced with such sadistic lust but on the Howard campus. Nowhere have I heard the word *damned* so often as in a certain religious place I visited. There must be magic undercurrents in the human mind, forcing men to humiliate themselves by abusing that which should be most sacred to them.

Our involuntary lack of innocence in matters of the color line began to get on our nerves. When your surroundings continually point out to you things of whose mere existence you had not known, you may lose your own detached approach.

We did not live in one world, we lived in two. Each was perfectly ignorant of the other. Each did not want to have anything to do with the other. The Negroes hated the Whites *because they could not be like them*. The Whites excluded the Negroes from their sphere with cool disdain, *because it was done this way*. We stood between the two, helpless. We spent nights in Negro homes, listening to horror stories which, supposedly, reported “facts from the South.” We spent other nights in white homes, listening to “characterizations of the nigger mind.”

It was not the truly great Americans who told us these stories, but the half-great ones. It is always in the brackish water where the largest amount of dirt collects.

When we entered the home of one of these white half-greats, we saw ourselves surrounded by cheerful cocktail drinkers who greeted us with enthusiasm as future fellow-citizens and tried to give us a few additional “pointers” regarding our American education. When the question

about Jules' present activities came up, he explained, in his enthusiastic way, the nature of his work at Howard. That word touched, like an icy chill, the assembled guests. In time, there were four stereotyped forms of reaction:

One group broke out in unrestrained, loud laughter.

"You? At Howard? Is this a gag? That's the best one I ever heard!"

Reaction number two: the animated talk, of which we were the center, suddenly broke off. Worldly ladies, usually attracted to the far-traveled anthropologist, became suddenly silent and turned away from us as though from the plague. We never spoke to them again, and when we met them in other homes, they would avoid even greeting us.

Reaction number three, a specialty with fashionable churchmen and politicians of a certain brand:

"I am proud to meet a *great humanitarian!*"

Reaction number four:

"*Comrade!*"

Life in two worlds was not always a bed of roses. A newspaper wrote, referring to our story:

"Is it a compliment to America that there was no other position ready for a man with the record of Dr. Lips than to transplant him to a colored university?"

Things began to turn before our very eyes. We became quite bewildered. We opened our hearts to the *very great*. They understood our troubles. Their soothing words were balm to our wounds.

The situation became even more complicated when Jules' book appeared, *The Savage Hits Back*. Among the loads of fan mail he received was the letter of a distinguished University President of the Middle West. He told of how much the book had delighted him, and he offered some interesting pictures he owned, as his contribution to Jules' "fascinating studies."

Jules expressed his appreciation and his gratitude for the promised pictures. Unfortunately, he did it in a letter carrying the imprint of Howard. He never heard from the

University President again. A mutual acquaintance told us later of the "shock" the gentleman had suffered when he heard about the scene of Jules' work. To have written to the publishers, the Yale University Press, and then to receive an answer from a colored institution was too much for him.

While the white-world press was unanimous in its praise of Jules for his book, there was one unfavorable review, and that came from a Negro periodical, blaming the author for the spelling of "Negro" with a small "n." He ignored the fact that "Whites," too, began with a small letter; and he did not know or did not want to notice that the book had been translated and printed in London and that its author was innocent of the "crime."

It was clear that we needed some kind of a change. The first decisive step we took was to look for and finally find an apartment where we could receive whomever we wished to see, without being in danger of overstepping the limits of the black or the white worlds of Washington. It was very hard to locate such a place, but we finally found a house pretty enough for our white friends and secretive enough for the blacks. It was a new apartment building facing Meridian Park, not far from one of the great embassies. It was a "walk-up," avoiding entrance complications. A pleasant green rug covered the stairway. We transferred our furniture to this apartment. With the beginning of darkness, our night-colored friends would slip in, telling us how careful they had been to stay out of sight of the other tenants.

The house and the park were so lovely that it would be difficult to describe the different appearance of the street just around the corner where we could trespass the invisible, yet so very evident, color line. There were cheerless rooming-houses with signs in their curtainless windows: "Breakfast and board." We used to call them "caffee and coffin" on account of the neighboring undertaker's establishment where at all times somber carriages appeared

with spine-chilling burdens among which a continuous arrival of coffins certainly was the most cheerful. Dark alleys separated one house from the other; former slaves' quarters, as we were informed. Our janitors, too, were not of the exactly confidence-inspiring sort. The first, a sinister Hercules, turned out to be a thief; the second, a cheerful darky the equipment of whose basement-dwellings grew from day to day more luxurious, refused to be called by his name "Joseph" and insisted on his "righteous title *Mr. Reverend*," even though being, at present, without church or flock. I never admitted this reverend to my apartment without the presence of Jules. Being pitch-black and of pure Alabama breed, he expressed to me his disgust of the "niggers" who used to visit us at night.

At this point we remembered that we, after all, lived in *Washington*. Like sight-hungry tourists, we took a taxi every afternoon for a whole week, to bathe our eyes in the great display of glamour of which this city is so rich.

We had seen the cherry-blossoms in the spring. Now, we visited the great government buildings.

I am not ashamed to remember how the tears filled my eyes when my feet for the first time touched the unguarded, un-"*verboten*" peacetime lawns of the White House grounds. Here it was, the sanctuary of democracy; the First Citizen's dwelling in this kingdom of liberty. Yes, I had been among those who attended, a "borrowed" youngster on their hand, the Easter egg-rolling ceremony on the White House lawn in the presence of America's First Lady. Justice Brandeis had promised to introduce us to the President and his wife. However, we wanted to meet them only after we had become American citizens. But we waited too long; and when we finally *were Americans* we resided in Washington no longer.

To say that the Lincoln Memorial is the most majestic monument to a great man I ever saw, would be an understatement. Again, I compared. Again, the American answer was a triumphant one. I thought of the other great monu-

ment, the tomb of Napoleon in Paris which had always impressed me as an overwhelming tribute to immortality. But now I saw its fundamental defect: in spite of its beauty and dignity, the visitor had to look down upon the sarcophagus. This unfortunate perspective belittled the memory of the resting hero.

In Washington, before Abraham Lincoln's throne-like chair, the effect is quite different. When we mortals stand below and look up to the figure of the great martyr, we feel at once our own limitations. As we ascend step by step and come nearer to him, the spirit of democracy diminishes some of the awful distance between him and ourselves. But even when we have reached the top, a great distance remains—a distance which glorifies the immortal face and intensifies the meaning of the immortal words on the walls.

Later, I stood before this monument at the side of a man now passed away, a man whom I consider the greatest American of my time. It was in that moment, the immortal before me, another immortal at my side, that I became an American—not in the moment when the mail brought me a registered letter containing a stamped document.

Without words, yielding ourselves to emotions which we were too shy to express even to each other, we later stood in deep silence at another manifestation of greatness, expressed in stirring simplicity. It was at the tomb of "An American Soldier, Known But to God."

"If a new war should be our fate," said Jules, "and the survival of Hitlerism means a daily growing threat of war, I'll be *his buddy...*"

At the age of eighteen, as a boyish war-volunteer, he had fought for what he thought was the safety of his country's soil. The Kaiser had sent him to Russia. In that war, the crime of German militarism had become clear to Jules. He had returned a fighter for liberty, transiently incorporated by the German republic which, in turn, was being overrun by the monster from Austria.

"I never thought it possible that I would have belligerent thoughts again in my life," said Jules. "Now, they're here. For the dignity of this tomb, for the soil from which it rises, I would go again. This time not as a boy, but as a man. A free man whose home is America."

We visited Mount Vernon and the Obelisk. We enjoyed the splendor and wealth of the Library of Congress and admired, with our friends of the Smithsonian Institution, their treasure halls. We made friends with the director of the zoo, visiting with him the brethren of *Peter Diogenes*, the bear of Labrador. Jules addressed scholarly gatherings as a guest of the Catholic University, the Smithsonian; and he spoke in other halls of science. He relaxed in the Cosmos Club and spent happy hours in the Army and Navy Club. All this strengthened us sufficiently to live our life tactfully between two worlds in one city. Against all predictions of our friends from the black and from the white camps, we succeeded in being at home in both surroundings and celebrated a triumph of tolerance when distinguished friends from the white world streamed to Howard to listen to Jules' public lectures and to mingle freely with the colored crowd. Was it possible to achieve the impossible? As long as Jules was there, yes. But as soon as he had left Howard and Washington two years later, both worlds withdrew again to their previous positions, as soon as the spell of love he had cast over them had grown feeble again.

No doubt, this whole existence was like a dance on a rope, increasing in danger the more obstacles we discovered. We had to cultivate our resources of strength in order to be good performers. One of the remedies consisted of long strolls with a young Hindu who was, as an instructor at Howard University, in an even more delicate position than we. Most members of the white world treated him flatly as a Negro, but the Negroes themselves detested him because he was "dark-skinned and presumptuous," a quality more repugnant in him than in a white

man. In reality, he was a gentle dreamer of unusual intelligence. We felt ourselves jealously observed when we walked with him along the lovely roads near the Howard campus. We did not even touch upon what we obviously were supposed to discuss: the difference between Black and White. We talked about ancient philosophies and of the medieval belief that a thousand angels could, if they wished to do so, dance on the tip of a needle.

The other delightful forms of relaxation were our visits in the home of our friend Floyd Dell. On the threshold of this prominent spirit who had helped to shape the character of Greenwich Village we could shed our occasionally overwhelming homesickness for New York. On special evenings he would read to us, in his dreamy voice, his classic poem about *Eleven Christopher Street*.

As a woman I had, naturally, occasional special social duties, which were not all as pleasant as the teas, one of which brought me together with the strikingly beautiful Mrs. Black, wife of the Supreme Court Justice.

The occasion I am thinking of was an invitation extended to me from the National Women's Party. I was highly pleased to accept it.

Believe it or not: the word "party" had, at that time, only one significance to me, that of a joyful get-together with friends. When I entered the proud house whose garden offered a magnificent view of the Capitol, I expected to find women from all over America, celebrating a party of sisterly understanding. Wearing my prettiest dress of navy blue, with a jacket of Gauguin pink, I cheerfully approached my hostesses who were sitting in the garden under a huge umbrella. There seemed to be something in my festive mood which did not exactly appeal to those present. I became very quiet and listened to so complicated a political discussion that I felt embarrassed indeed. When I was finally asked about my own "achievements," I answered truthfully:

"Oh, they are nothing. My husband is the important member of the family, you know."

It seemed that this was a terrible thing to say. Everybody eyed me with obvious disgust.

"Are you always as cheerful as this at your parties?" I finally burst out when those "technical" discussions started again.

"Party?" my hostesses repeated. "This is a serious talk, not a party. Could you give us the most important feminists of pre-Hitlerian Germany?"

"Feminists?" I asked, most consternated, "You mean women?"

"Feminists!" repeated my inquisitor.

"I'm sorry," I murmured, "I did not know any."

"Well!"

"Don't you do anything?" asked another voice.

"Oh, certainly," I tried to oblige. "Right now, I am merely my husband's secretary. But soon, my book..."

"Husband! Bah!" I was interrupted.

"Perhaps you meant somebody else when you invited me," I suggested timidly. But they insisted they had meant me, even if I (that was implied) turned out to be a failure.

I left the "party" as quickly as I could.

A lovely old lady had followed me. She was, as she told me now, the wife of an admiral.

"But mere wives are not popular here," she explained, "these women think women are much better than men. *They* should run the country."

I thought of the great "wives" I admired. Mrs. Brandeis, Mrs. Roosevelt!

I learned that a party may have a political meaning, too, and that there is a definite difference between feminists and mere unenlightened women.

Hurrying home, I still thought that I'd rather prefer to be feminine than a feminist. Without feminine women and without "inferior" males, even the cleverest feminists would not be on this earth!

Washington parties are, as I have tried to show, manifold indeed. You never know what you'll find. It may be lifelong inspiration; it may be just a misunderstanding. There was an element of gambling in this over-alert society. But not all parties were entertaining. Some had, to me, a tragic touch.

The Washington party which made me really suffer (and this was *not* a political party) came at a time when the crimes of Hitler began to arouse public opinion everywhere, not only a few "fantastic grumblers'" disapproval. He just had overrun Czecho-Slovakia. (Our first reaction had been to flock, together with Ambassador Hurbin, Justice Douglas, Justice Frankfurter, and other mourners for that new loss to liberty, to the home of Justice Brandeis.) The fall of Madrid had ended thirty-two months of Spanish civil war. Daladier, in an appeal to Mussolini, had proclaimed France's resolution "to defend her ideals and her rights." Mussolini shouted a new word: "Albania!" In April, he had invaded it, while Marian Anderson sang in Washington before Lincoln's Memorial, attracting an audience of seventy thousand. President Roosevelt had appealed to Hitler and to Mussolini, warning them in the name "of hundreds of millions of human beings who are living today in constant fear of a new war or even a series of wars."

That May, a magnificent car called for us to bring us to an exclusive mansion not far from the fashionable Shoreham Hotel. We found the usual fireplaces, heavy rugs, silver, canapés, jingling jewelry. Among the guests were government officials and the wife of the publisher of a renowned newspaper. Again, as so often in those days, we were given to understand: "highbrows exclusively." Cultured whispers, refined compliments. Jules and myself were carefully prepared for the coming of one more guest, "a lion of tea parties, a man of extraordinary insight." Our personal views were well known here. All guests had read Jules' book and discussed my own forthcoming *Savage*

Symphony. Our hostess was of the type who invites you so often to inquire about your "next book" that it is just her invitations that prevent you from writing it. Those present seemed to look upon us as though we were actors in a play not yet begun, because one more rôle was to be impersonated.

When all eyes turned to the door through which Mr. X now made his entrance, we felt: the missing actor had arrived. Far from being a churchman, he wore nevertheless a pseudo-ecclesiastical garment of strange cut. He was pale and lean, with an air of sophisticated secrecy. My neighbor whispered: "He approaches all problems in an almost sacred way," and before I was aware of what this might mean, the guest began to talk about HIMSELF. The revering assembly learned that he owned castles in England and that these castles were inhabited by "psychopathic cases," his "hobby." He treated them, he explained, "with generosity and objectivity." Such a case, although fortunately not confined, was represented to him in the person of the highly admirable Mr. Adolf Hitler.

At this cue, all heads turned in my direction. It was a cue, nothing else, and everybody obviously expected me now to make *my* monologue, though *extempore*.

A strange feeling took hold of me. It was the feeling I had experienced while listening to "a talk on China" once in New York, a talk which had turned out to be a hymn to the brutalities of Japan. Again, I felt the *test*. My good breeding wrestled with my conviction. I saw sudden understanding in Jules' saddened eyes. We had not been invited to a tea-party but to a cock-fight. I was one of the scheduled fighters and not at all sure to be the favorite.

Actor X continued with a tremolo voice quavering with false passion, like that of a radio announcer reading the commercial.

An "unpretending trip" had brought him to Germany—at once into the closely guarded surroundings of Göebbels,

Göring, and Hitler whom he had met "most intimately."

I asked: "What is your personal impression of Hitler?"

His answer was: "Naturally, he is obsessed. But in a genial way. It would be unfair to call him even an '*enfant terrible.*' "

Thus spoke Mr. X, teacup in hand—and the precious, fragrant ladies adored him. My conscience translated: "It would be unfair to call a murderer, a thief, a liar, to call the nightmare of Europe and perhaps the world an *enfant terrible!*" I thought of Nazi spy Auhagen and his "horse cure." Well, here he could have found a pal!

I heard: "How clumsy was Roosevelt's threat to the dictators! Hitler should be treated with kindness, with understanding. He is nothing but a *case*, and a most fascinating case at that! Maybe he is a bit dangerous, but so unusual, so new..."

So unusual, so new! I looked at my husband. Unfortunately, I did not possess his wisdom and composure. I trembled. I tried to listen without comment to apostle X's poisoned ambrosia.

But now he turned directly toward me. He doubtlessly knew that I had been scheduled to be his partner in this cock-fight, camouflaged as a tea party. Very well, then. I felt my spurs stiffen.

I said: "You are gambling with words. You are degrading notions which should be holy to us all. Your mind is a distorting mirror. One hundred years ago you might have sounded interesting. But the paradox as an expression of glamour died with the *fin de siècle*. Today, your approach is dangerous and useless. A criminal must be treated as a criminal, not as a 'case.' Otherwise, the whole world might become an acute 'case.' "

Many more words were exchanged. Too many. Casual, yet dynamite-loaded words. Until it was enough. Until we walked out.

Our suave hostess accompanied us to the door.

"We just *love* exciting tea conversations! I hope you

didn't take anything serious. Thank you for the splendid impulse you gave to the afternoon. You are so young! It was tremendously entertaining!"

Her car brought us home. When I wanted to leave it, I could not get up. They had to carry me out. Perfectly healthy since the day of my birth, I had been stricken with a most unusual ailment: I remained paralyzed for almost one week. "Shock," said the doctor, "a consequence of utmost emotional upset."

While I lay ill in my bed, I had time to think of other parties; similar parties right here in the nation's capital, where people had played with the stick of dynamite like a kitten with a ball of wool.

When I was up again, I went to Lincoln's Memorial. I was all alone.

"Give *him* the strength! Don't let it happen here!" I said to the martyr president.

I went to the White House lawn, open to all free citizens.

"Don't let it happen here!" I prayed, turned to the executive mansion, "Don't allow them to let it happen here!"

CHAPTER VI

RESEARCH IN BEAVER HOUSE

No field of human endeavor is as bountiful as that of the arts. Each of the manifold sectors which compose their kaleidoscope has its own masters—masters of music, masters of sculpture or painting, masters of literature or of speech. Each nation on this earth possesses certain inclinations and is capable of producing artistic geniuses of a special national character.

I began to understand that America cherishes and furthers all branches of art and science, that she combines and filters carefully the many spiritual elements brought from various countries in order to produce The American Arts.

And yet, the artists of this country have their special variations, too. Anyone who has lived at any American academic institution can testify to one peculiar phenomenon of American artistic effort: the marked ability to get scientific Foundations to appropriate money for research work. I frankly admit that we were and still are helpless bunglers in this art. We just don't know how it is done. We painstakingly fill out the necessary forms, add the most beautiful outlines for scientific work, accompanied by the names of outstanding connoisseurs of Jules' work—and yet we never see any result. Frequently, these same Foundations forward to us the applications of other scientists, asking for Jules' opinion of their qualifications. Jules, always interested in any evidence of good work and independent thought, has generally given his emphatic support to such applications—which did not change a bit his own predicament of not knowing how to finance his own plans for research.

Since we had been in Labrador, Jules was obsessed by the one ardent wish to check up, in London, on the results

of his scientific field findings. We could not forget those long talks before the fireplace of the Hudson's Bay Company Post in Pointe-Bleue, where we had been told of the existence of certain diaries kept by generations of Hudson's Bay Company managers; diaries meant solely as mercantile reports to the Company and therefore without any intellectual pretension—making them all the more precious to seekers of unbiased facts. The name of each Indian trading with the Company had been faithfully recorded there; the extent of his hunt and his ability as a hunter, as well as the relationship of the tribe as a whole to the white man's organization which provided his livelihood and made his winter existence easier by providing him the means for his hunt. These diaries were being mailed by the managers of the different Posts to a Canadian central station from which they found their way to the carefully guarded main archives in Beaver House, London. These archives, treasure houses of information and practically unknown to scientists, were being opened to interested persons only upon personal permission of the Governor of the Company, a privilege very difficult to obtain.

While in London, Jules had met this important gentleman. Long talks about structure and problems of the Indian tribes concerned had united both men in fascinating discussions, and the Governor, Mr. Patrick Ashley Cooper, had kindly consented to let us work in the sanctuary of his archives where we might be able to trace back the ancestors of our present-day Indian families and the history of their tribes through the centuries. Thus, the secret pass-word: "Open, Sesame!" had been given to us, but there were no funds available for approaching the legendary place.

The decision of one more Foundation was just pending. We pretended not to hope, but secretly we never ceased thinking of the possibility that *this* time our lack of artistic skill in dealing with the great American Foundations would not let us down again.

It is said that a charming old lady once entered an exclusive lingerie shop with the words:

"Please give me one of those Guggenheim Foundations one hears so much about!"

Well, we too wanted "one of those Guggenheim Foundations," but we had not exactly applied for it at an under-wear counter.

One night, when I was already in bed, Jules entered the room, a special delivery letter in his hand. I heard:

"Get up, Panther! Another celebration is due!"

To understand the full meaning of the word "celebration," one must know that, except for Christmas, we do not generally celebrate the official holidays as they come along. Our life has been so rich in "mortal blows" that we decided to do something against them. Each time something especially unfortunate occurs to us, something "unbearable," we immediately arrange a full-fledged celebration in evening dress and formal attire, to counteract all possible elements of discouragement for which we just won't allow any place in our busy lives.

Thus, the word "celebration" made me get up rapidly. Bravely, yet wavering, I whispered in a questioning tone: "Guggenheim—?"

Jules answered cheerfully:

"Yes, Panther, they turned me down again. Well, tonight, it's the JOHN SIMON GUGGENHEIM MEMORIAL MIDNIGHT CELEBRATION!"

Who can remain downhearted by hearing so festive a name! We dressed duly. We rushed downtown in a taxi and danced in an air-conditioned lavish down-town hotel.

When we came home, the *trip to London* was planned in full detail. How easy to finance it! Hadn't we saved from Hitler my grand piano, especially built for me; didn't we possess two original paintings by Kokoschka and Franz Marc? We cabled the selling order to a Paris friend. There should be people enough who would like to buy them! All

this still waited for us in Paris, together with the rest of our furniture.

As soon as we had the money, we hurried to the French Line in order to secure our passage. A close inspection of our papers resulted in the realization that our American First Papers, the "Declaration of Intention to become a Citizen of the United States," did not constitute much of a travel paper. Our German passports, at least mine, had expired. We needed visas and without a valid passport there was no chance to get them. To have my passport renewed at any German consulate was out of the picture—Adolf Hitler, we had been advised, hated us "more than Jews and Communists" because of the "propaganda value" represented by our negative stand against him. New York friends had told us that on recent occasions "the anti-German attitude of the Lipses" had again provided dinner talk in Mr. Borchert's consular home.

But since we just are not the type which gives up, we decided to do once more one of those "impossible" things which had saved our lives before and had made possible the realization of our plans. If only I did my task well enough, I might be able to remove the last obstacle to our trip to England and, perhaps, to France.

And here it is,—the story of the final prank I played upon the Nazis. I have to add that all this happened at a time when Hitler's representatives in America had not yet been able to establish themselves as full-fledged spy-protectors and nerve-centers for subversive activities. On the contrary, I had heard that while genuine Nazis were placed in one or another of the Nazi consulates, in the embassy many officials of the old diplomatic school who had spent years of service in America long before they changed over to the house-painter, felt embarrassed if not adverse toward the way in which he besmirched the German name throughout the world. I was even informed that some of these men actually hated the Nazi régime. They had been raised according to the code of behavior

valid in the circles of international society, and their long stay in the land of liberty made them realize that Hitler would bring war to the German nation and shame for centuries to come.

My plan was built upon the hope that I might encounter one Nazi official thus inclined. It was sheer gambling. But, hadn't I, years before, thus gambled with members of the odious Gestapo and won my game?

I wanted a passport to go to England. Well, I tried to get it. On a hot Washington June day, a group of grim plotters left our apartment: a prominent journalist, a lawyer, a university professor, Jules, and myself. A taxi brought us close to the battlefield: an ugly reddish-brown house, in Massachusetts Avenue. There we separated. The four men settled down in a corner of an air-conditioned restaurant where I left them. My chosen rôle was that of a naïve, impulsive, and demanding woman, ready to appeal to that kind of male chivalry (if I could find it) which the Austrian house-painter had not yet been able to destroy even among some of his so-called representatives.

The feeling of danger made my heart quiver. I was fully aware of doing something *impossible*. My book, containing the strongest possible defiance of Hitlerism, was just on the press, and there I was, making my way to the Nazi embassy! In New York, in Baltimore, any Nazi consular official would have thrown me out immediately. Wasn't I an "enemy of the German government"? If my plan had any chance of succeeding, it could be done only in the lion's den itself. The body-guard I had left behind me closely watched the time following my departure: after ninety minutes, we had agreed, they would force their way into the embassy, if I had not returned.

In a dress of brown silk net with heavy white embroidery and a tremendous white picture hat, I hoped to create the impression of worldly sophistication so irresistible to German subalterns. And every individual of formerly good breeding who had submitted to a Hitler was,

naturally, a subaltern, a coolie-soul, were he a doorman or the ambassador himself.

I entered through the narrow door. Oddly enough I was obsessed by just one thought: If I only see no Swastika! because this seemed to be the one thing I could not encounter without endangering my whole mission.

I saw no Swastika.

A fat man received me in the narrow corridor. I greeted him with a cheerful:

"Guten Tag!" ("Good Day!")

He echoed, friendly:

"Guten Tag!"

No *"Heil Hitler."* I recovered.

When he asked me what I wanted, I said in my calmest matter-of-fact voice:

"My passport has expired. I want a new one."

I handed him the fateful old document in which the French consul general of Cologne had written some secret lines to his Paris government, "to help her in any way possible," because, to put it into American, he had found me "O.K." This was my last souvenir of the hectic days when I had fled Cologne in defiance of the Nazi régime while secretly bringing our furniture to Belgium and to Paris.

The fat man took the booklet and disappeared. I waited in a bare ante-room where another woman applicant sat silently. I did a little praying, because I thought that the success of my mission depended upon the things the fat man was now doing with my old passport and upon the people who would have a look into it.

After a while, a sleek young man appeared in the door and shouted in German:

"Are you Mrs. Lips?"

With a dry throat, I whispered:

"Yes!"

"Come in here."

I arose from my seat and followed him into a tiny private room where I was left alone.

An ardent cherisher of *The Arabian Nights*, I now expected six black eunuchs to jump on me or some djinnees with tools of torture. The fact of my "solitary confinement" made me fear that my cause was lost. A look at my watch showed me that in seventy minutes the journalist, the lawyer, the Professor, and Jules would "force their entry" into a chamber of horrors where they might find me with the last traces of life....

When the door opened, I moved convulsively. It was the same young man again who now ushered me into his office. When I confronted him at his desk, I noticed that a door to an adjoining room was wide open.

The young man began to "make conversation." My inborn horse-sense returned. I noticed that he spoke with a definite Saxonian accent, the worst dialect possible in the German language. My home town lay in Saxony, too. This provided me with a suitable topic.

"Are you also from Leipzig?" I asked, with an innocent smile, letting my eyes roll under the picture hat.

"No, from Dresden," he answered. He seemed to like my outfit.

"How long have you been in America?" was my second, most important question.

"Ten years—"

Then he *can't* know what Nazism really is—was my immediate reaction.

After some fundamental statements about the Washington heat, about humidity as a means of unavoidable enervation and about the fact that, *for years*, he had not enjoyed a visit to Germany (was that a hint?), he asked:

"And what do you want from me?"

I repeated my demand.

"But for this, you can't come to the *embassy!* We don't issue passports! The Baltimore consul issues passports for the District of Columbia!"

Dear me! That Baltimore man was a *Nazi*! If the boy

from Dresden bundled me over to Baltimore, I might as well forget our trip to London.

I murmured something about "quick departure," "steamship line," "I need the passport this afternoon," etc. He retorted:

"But I *don't know* you, Mrs. Lips!"

I smiled.

"What do you mean? Didn't we meet just now, Mr. Keil?" (He had introduced himself to me.) "If we should meet tonight at a party, would you pretend not to know me?"

Again, I smiled. The picture hat undulated.

"Is this done by hand?" inquired the Saxon, pointing to the embroidery of my dress.

"Yes. I'm *so glad* you like it!"

He made a spontaneous move to the door and closed it. I had seen that half-guilty look before, when a member of the German Secret Police shut his door before removing the Swastika from his desk to the floor beside the cuspidor.

He returned and whispered:

"*Sind Sie Frau Professor Julius Lips?*" ("Are you the wife of Professor Julius Lips?") I whispered back:

"Yes!"

"Why do you want a new passport?"

"Because I want to go to...Europe."

"To Germany?"

"My boat leaves the day after tomorrow!"

"To Germany?"

"With my husband."

He left the room. The door remained open. I saw him return with a little brown book. He shouted questions from the next room and dictated my answers to a secretary.

He wanted two photographs. I had them.

"But in life, you are much prettier!"

"Thank you!"

He went back to the other room.

"Profession?"

"A writer."

He returned.

"How interesting. What are you writing about?"

"Germany!"

The situation thrilled me. I got bolder and bolder.

"I must write this down. I'll get your next book for myself. What's the title?"

"*Savage Symphony*. It will be out soon."

"Does it come out in Germany or in America?"

"In America."

"Do you have a German publisher yet?"

"Not exactly!"

He returned with the passport. I paid less than a dollar. I had been told that Hitler had advised all consular officers not to issue any passport for a period longer than one year. I opened the booklet. A special inscription said that it was valid for four years.

We exchanged a quick look.

"Satisfied? It was a pleasure to oblige a *lady like you*."

I almost bit my tongue, not to ask him:

"And you call yourself a Nazi? Or don't you?"

When I left he called after me:

"I hope you don't want to become an American citizen?" I answered:

"How did you get *that* idea?"

Still afraid of eunuchs or djinnees, I ran out of the building and raced up the street. I was back again! Back in America! And I had not told *one* lie!

The whole thing had taken fifty minutes. Almost disappointed, my knights discarded their weapons.

I immediately went to the French embassy to get my visa. I knew the gentleman there socially—when he had a look into my fresh Nazi passport he doubted my sanity. I told him the adventure, and he took care that it made its round at the Washington diplomatic dinner tables.

In the afternoon, we obtained our American "Permits to Re-enter the United States."

You may ask why I expose here the name of Mr. Keil, this co-operative helper who certainly showed by his actions that he was no Nazi. Isn't that rather ungrateful and tactless?

My answer is this:

I have been at war with Hitler since 1933. Anything that joins hands with him, honestly or hypocritically, is my deadly enemy. In this respect, I know of no compromise. Well, I had caught him by a ruse. This does not alter the fact that sometime, somehow, he must have declared his allegiance to the polluter of German decency. Nothing, in my eyes, can clear away this guilt. We had said No to Hitler, publicly, calmly accepting all the consequences. He had not. The hypocrite is no better than the criminal himself.

A shift took place in the Washington embassy personnel. Mr. Keil was called back to Germany. I received a rude letter from the new officials, demanding the "immediate return" of my German passport. I didn't answer.

If you visit me in New York, you can see the little number in my collection of "handicraft of primitive peoples," department of oddities.

All preparations made, we left heat-struck Washington and boarded in New York the *Île de France*. In the jungle temperature of that June day, hysterical passengers and their friends created an atmosphere of Congo madness.

When we finally sailed, the flowers in our cabin were withered, Jules' cigar box had been stolen, discourteous page boys stood in everybody's way, and a general turmoil had developed, the calming down of which required streams of tips. "*Bon voyage*" baskets which, for some reason, had not reached their owners, were being sold to passengers of the cabin class, and the left-overs in the wine bottles were carefully taken away, for refilling purposes in the pantry. Whoever dared to appear for breakfast after 9:30 was denied entrance into the dining-room. Astounding hygienic

conditions prevailed in the toilets. In short, we were on French soil again.

If it had not been for the language, the beloved language, and the old friends among the ship's officers who greeted us with a smiling "*Toujours les mêmes!*"¹ we would not have chosen again this boat and this line. For years, we knew that the famous *gentillesse française*² embraces only certain carefully chosen and hesitatingly acknowledged intimates. But since we belonged to them, we had nothing to complain about.

In mid-ocean it was getting cold, and strolling over an almost deserted deck I found myself involved in one of those spontaneous conversations with one of the ship's mates you encounter only on French vessels.

"*Bonjour, Mademoiselle! Je suis Breton!*" ("Good morning! I am from Brittany!")

"*Bonjour, monsieur.*"

"*Ça va bien, charmante?*" ("I hope you feel fine, you charmer!")

"*Vous n'avez rien à travailler?*" ("You have no work to do?")

"*Mademoiselle est cruelle!*" ("You are cruel!")

It means nothing. One passes such chirpers by, reflecting upon the nonsense and purposelessness that makes the charm of France, but reflecting also upon a mentality of leisure and of selfish bliss which, if multiplied by millions, makes the character of a nation. How would *soldiers* like this man behave when in danger of their lives? How would a *country* defend itself that was ruled like this boat: full of gracefully hidden dirt, full of egocentric pleasure and non-functioning apparatus; a nation with too much laughter, too much dream and misunderstood "individuality"?

In the evening, the movies showed naked women with "*protecteurs*"—a strange sight for Americanized eyes. Before the landing in LeHavre, some of the ship's officers

¹ "You two never change!"

² French amiability.

urged me to smuggle into France for them bundles of American silk stockings and similar gadgets for their Parisian girls.

Once in Paris, we retired to our old abode in the *Quartier Latin* where everything was "*comme à l'habitude.*"¹

The Venus of Milo looked as if she needed some soap suds, and Jules felt sick again from bad food. Fighting refugees claimed him as their umpire. We saw our "*cher grand ami*" again in the Musée de l'homme and the handsome Breitscheid² whose destiny it was to fall, four years hence, into the hands of Nazi torturers in "unoccupied France." Everyone seemed tired, lethargic, somehow artificial. Too many refugees sojourned in Paris, pretending to be acclimatized; too many Frenchmen were too gay for the time they lived in. We read underground mail from German anti-Nazis and received some faithfuls from Berlin who had braved rigorous Nazi control in order to come to see us in Paris. We provided them with news from the free world, and they called this their "spiritual filling station."

Tired out and worried about the careless attitude of the beloved country of France, we stole away to the Mediterranean for a few short days to seek forgetfulness in our Nirvana.

But the purpose of this trip was not recreation.

Our railroad car, scheduled to be in Boulogne at nine, arrived in Calais instead and at eleven. French efficiency!

The regular steamer had already left, and we found a place on a tiny channel boat. After ninety minutes, over the first cup of excellent English tea, Jules pointed out to me the rocks of Dover. He was quite familiar with London and the countryside because of frequent former visits. For years, he had nursed an admiration for the "island of men" which so favorably contrasted with France, that "effeminated country of women."

¹ As usual.

² Rudolf Breitscheid, former German minister of the interior.

I, however, had never lived in any English-speaking country but America, which made me painfully aware of a certain linguistic inferiority complex concerning my New York-acquired lustily brawling slang. Was it vulgar to British ears? Before I left the New World, literary friends had carefully informed me of "what not to say in England," and I kept the main "don'ts" in mind. "Neether" and "eether" were "ghastly," and most American "a"-sounds had to be transformed into deep, dignified "aaaas." Not "bathe" (with an "a" as in "haste"), but "baaath"—not "tom-a-to" (like "potato"), but "tomaato." "Guess" was preferably to be replaced by "suppose," "elevator" by "lift," and "closet" was absolutely impossible for a wardrobe cabinet. Many "u"'s which got lost in America, had to be reinserted in words like "colour," "endeavour," "neighbour." When I left New York, my advisers told me that I had "got it."

To be perfectly safe, I tried to remember the highlights of my school wisdom ("Mr. Miller's cow is ill") and some seventeenth-century English from the days when we translated Hobbes' *Bahemoth* into German. ("If in time, as in place, there were degrees of high and low, I verily believe that the highest of time would be that which passed between the years 1640 and 1660 . . .")

The first thing England asked me about were "pipers." Not being a musician, I felt quite helpless and remembered with pain the refrain of an American hit song: "Jeepers, creepers, where did you get those peepers"; but they could not mean *that*. Or, did they expect me to travel in Scotch company? But the "pipers" turned out to be "papers," and the Britishers had their slang too. Experience taught me later even what it means to "pay the piper."

The "papers" being a German passport, acquired by a questionable manœuver, I felt a violent short sting of shame while producing the embarrassing brown booklet and presenting it to the immaculate officer. I looked

straight into his eyes, trying to make him understand that I had nothing to do with the government that had issued it.

This was now, I felt with unforgettable clearness, a demonstration of the "new consciousness of honor" Hitler had claimed to have given all people of "Germanic" blood! In any country in this world, the possession of a German passport meant nothing but deep shame and humiliation. Oh, why wasn't I an American citizen yet! What an ordeal to produce a German passport at this time! It was as if I were of illegitimate birth or as if I had been born guiltlessly into a family with a criminal record.

I forgot my feelings of degradation when we entered the tiny railroad car ("Southern Railways"), soon passing by rain-soaked gardens and homes of Dickensian character. I saw my first lawn-tennis players and learned new conceptions of advertisement: Guinness, Bovril. It suddenly occurred to me that in America advertising posters of the French, English, or German kind were practically unknown; and it struck me that I began to *compare* again. While in America, I had considered it unfair to draw parallels to European customs; but now, in England, I suddenly weighed its manifestations of life against those of America. Was it the common language? Or was my shame at originating from Germany so deep that I instinctively refused to use that humiliated country as a basis for comparison?

We arrived at Victoria Station and proceeded to our hotel, located closely enough to the British Museum to allow each spare minute to be spent there.

From now on we had our daily routine in London, this happy schedule of daily scientific work which we had experienced already in so many other libraries, museums, and Universities where the fragrance of old manuscripts lingers in venerable halls, assuring their worshippers of the same home atmosphere as does the incense to Catholics, because its perfume is the same in any Roman church, be it in Egypt, France, or Mexico.

But outside was the city of London of which I had

known so much more in advance than of America. All was as anticipated: countless little squares, tree-hemmed; low houses in rows; horses and dogs with picturesque shaggy strands of fur hanging over their hoofs and paws; girls with peach complexions of delicate natural texture; sheep on the Hyde Park lawns; and the mysteriously smelling evening fog with a touch of Sherlock Holmes. Each boy a gentleman, each gentleman a Sir. Each citizen an individual, each individual a king. Each house a home, each home a castle. Somewhere, ever present, the slogan I had heard a British lady proclaim in the African desert while our water supply ran low and non-Britishers began to despair:

“I don’t feel that so much. After all, I am an English-woman, born in wedlock, and a Christian.”

What shield of pride they carried over their heads! It was not a foolish pride, but a justifiable one. In situations of individual or national emergency they summoned it up, and it protected them miraculously. I suddenly began to understand why Englishmen dress even in the jungle and why they can afford their God-sent gift of self-persiflage. They are English, born in wedlock, and Christians.

It was fall now, even if the calendar still said August, and we shivered a bit, while the Riviera tan faded on our skins. And yet, we drank the air of London with delight. The influence of climate does more to human beings than permanent dwellers in one spot can possibly realize. What a difference in the summers of this earth—what a difference, consequently, in the minds of people of remote latitudes! In June, I had gaspingly sat in a bathing suit before my typewriter in sweltering Washington, balancing an ice-bag on my head like a girl in Ancient Rome carrying her amphora. In July, Paris had strewn its sud and its pastel dusk enervatingly into my thoughts; and later the Mediterranean had doubled my vitality by its salt and mistral which still carried the tears and smiles that made it to the cradle of European culture so many centuries ago. And

the summers of Labrador where with the rays of the Northern Lights extraordinary dreams of ghosts and animals infest forever even the white traveler's mind! Once, also, I had known summers on the Rhine where a soft wind carried greetings from the ripening grapes and where old sagas broke open with the rosebuds in our garden.

Each of these summers gave me a new face; encouraged or hampered certain thoughts and emotions; brought or killed dreams; made me a citizen of the world.

This cool summer of London gave reserved happiness, eagerness to work, wit and studiousness, and a little nostalgia for a Europe which once allowed and furthered a thinking not in patterns but along keen, individual, self-drawn lines.

London was no great factory with chain stores, doughnuts hopping out of machines, ten-cent miracles, "personalized" gifts advertised as "conversation pieces." Here conversation followed unlimited, un-patterned arabesques. Beer and whisky were warm, but logic and intellect cold. Fruit juices were scarce but fruits of imagination plentiful. There were five kinds of tea to choose from on a menu, and five kinds of mustard stood on restaurant tables. England was, as were the unpolluted countries of Europe, one national unity; therefore it longed for variety in its food, art, and thought. America, the great mixture, represented variety in itself and therefore cherished patterns of food, patterns of art, patterns of thinking. An American scientist had even published a book called *Patterns of Culture*—as if the dynamic, ever-changing framework of living peoples could possibly be forced into schemes or patterns, penning it in like a too narrow dog collar!

When Jules took a cigar out of a tobacconist's box, the attending gentleman said "Thank you, sir" the very moment he took the merchandise and not while it was being paid for; the ruling idea being that the customer *liked* and accepted the offered goods, while the money due to the

shop-owner was a disregarded little formality no well-bred person would even mention.

The "undertaker," here solemnly termed "mortuarist," changed his profession with the change of its name: his establishment lost the flavor of a mere business enterprise and became adjacent to an office of deputy belonging to the superhuman realms of death.

London seemed to be a haven of street musicians. Their serenades awakened us in the morning, their nocturnes enlivened the evening fog. The member of the band who collected the money, always with a cane or crutch, rewarded his sponsors with a dry Scotch or Irish joke. A "star" of our neighborhood was a fascinating beggar on Russell Square, having his regular place at the side of a pavement artist who ceaselessly beautified the sidewalk with phantastic colored chalk drawings. But whoever stopped to watch these two men would not admire the forget-me-nots and blood-red sunsets of the cheerful old painter. He would, instead, stare at "Mary," the beggar's monkey. At all times, Mary's adoring audience was quite numerous and she, in turn, in her tiny Scotch kilt and cap, stretched out her cold little fingers toward everyone, obviously enjoying that characteristic sweet smile on so many British faces, that smile no Englishman can suppress when he watches a bird or an animal in action. Mary collected money for her master, this was her trade; and he had rewarded her talents with a roughly written poster:

MARY. VERY TAME. ALMOST HUMAN.

The chalk artist had added two pink roses to the inscription which might have been better formulated:

MARY. VERY HUMAN. ALMOST TAME.

Each morning, after breakfast, we passed Mary's stand, and as she, after twelve days, jumped on Jules' shoulder and on mine, we felt deeply satisfied and finally accepted.

In the "tubes" we took the Piccadilly Line, with lift

and strikingly fashionable escalators. The comfortably upholstered subway cars, tiny and with a drawing-room atmosphere, united us with umbrella-carrying gentlemen and sandy-haired, lovely children whose mothers carried alligator handbags, lined with fine brown leather. Quality rather than latest fashions characterized the outfits of men and women alike, and the cheap mass elegance so attractive in American public vehicles seemed completely absent.

We left the car at Piccadilly Circus to ask for mail in the office of the American Express Company (two Yanks in London!) and proceeded by subway to Cornhill. Here the immediate neighborhood of the Bank of England was symbolized by scores of bank clerks in high hats, carrying worn, official-looking brief cases. They seemed to have been left over from Mr. Pickwick's rosy-cheeked, round-bellied times of plenty.

Entering Bishopsgate, we spotted on the right side of the street the tall and magnificent building carrying the number sixty. Its roof was crowned by a vane with a golden beaver, and the venerable doors carried the crest of the Hudson's Bay Company: two moose, four beaver, and a fox with a cross under an hermine-trimmed kingly hat and standing on a band with the motto: *Pro pelle cutem*.

Every day the ritual of admission had to be repeated, our names inscribed in an important-looking volume, until we finally sat side by side on a huge table, pencils in hand, because the use of ink was prohibited on account of the preciousness of the ancient manuscripts we were allowed to handle. A warden with the dignity of a retired general presented us with the original diaries of generations of Hudson's Bay Company managers, carefully filed and numerated and adorned with the tribal names of the Indians concerned: "Lake St. John: Metabetchouan, Ashuapmushuan, Pointe Boleue..."

The pages, yellow with age, carried the neat hand-writings of "Reports to the Honourable Company," submitted by "their obedient servants," John Walford, Joseph

Bioley, and their colleagues, "chief factors of the East-main Department."

There were gracefully drawn statistics of centuries ago, registering the names of the members of the Mistassini tribe ("Chumooshominaban," "Shickack," "Tippatanbanosi"...) and their correct civil status: "Number of wives," "number of sons," "number of daughters," "single men." Utmost mercantile accuracy and complete absence of any scientific purpose betrayed more to the reading scholar than many an amateurish missionary's report had preserved from the olden times, because these managers had no theoretical axe to grind when reporting on the tribal conditions among "their" Indians. They did not want to "prove" anything, but just wrote down what they saw, forwarding their reports to their superiors in London.

Jules read and re-read the diaries, often with the help of a magnifying glass, while I penciled down the most important statements and often copied whole manuscripts.

We found an unbroken row of ancestors of our own Indians. We felt as if transplanted to Labrador again by meeting again the heroes familiar to us from the tales of our Naskapi friends. We came across the great Nosipatan, "one of their Principal Men," the great-great-great-grandfather of our cheerful Kakwa. And Saiko, this most glorious figure, had really *lived!* The diaries characterized him as "the lame Indian, yet the best hunter of the tribe. Left with rheumatism after a hurricane had lifted the tent over his naked body while he was taking a steam-bath, he had to be hauled about on a sledge. Moving on all fours, he still is the greatest Indian I ever saw." One hundred and fifty years later, we had heard exactly this story under the great tamarack trees of the hunting-grounds. Chinapatan came to life again, "a middling good hunter who was so starved that he saw himself forced to eat part of his hunted furs." And the ominous phrase showed up repeatedly: "A nice young man who promises to be a good

hunter, provided, that he lives through the winter." Many stories we had taken for imagination proved to be records of the truth, like that of the sleep-walking Indian who shot his brothers while camping in canoes.

The minuteness and care of these records, written by long-forgotten men, provided us with a more dramatic background of Indian life than we had found "on the spot." Data we had recorded in Labrador with an interrogation mark suddenly became truths. We found ourselves reassured of the fact that the primitive life we had shared was congruous indeed with that of centuries ago.

It was cold among the old walls of London, but our cheeks began to glow. The mysterious sentiments of the woods were around us, the sufferings, hopes, and triumphs of hundreds of years of the past. Human life, harassed by the powers of nature, touched our human hearts.

When the lunch hour came, we hesitatingly returned to the present and crossed the street to have, at Lyons', a kidney pie or some other British specialty, while Jules, now the "bricks" in hand, the "facts," fascinatingly began to construct the "building," the syntheses.

Before the wide eyes of his partner and assistant he spoke about the development of legal thought in human history, of legal conceptions among those far-away tribes and their importance for the culture and civilization in our time where all concepts waver and where we have to look for reassurance deep in times past and nearer to the cradle of mankind.

Astonished, he stopped, noticing my reflective stare and amazed at my unusual silence.

"What do you think, Panther?"

"I think, Jules, that it means nothing to have paid with my grand piano and a few good paintings for this trip to London. I am so glad we did it!"

"Didn't we always do what we thought essential?"

"We did, Jules, we did! What Foundation could stop us!"

"But one thing is really quaint. I was told by the tax officer in New York that this research trip is being regarded by the American authorities as 'luxury' and that I would not be allowed to deduct the expenses from my income tax declaration. If, however, a Foundation had financed that trip, the costs of this voyage would have become automatically deductible. *Then*, the trip would have been regarded as scientific research. So, it is 'luxury.' "

"They can't do that to us! Consider the sacrifices we made to do this work in London!"

"It's the law. We cannot change it."

And we could not.

But we forgot this bitter oddity quickly enough, and soon I heard him speak of "acculturation" again and of "enforcement of law."

"Let's hurry back to Beaver House!"

And we bent our heads again over the ancient pages, excited, happy, and richer as with any grand piano.

Toward five, the director of the archives would brew tea in this subterranean cellar of wisdom, which we left only reluctantly when closing time approached.

It rained almost every day, but it was good thinking weather. The party-free evenings saw us in "Peter's Courtyard" where we tasted delicacies roasted over a charcoal grill. Later, we might stroll to the Café Royal or to Soho, finally settling down in a tiny pub where sandwiches were trimmed with what looked like sprouted bird-seed but which turned out to be mustard herbs.

Visits in the homes of our publishers and of some old Riviera friends were the only interruptions of this well-ordered life. Soon I felt a bit too safe in London and decided that now the time had come to return the hospitality of our British friends.

At one of those occasions I assembled a circle of etiquette-loving ladies in one of the better tea-rooms, and we had a nice afternoon together. When a sudden pause interrupted our animated talk, I thought that the moment had

arrived in which I could show off most favorably my newly acquired British accent. I gave a wink to the waitress and proclaimed with a dignified and carefully accentuated voice:

“Some more pastry, please.”

The advice of my American friends well in mind, I put the deepest “aaaaaa” I was capable of into that “pastry,” the “a” of “naaasty” and of “laaaaast.” To my bewilderment, I noticed some astonished if not amused looks, but nobody made any remark. Only the waitress, a pink-cheeked, unspoiled child of nature, came back once more and whispered charitably:

“But, it’s *pastry*, lady,”

pronouncing it with the flattest American “a” you can imagine!

From that day on I gave up trying to impress natives with their own achievements; and if my future travels should take me to the North Pole or to the Gran Chaco, to Eaton or to Toronto, the citizens of those places will hear from me nothing but the Yankee doodling I picked up right here in New York City!

For the fiftieth time, I withdrew to the British Museum to have intercourse with the gigantic winged granite bulls of Assyria, with mummies and Peruvian stones snakes and to admire water-colors, Persian fayences, Roman glass, medieval *memento moris*, logbooks and musical scores.

In the anthropological department I came across Jules who talked to a gentleman introducing himself as Captain Joyce, head of this branch. Following his old hobby, Jules asked him if the Museum owned any representations of white men in the art of primitive peoples, and the Captain immediately exclaimed:

“Oh! You must read a wonderful book which just came out on this subject, a really delightful book on the white man seen through native eyes!”

Jules answered bashfully that he was its author.

“You are Lips!”

and we three literally sank into each other’s arms—one of

those touching scenes quite frequent among scientists who are familiar with each other's work but have never met socially.

In the neighborhood of the British Museum I ransacked many a curiosity shop and found a relief showing the head of Lawrence of Arabia; a book on sailor's knots (for years objects of my admiration); butter-prints with the Scotch thistle and the Tudor rose and a Toby jug representing Mr. Micawber.

Such shopping confronted me with one of my main handicaps: my ignorance of the English money and my inability to learn it. When it came to paying and Jules was not at hand, my situation was pitiful. Especially one elderly gentleman who entrusted to me every morning Jules' favorite cigars and accepted my money with slight disdain, watching my fruitless efforts to struggle my way through guineas, two-pences, and shillings, gave me to understand that he expected me to know my change "by tomorrow"—which I could not achieve. At my first purchase in his store, I had taken the cigars, offered him a pound and left the shop with the impolite words:

"I keep the change in my left hand. If I am cheated, I come back immediately; if not, I shall come every day." Jules found this disgusting.

Next morning, the tobacconist held the change for one pound ready for me in a prepared envelope which contained not only a statement of the business transaction but also a short "introduction to British monetary conditions," written by him in longhand for the improvement of my education.

"You are one of those Americans—" he said, his voice dimmed with pity.

"Yes, sir," I admitted.

"Well, we can proceed slowly—" and he demonstrated to me his "introduction to British monetary conditions."

"Do you think I can learn it?"

"You seem bright in other respects."

Three customers had assembled and waited politely until the lesson was over. When I left, my teacher whispered after me:

“Don’t despair. It can be done! Tomorrow we subtract *four* cigars from a pound.”

That was Europe as I once knew it and as God may restore it some day.

But to a certain degree it had vanished already. This was the London of Neville Chamberlain, a London which believed that a gangster, if you only treat him as a gentleman, will consequently behave as one.

Streamers in the street proclaimed the death of

“MASARYK — THE COACHMAN’S SON WHO CREATED A NATION:

His Hour Came When He Was An Exile In London: At 64 He Led An Army Across Russia: On The Ashes Of Austria He Built The Czech Republic!”

Three years hence, his life-work was to be shattered, and a little later his son and his friend, as exiles in London, would wait for their “hour” again. What would they be able to build on the ashes of Austria and the ashes of the Czech republic?

While Paris had seemed too gay and its guests too much frightened, London appeared too much matter of fact. It was the little people of both countries who felt most keenly the trembling of Europe’s soil. Our landlord of the *Quartier Latin* had predicted that “*on courra*” (“we will run”) “if Hitler comes,” and our London inn-keeper described the political situation as “pretty stiff.” But their governments did not ask their opinion; they had to find out for themselves that the fruit of procrastination is unpreparedness.

At some highbrow parties in London we gained insight into an alarming attitude of curious but passive interest

in a far-away gangster problem called Hitler; and many a *bon mot* coined in world-removed clubs betrayed unusual wit yet gruesome ignorance. We were asked:

“But why are you against Hitler? You are neither Jews nor Communists! Going to *America* for that! Dear me!”

Scores of penciled pages rested in our trunks. Our luggage grew bulkier, our traveler checkbook thinner: always a sure sign of approaching departure. We said good-bye to Beaver House and good-bye to the kindly tobacconist who shook my hand for a long while, repeating again and again:

“And you just had begun to learn the English money!” As a reward, I took my promised day off, a workless day for myself alone to which I had looked forward with utmost eagerness. There was one thing left to do: to check up on certain localities whose names, from earliest childhood on, had been as familiar to me as certain fairy-tales. This was just the reason why I had a secret doubt concerning their real existence. I had become familiar with Big Ben, Trafalgar Square, and London Bridge; but there were two more structures to verify: Westminster Abbey and the Tower.

It meant very much to me to experience the feeling that “it was true,” that they *existed*. What a strange satisfaction to see ancient stone monuments confirm certain travel adventures heard on my father’s knee; to *talk* to a beefeater in his sixteenth-century costume which resembled indeed the pictures in my childhood classroom; and to *see* the wooden block from which Ann Boleyn’s beautiful head rolled into the sand. During all my life in Europe, I had not known of thrills like these. I had visited St. Peter’s in Rome, the Palace of the Doges in Venice, and the little church in Paris on the steps of which Dante slept as a student. But as a European, I had possessed no notion

of what the word *ancient* really means. Coming from America, now I experienced for the first time the shudders of awe the New World feels when confronted with something very old. What a queer transfiguration!

I joined Jules in due time to proceed with him to Waterloo Station, not without having brought before a handful of almonds to MARY, VERY TAME, ALMOST HUMAN, and the rest of our English change to her master.

Wearing a corsage of orchids, the official badge prescribed for American women leaving Europe, I entered the boats train. We reached Southampton at eight o'clock in the evening and boarded a tender which would bring us to the *S.S. Paris*.

It was unusually cold, but there was no rain. Slowly our small vessel moved along the waterways which were punctuated with occasional ship's lanterns in red, green, and white. Coastal road illuminations followed us like rows of fireflies. It was completely dark.

After almost two hours of careful manœuvring, a vague mass of light appeared unexpectedly somewhere in the night. Our boat made a sudden turn, and without warning we found ourselves confronted with one of the most magnificent displays of fireworks I have ever seen.

Low down, close to the surface of the sea we stood on our small vessel, bidden in obscurity, while before us appeared the transatlantic steamer like a fabulous monster emerging from skies of fire. Cyclopean eyes, hundreds of port-holes radiated blinking; the three red super-dimensional funnels gleamed like iron in a furnace against the black sky; and many doors and openings poured out light as if a central sun were hidden behind.

The *Paris* was by no means an extraordinarily large ship; on the contrary, she was one of the medium-sized liners ferrying the Atlantic. Yet she appeared before us in the night beaming in a feast of light, and the funnel of our tiny tender did not even reach her lowest deck.

"Washington will be cooler now," said Jules, and our thoughts returned to the Negro campus, that phantastic place of his work.

A fog-horn hooted. Europe was still close, somewhere back in the dark.

But we were two Americans, going back to our country where our most stirring experience was already waiting for us.

CHAPTER VII

"I WILL BLESS THEE..."

Mr. Justice Cardozo, member of the United States Supreme Court of Washington, expected us for tea.

At the appropriate afternoon hour, we reached 2101 Connecticut Avenue, a distinguished apartment house of the kind where whispers are hushed by heavy carpeting and soft lights deny the existence of ordinary day. After having been announced, we glided upward in a soundless and seemingly motionless elevator. Everything in this building had an almost solemn appearance, slowing down in an agreeable way all utterances of undignified vitality. As we approached the door of apartment 31, we felt slightly narcotized by an awe such as befalls visitors to venerable monuments or churches.

The door opened. From a semi-darkness of mellow colors a delicate figure slowly emerged, as though a Saint's portrait painted on an ancient Russian icon were stepping forth from his background of dark gold.

We were entirely unprepared for so breath-taking a sight. We had expected to meet a leading citizen of America, a personality distinguished by fame, a high judge whose office alone commanded respect.

But the gentle man who silently appeared before us affected us like a phenomenon, an unearthly being originating from a far-away world of eternal beauty. Impossible to imagine him a "lawyer"! If he really was human, he seemed to belong to the kingdom of music or of art, not to a world of dispute among men.

Social formulas were exchanged, derived from the non-sensical but relieving patterns of etiquette. A dear old lady ushered me into her own cozy quarters. It was Miss Kate Tracy, the bachelor Justice's housekeeper and

almost foster-mother for forty-six years. To see her sweet face was to love her spontaneously.

When I returned, our host had already drawn Jules into an animated conversation. It struck me that they somehow seemed to *belong* together. They had greeted each other and now treated each other as people do who come from the same town and meet again after a long period of separation. They slowly went ahead, and I followed them like a timid creature born into a lower form of existence. They laughed delicately, then quickly fell back into seriousness. They looked at each other as companions do.

We now sat on a cloud-like sofa, surrounded by thousands of books, so rarely seen in the average American household, especially of scientists, because “books belong in the office.” The sight of them enabled me to find my way back to earth, and I finally managed to throw in one little remark about their multitude.

“Oh, yes,” said Justice Cardozo with a smile, “when I moved to Washington, it was impossible to take them all along. I had to decide which ones to leave behind, the law books or the books I love. So I left the law books in New York and brought the others with me.”

He possessed *esprit*—the wit of the great philosophers I had met, that mixture of boyish gaiety and mellow wisdom which one finds only in the character of the very great of this earth—those who say, out of the abundance of their wealth of wisdom: “I know that I know nothing.” Wilhelm Wundt possessed it, Henri Bergson, Axel Munthe, Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. Stendhal called such men “The Happy Few.”

They all had greeted Jules with this same “home-town look” and had patiently ignored the weaknesses of his smaller partner. How I felt at home!

I regretted the English idiom which forbids the use of the attribute “beautiful” when it comes to the description of men. Because, what I saw, was not “handsome” at all, it was *beautiful*.

Two male heads of extreme spiritual pithiness, with classic features shaped by countless nights of creative work at silent desks. Two pairs of hands that daily caressed the pages of books, animated like beings with a separate, independent life. To my right I saw a forehead crowned by the finest, whitest, silkiest hair, and to my left, Jules' dark brown locks, slightly turning gray at the temples.

But Jules was six feet tall, broad-shouldered and as much at home in African jungles as on the salty seas; while the Justice obviously was unaccustomed to dealing with savages. I felt sure, however, that he would have liked it.

I heard:

"And what, Professor, is your main field of interest?"

"Primitive law, Mr. Justice."

I looked up and saw the roguish smile again:

"Don't you think, Professor, that somehow *all law is primitive?*"

From these lips of highest legal oracle! Yes, he belonged indeed to "The Happy Few"!

Yet, there was an outside world, after all; its mentioning could not be avoided. The devastation of culture in some unfortunate parts of the Old World stole into the conversation.

As we left, the Justice said to Jules:

"This is one of the most remarkable moments of my life. You are the one I somehow have been waiting for. The one who said No, not because he was forced to, but because his soul could not bear the crimes he had to witness."

I heard it. Miss Kate Tracy heard it, the walls with the silent books were our witnesses.

On Sundays, we visited frequently Justice and Mrs. Brandeis to share the spirit of eternal youth radiating from this captivating octogenarian.

For a long time, I had been obsessed by an ardent but carefully concealed wish. However, it did not escape Mrs. Brandeis' wise and motherly eyes. She asked me:

"People are rather court-minded these days. Wouldn't you like to see the Supreme Court in session? Just let me know. I'll take care that you get nice seats."

Wouldn't we like...?

The chosen Monday of March was one of those spring days with Riviera-sky that give Washington for a short time the climate of European summer. In that month, the murderous humidity has not yet humiliated man and beast.

The palace of white marble reflected such a concentration of blinding light, that its outdoor attendants were forced to wear black glasses. Pearson and Allen have called this building another "Taj Mahal." They were right. It is so magnificent a heap of stone that it might be compared to nothing other than a sepulcher of oriental splendor.

But we did not enter it in a mood of journalistic whim. We took it literally. The *Supreme Court*.

Five years before I had attended a session in another highest court of a nation, to witness a spectacle of lies and false accusations. Here, now, I had come to restore my belief in the existence of justice in this world. As a proud, future American, I wanted to visit *my* court. How very literally did I take it! The white marble as well as the inscription in the gable wall:

"EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW"

The Court Marshal crossed off our names from an eight-name list of special guests. A page boy ushered us to an exclusive row of church benches, lifting and re-closing the heavy velvet cord. There were about twenty privileged seats like ours. We had observed in the office that a cultured-looking old lady had been refused even standing-room. People were court-minded indeed!

To our left sat the public, in compact rows, straight before us the press, and behind the newspaper men waited lawyers and their clients. To our right we noticed the Court Crier's desk. On the raised platform to our right, facing the public, arose the "bench"—if the mahogany-arrangement of striking majesty could be thus termed. The seats, one of which, Justice Stone's, featured a leather back-pillow; the waiting glasses of water, somehow reminded me of the story of the seven dwarfs—but here the number was nine, and the expected legendary figures were not dwarfs but giants of wisdom.

The square marble hall, the indirect light, the pneumatic news tubes of the press, all contributed to create an atmosphere of expectancy and reverence. Hardly anybody even whispered. Many anxious eyes followed the hands of the great clock. As soon as it said "twelve," the Court Crier arose from his seat and announced solemnly:

"The honorable, the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States!"

The heavy red velvet curtain behind the bench parted. Ghostlike, in one row, the Justices appeared, each behind his chair, while the crier continued:

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business before the honorable, the Supreme Court, are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God bless the United States and this honorable Court."

After these words, the Justices sat down, in their black robes, heads uncovered. The Hellenic figure of Chief Justice Hughes forming the central point with four of his associates on one side and four on the other. Justice Brandeis sat farthest away from us; Justice Stone was the next nearest, and at the corner, closest to our seats, we saw Justice Cardozo's white hand supporting his slightly bent head. It was interesting to see him and Justice Stone side by side. The one seemed to say "Yes!" to life, in spite of knowing it; the other seemed to say

"No!" to it, despite a secret love for all expressions of true vitality. Justice Cardozo whispered with his neighbor, and we noticed the eyes of both seeking our direction for a transient second.

Justice Cardozo read the first opinion. Since I was well aware of the stylistic perfection of his judicial decisions—I had carefully prepared myself for the event in the Library of Congress—I was not so much interested in the case of the "Holyoke Water Power Company *versus* American Writing Paper Co." as in such sentences as this:

"The controversy is one as to the number of dollars in present currency that will discharge a covenant for rent in leases antedating the reduction of the gold content of the dollar, the covenant being phrased in the manner hereafter stated..." and:

"We must consider the situations of the parties, their business needs and expectations, in gauging their intention. When these are kept in view, the gold is seen to be a standard with which to stabilize the value of the dollar; the dollar not a yardstick with which to measure the quantity of the gold..."

This was an important case! The Justice, in a restrained voice, like a violin, muted by a sordine, terminated his reading with these words:

"But the disappointment of expectations and even the frustration of contracts may be a lawful exercise of power when expectation and contract are in conflict with the public welfare... The decree of the Circuit Court of Appeals is accordingly affirmed."

The evening papers would scream: "SUPREME COURT AGAIN SPLIT 5 TO 4 IN CASE INVOLVING PAYMENT IN GOLD." It was the so-called Massachusetts Gold Case. A sensation. "Justices VanDevanter, McReynolds, Sutherland, and Butler dissenting."

The sentence of the opinion which I liked best from a literary point of view was this one: "Weasel words will

not avail to defeat the triumph of intention when once the words are read in the setting of the whole transaction."

Their author publicized them dryly, and only their formulation betrayed the boyish smile of eminent wisdom he undoubtedly had not suppressed while writing them down.

While Chief Justice Hughes read something about "bank credits of a Veteran of the World War, or his guardian...", I studied the face of the sharp-eyed detective who watched our row and the Amundsen-head of Justice McReynolds who seemed to be very, very bored, even when he himself had to deliver an opinion that ended with the satisfactory sentence:

"The court below reached the proper conclusion."

Woven into the rugs on the floor were vases, flowers, and fasces, the last awakening sudden remembrance of their true meaning: symbols of justice, which Mussolini had misused as trimmings for his Fascismo, just as Hitler forced the millennia—old Asiatic swastika into his house-painter's flag.

Justice Stone's characteristic voice brought liveliness to the session. It first sounded as if he spoke of the Arabian Nights, but it turned out to be merely an auto case:

"The challenged statute defines 'caravaning' as the transportation, 'from without the state, of any motor vehicle operated on its own wheels or in tow of another vehicle for the purpose of selling or offering the same for sale...to any purchaser.' "

At the end, he decreed something very definite, culminating in the warning:

"...unless a space of at least one hundred fifty feet shall at all times be maintained between each vehicle or group of vehicles being so caravaned..."

The importance of these "opinions" became suddenly clear to me: this Supreme Court of the United States had been established to serve a supreme cause—to watch over

the Constitution of America and to decide, whatever case of dispute arose, whether or not this Constitution was violated. The "nine old men," each addressed as "Mr. Justice," incorporated that notion indeed! They were the guardians of the highest possession of the American people. They defended, even while deciding the seemingly "dullest" case, the integrity of America's most sacred principles.

Excitedly, I pressed Jules' hand. He nodded solemnly. He might be giving play to similar thoughts.

I now listened with utmost eagerness, beginning to perceive the universality of knowledge required of the Justice's office. There were cases from all walks of life, all professions, all races, all imaginable entanglements in which human beings challenged, by their actions, the Constitution of the United States.

And again, we heard Justice Cardozo's voice, this time reading as from a story-book:

"The steam tow-boat, *Edgar F. Coney*, sank on January 28, 1930, with the loss of all on board..."

Naturally, it came to "claims" which, again, revealed human relationships.

"...Among such claims was one for the pecuniary damage suffered through the death of the second mate of the vessel, Edward C. Van Beek. He died unmarried, leaving a mother and several brothers. There being neither wife nor child nor father, the mother was the sole beneficiary..."

Any novel could begin like that, but it probably would not end with:

"The decree should be reversed and the cause remanded for further proceedings in accord with this opinion."

Justice Brandeis, too, had a story to tell. His "opinion" sounded like a course in advanced chemistry:

"Under a Texas statute regulating production and use of natural gas, 'sweet' gas, *i. e.*, gas containing not more than 1½ grains of hydrogen sulphide per 100 cubic feet, and therefore suitable for heating and lighting, may not

be used for the manufacture of carbon black: but that substance may be manufactured from 'sour' gas..."

How much they had to know, these Justices! It surpassed, by far, legal knowledge as such and went equally far beyond the "pattern-thinking" so frequently encountered among American scientists who love to stick to one specialized peculiarity, abandoning for its sake the exciting field of universal, all-embracing knowledge.

As we left the palace which protects and defends the American Constitution, a feeling of tremendous pride filled our hearts. Growing into a country whose laws were protected by men like these, was a knowledge which definitely shaped and influenced our whole outlook on life.

During the following afternoon and night, I forced Jules to give me a private course on the differences between European and American legal concepts.

Very late, when we finally went to bed, I repeated, as a prayer, the unforgettable formula the Court Crier had proclaimed:

"God save the United States and this honorable Court!"

Our dearest New York friend, the philosopher, forwarded to us a letter he had just received from Justice Cardozo.

While our souls had spontaneously greeted him with reverence and love the Justice had sat down and written this about my Jules:

I have been deeply stirred by his heroism. Many preach the virtues of trust and independence in speech and action. Here is a man who has dared to live them at great cost to himself, and who has had a wife of equal courage. I laid my homage at their feet.

If it should be our destiny that we be doomed to starvation or imprisonment, if we ever should be tortured or killed, no power on earth can take from us these words.

It seemed that from now on the Justice, in spite of his preference for solitude, in spite also of his fragile health and his manifold obligations, often had time for us and

that he even looked forward to such occasions with feelings of joyous expectation. Later, long after this happiest period of our American life, Miss Kate Tracy, now my friend, told us that he experienced a certain refreshment when with us, a relaxation which eased the tension he usually had to overcome in the presence of others.

During these blessed months, we took care never to disturb him in any way, be it in person, by telephone, or letter.

Once he had asked us, obviously following the routine of experience:

"What can I do for you?"

We were so perplexed by this question that we burst into laughter in which he soon joined us. After we had regained our composure, Jules said:

"To forget, at least in our presence, that there *are* people who want things from you!"

From that day on, the Justice's relationship, especially toward Jules, was so free of human bondage that we all seemed to be transferred to an unearthly land, as soon as we were alone with the Justice and his books in the quiet magnificence of his rooms.

A rather ceremonious luncheon in his home brought us together with his closest friends, Judge and Mrs. Irving Lehman of New York. It was, as if we had known them, too, for a long time. As soon as the Justice entered a room, everybody present unconsciously, as though by magic, revealed the finest traits of his character, and those who loved him felt united like members of one family. He was well aware of this wave of tender devotion evoked by himself, and it inspired him to spirited gaiety.

He spoke of a banquet he must soon attend, together with his eight colleagues, and of a scheduled play which would make fun of the President's Court reform. In that play, someone proposed a "shaving tax." But the actor representing President Roosevelt would reject that idea with horror, exclaiming:

"Impossible! If this bill is passed, everybody might grow a beard and look like Chief Justice Hughes—and I couldn't stand *that!*"

He told such things in a rather shy way, making his points in a cool, yet puckish voice—strikingly resembling those refined intellectuals of southern France who refuse to admit that they, after all, are descendants of the troubadours.

When he asked me to name my favorite American poet, I replied without hesitation:

"You, Mr. Justice!" and I began to recite:

"Weasel words will not avail to defeat the triumph of intention when once the words are read in the setting of the whole transaction."

He shook with laughter.

He persistently urged Jules to tell him of his adventures at the Negro University and listened with obvious satisfaction to his outbursts of affection for under-privileged Negroes.

"They must be taught to become proud of something," said Jules. "Their trouble is that they have forgotten their centuries-old tradition of Africa and that they have not yet been able to absorb the civilization of America."

The Justice promised: "When I retire from the Bench, I certainly shall come to Howard to listen to you!" He really meant it.

To us, the hours were holy when our discussions with the Justice left the level of every-day occurrences and proceeded to profound ethical questions.

He once told Jules that, in a recent 'opinion,' he had decided just the opposite of what he had found exactly twenty years before, and he bewailed what he called his own "change of mind". This 'case' interfered even with the peace of his nightly sleep.

Answering him, Jules began to talk about the dynamic development to which cultures, countries, men, and even consciences are subjected, and how it would be a poor mind

indeed which would not develop, after twenty years, a changed and more seasoned wisdom.

Being present at such discussions, I saw the heavens open. This was my Paradise!

His praise of our English encouraged us considerably, and he wanted to hear all about our "experiences with America." Whenever something not too fortunate turned up, he used to raise a finger and admonish, like a teacher:

"Please, remember, *this was not America!* This is not typical! We are rather young, you know..."

Again and again the Justice asked me how I "liked America," in comparison to Europe, adding with a twinkle of humor in his eyes that he did not mean it "as a reporter." I felt that this obliged me to share with him all that was in my soul. I answered truthfully:

"I try never to compare. Honestly, I feel like a Buddhist, reincarnated into another form of existence, only without having died in between."

His sensitive face turned almost sternly serious.

"If you see it so," he answered very slowly, "I understand. I, too, have been reincarnated into other existences, quite a number of times. In this respect, I have experienced many deaths. Perhaps, if the real one comes along, it might be much gentler..."

On such rare occasions he abandoned his talks with Jules, drew a chair close to mine and tried to explore my undisciplined but perhaps picturesque line of thought, just as Jules used to treat his savages to a mixture of scientific curiosity and amusement. He shared with me, as he said, a great love for New York, and showed us occasionally some huge photographs glorifying the sky-line. Then, I could not refrain from confessing to him my "other" love, the Riviera between Nice and Monaco, and he in turn admitted a strong attachment to Venice, that dream-like city of the past. How well did he fit into its aristocratic background! We almost saw him before us, pale, smiling, and composed,

reclining upon the cushions of a black gondola, gliding over the motionless, silent Adria.

He immediately responded to such moods and rewarded us with little stories, perfect poems in prose:

"I knew an old lady who had acquired a rather savage neglected garden and had made it clean and beautiful. After it had been transformed into the neatest little spot, she invited her friends, in the expectation of hearing their expressions of admiration. One of them promptly said: 'How beautiful has the Lord made this garden!'; but she interrupted him angrily and retorted: 'You should have seen this garden while God alone was in charge of it!'"

My favorite poet!

We celebrated Thanksgiving in the home of Justice and Mrs. Brandeis. There were eight of us, among them a scholarly Catholic prelate. Never before and never after will there be a Thanksgiving for us like this one. It was as if America herself had created that feast for us, in order to teach us how to become her children. The whole room seemed to sparkle with joy. The festive setting reflected the gifts of the season and the gifts from Heaven, embodied in the greatness of the men who were assembled at this table. I sat at Justice Cardozo's side. Our hostess, herself a personality of extraordinary individual importance, always watched her words, taking care that not the slightest shadow of her own brilliance might diminish the central sun of her life: the grand old man of eternal youth, whose unlimited knowledge, together with his holy enthusiasm for all human problems, exalted their guests.

Justice Cardozo called me "old-fashioned" when I confessed my partiality for the verses of Heinrich Heine, and jollied me about my forthcoming first American book.

There was nothing between Heaven and earth that was not discussed or somehow involved in that enchanting unity of all-embracing gratitude which inspired the minds of those present.

Amidst this great joy I saw Justice Cardozo suddenly grow pale. He secretly produced two tiny pills, swallowing them hastily. Nobody else had seen it. But his hand trembled when he raised his glass, and the ice cube in the water produced a clinking sound, like the clapper of a diminutive bell.

One morning, a package arrived; I unwrapped it carelessly. It contained books, six of them, looking curiously alike. And before my mind became aware of anything extraordinary, my heart knew.

My fingers reached out for one of the volumes. My eyes took in the attractive cover in orange and gray colors, showing a bonfire, whose flames ate away a pile of books, seemingly symbolizing something very close to me. Above that picture of fire, I read, in white letters, my own name, and the title: *Savage Symphony*.

It was the author's first copies, reaching me two weeks before the book would be available to the public.

Jules was at my side. Formerly, it had always been his works alone we saw grow and go to print. But this time, it was my own. He had a tender smile.

It is a strange feeling to caress such a volume which awaits the cold judgment of unknown readers. When a child is born, we don't know what God has placed in its character—we have to wait and find out. But when a book comes into existence, nature has not lent its master-hand. You have to build it, word by word, cell by cell, under your own power, irrevocably; and when it is ready, there is no more chance to correct its faults or to add to its charms. For the author, it dies the very moment when it is born into publicity, raising criticism or approval, joy or apathy. He has no further influence on its future fate.

Six books, to be given away to my six dearest friends. I sat down and began to write, with a proud pen, a dedication in the volume that looked cleanest, prettiest, newest, most immaculate:

To Mr. Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo who, in allowing us to know him, gave rebirth to our souls and sacrosanction to our immigration. His wonderful example made us eager to call his country, America, ours for the rest of our lives.

It was my Thanksgiving to America.

The second volume went to Justice and Mrs. Brandeis; the third to Judge and Mrs. Lehman; the fourth to Jacquinio of Monte-Carlo; the fifth to Dr. Axel Munthe, the Anglo-Swedish dreamer of San Michele; the sixth to the man whose life had furnished the counterpart to that savage yet victorious symphony: my Jules.

All the books reached their destinations and raised echoes in the hearts of those dear to me. Only the first one which had carried the greatest load of love and which had been sent to the most courteous, the most sensitive, the wisest and kindest of men, disappeared like a stone that falls into a deep, dark pond whose waters have no answer for transient noises and disturbances.

A letter reached us, in unfamiliar handwriting. Justice Cardozo was ill, very, very ill. For the time being, no books were allowed.

"If I could only tell him a few bear stories!" said Jules, because the Justice had always liked to hear of our Labrador adventures. "I'm so afraid that even now people dare to *want* things from him!"

We had a whole program ready. A whole panoply of little things to chat about, little episodes to report, observations to describe. Their scenes of action should be only New York or Venice—the noisy metropolis of life or the lagoon resort, quiet as death, his two favorite antipoles which seemed to symbolize the main elements of all human existence.

When May came we learned with relief that the Justice had left the city of Washington with its ubiquitous officialdom and its approaching jungle summer. He was now enjoying complete privacy in the Westchester home of Judge and Mrs. Irving Lehman whom he, significantly

enough, had described to us the very first day we saw him, as "my dearest friends whom I want you to meet." Where else could he find better refuge than under their gentle care!

Our own plans for the summer were continuously dimmed by the hardly uttered but ever-present thought:

"But—the Justice!"

as if we poor and helpless bystanders could wield any influence over his well-being! As if our feelings could in any way speed his recovery! How could we, of all people, expect to be admitted to the illustrious man's sick-bed, when the President of the United States himself who had personally called on him to offer his homage was forced to return without seeing him, because the Justice's condition did not allow visitors!

With heavy hearts, we decided to go once more to Europe. The Negro University had named Jules as their representative at an international scientific meeting in Paris, and there was other work to do in and around the Sorbonne. Furthermore, our old friend, Professor Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, the eminent father of "*L'âme primitive*," had expressed a desire to see us again. He, too, belonged to the clan of fragile Saints of science, originating from the other century, who take with them, when they go, a treasury of beauty and world-removed integrity which no new generation that grew up in our brutal time can replace. He was eighty-one years old. He, like the Justice, represented another gift from the gods to all humanity, beyond language differences and border-lines.

In comparing these two exquisite souls, Cardozo and Lévy-Bruhl, we become strangely aware of the fact that the wisdom of great old men had attracted us and influenced the course of our lives from the time we began to think. It was a proud knowledge that these enlightened philosophers of life always had ignored the difference in years and had returned our feelings almost with enthusiasm.

But the old continent offered another fascinating attraction: it was the captivating foreboding of approaching

decay, so clearly recognizable to sensitive nerves—the last magnetism of a great *morituri* which we wanted to salute once again before fate might doom it to horrible transfiguration.

We decided to disregard the croaking of faint-hearted friends who predicted that we would “get stuck” in France; provided ourselves with legal “Re-entry Permits, as provided for in Section 10 of the Immigration Act” and booked passage on the *Ile de France*, that dirty but familiar wretched old hovel.

Exactly fourteen days before the date of departure, the mountain came to Mohammed. Westchester opened to us its unapproachable gates. Mrs. Lehman invited us to spend a few days with them and “to see the Justice.”

Every nerve strained by what we longed for and yet dreaded—to see suffering in the countenance we revered—we accepted our hosts’ graciousness with anxiety as well as gratitude. Only a long routine of social experience gave us the stout-heartedness to accept, in this tension of love and fear, the refined expressions of supreme hospitality. The Judge and his wife met us at the station, to usher us into a life of high charm of delicate, yet overwhelming cordiality.

Majestic trees; a birds’ drinking fountain on a velvet-like lawn; flowers as from Paradise; service of utmost discretion, as if djinnees were invisibly waiting on us; an Airedale of such a perfected breed that no animal relation could claim him for the dog-empire; wild woods and super-refined gardens; a camp, lovingly established for under-privileged children; swimming pools; bath-houses of quiet luxury; and beauty, beauty everywhere.

But this whole household of beauty seemed to be merely built around an invisible nucleus. A central sun gave silent commands to this well-organized scheme of planets and fixed stars. There was one tremendous tide of love ruling this house; love, circling around the adored friend who

rested somewhere in a row of rooms prepared for him alone. No doubt, the suffering Saint himself was hardly aware that he was the kingly ruler of this wheelwork of perfection and that the peace and composure that surrounded his bed were the refined expressions of utmost effort.

There was not much talk about the Justice; but his name, his state of health, his illness, his chances for recovery ruled everything in this household. Even the birds seemed to co-ordinate their song to his convenience; and the old trees took care not to disturb his light slumber with an untimely rustling of their leaves.

An elevator had been installed to ease the Justice's expected convalescence; day nurses, night nurses, and cars were at his disposal; secretaries, chauffeurs, and cooks, a whole household for the Justice alone had been engrafted upon the existing one. But he rested upstairs, detached from it all; modest, unassuming, quiet, smiling, isolated, and very, very ill.

We found our things ready and unpacked in a lovely bedroom, facing the park; and on the same floor that harbored the silent ruler of the house who was so alarmingly unaware of his sovereignty.

We had just dressed for dinner when the door opened after a shy knock and when, a second later, the fragile head of sweet old Miss Tracy rested on my shoulder. She, too, had a room on this floor where she sat, waiting, praying, hoping, listening, as close to the Justice as she had been for more than forty years.

I held her in my arms, that little bundle of love and grief, that human demonstration of supreme devotion and faith.

"The Justice is so ill . . ." was all she could say between sobs, and: "I'm so grateful . . . they treat him like a king . . . they're eight of us, here, now . . . the Lehmans are so wonderful . . . but . . . the Justice is so ill"

The Justice knew of our presence as house-guests, but it was for the doctors to decide whether we should be allowed to see him.

Then the day came which I shall never forget. We four stood together on a landing of the palatial staircase: the lady and the master of the house, Jules, and myself. We waited for the doctor's final word of permission. There was a medieval upholstered bench at a narrow window where the sun played with green vines. But, to us, the world of light was far removed; we were swayed by whispered reports from the upper right wing to which all our eyes were glued.

After a short deliberation, it was decided that the Judge and Jules should go first and that Mrs. Lehman and I should, after a short interval of rest, make a separate visit.

The Judge and Jules left; we two remaining ones sat down in silence. The waiting period seemed to stretch itself to hours. Nobody looked at a watch. Seconds or minutes or hours of eternity passed by.

A half-choked sound. They returned.

The Judge looked as composed as ever. Jules, however, had an expression I had never seen on him before. I knew him as a thinker, absorbed in creative work; I knew him as a childlike "savage" among primitive tribes; I knew him as a white-faced, fiery-eyed fighter; I knew him in a thousand other metamorphoses. And yet, I did not know him as the Jules who returned from the sick-bed of Justice Carodzo; almost staggering, life-less, his eyes covered by trembling lids.

He did not speak to me. Slightly touching me with a cold, unfamiliar hand, he continued climbing down the stairs; down, down. Alone.

This strange new sight of him filled my heart with terror. I felt perplexed and abandoned. I looked into my hostess's eyes. But this great lady, superior to all situa-

tions, coolly announced that it was now our turn to make our call, according to schedule.

The Justice's law secretary came out from the upper right wing and said in a casual way:

"Do you have the letter Einstein wrote about your book? The Justice would like to see it. Will you take it along and read it to him?"

This sudden change from dramatic tension to the ordinary struck me like a blow. But since Mrs. Lehman nodded, I went to my room, fetched the letter and gave it to the young man, together with my refusal to make a ridiculous show of myself, by daring to bring something concerning myself into the vicinity of the Justice's room. The young man took the letter and disappeared. After a while, he returned, giving it back to me and whispering to Mrs. Lehman:

"The doctor says: 'Now!'"

We stepped into an ante-room where a nurse waited, crossed a tiny hall, passed another motionless nurse, and finally entered a large room, flooded with light and cool air. From the spacious windows the park came almost within.

The bed stood free, the head-piece to the middle wall, flanked by a huge armchair.

In this bed sat, in a pajama suit of azure-blue silk, a gravely ill king.

All "tactful" ideas of what to say or what to do, all conventional resolutions were wiped out and vanished. My secret fear of seeing him "changed," disappeared.

He was changed, yes. If a man whose face and body in his ordinary life express the perfection of physical and spiritual beauty—if such a man can even enhance all the elements where the harmony produced this beauty, then, he was even more glamorous now. The spiritual element in him, the triumphant victory of the soul over even the most brilliant mind and the most exquisite bodily form, scintillated from his face, his hands, his magnificent silky hair.

There was nothing of any "sick-room atmosphere." A silent feast of æsthetic and artistic joy seemed to be celebrated here. Faint fragrances, plays of light, caressed all visible objects; even the sun seemed softer and more golden, as though all the powers of nature and of art had united to glorify the state of a man who but gently pretended to be sick, because he did not want to disappoint the great amount of love, generated by his own deeds during his lifetime and now flowing back to him.

I followed my hostess to the bedside. The Justice recognized me immediately. With a gentle smile, he stretched out his right hand, with a little gesture which so typically seemed to excuse the "situation."

There I stood, reaching for this noble hand. Exposed to my eyes again was that most beautiful human face I have ever seen. *Was it a human face?*

This forehead, shaped by wisdom and art; these lips that knew how to transform law into poetry; these eyes proclaiming the integrity of truth; this white hair spun of moon-silver—all this did not only belong to a highly-honored man, a judge of right and wrong—it was more. Inexpressibly more than that.

It was the face of an Apostle who had refused to tie his life to mortal lives while carrying out his mission. It also was the face of an Emperor who ruled the world under the scepter of self-sacrificing, inexorable truth and who was himself ready to die for that truth.

For a second, I felt obsessed by the magic idea that all guilt, brutality, crime, and horror of this our world would melt away, together with their perpetrators, if it had been possible to confront them with this man's face.

Never have I felt the ridiculousness of conventional rules of behavior more than in this moment. I wanted to cover his white hand with kisses of respect and with tears of gratitude that the world had, during my lifetime, been blessed with his presence!

But at my side stood a very great lady who believed

in the necessity of such forms; and the Justice himself carried them out even now.

There were tears in his eyes. His soul had taken over the rule, in spite of convention. He said, as if calling himself to order:

"No self-control...in this moment. And I want so much..." I saw him, I heard him. Any language was too clumsy. And I said nothing to the poet, the Justice.

But the great lady, my hostess, was, as I remarked before, superior to all situations. With a few cheerful words, she handed him a fragrant, immaculate silken handkerchief. He took it, regained his composure, and stretched out his hand again to me. I silently took it, trembling, almost torn to pieces by the feeling of unbearable reverence; a helpless fool, bitterly ashamed of my own robust health.

"Your book..." said the Justice, "the inscription... the proudest possession...one of the most cherished possessions of my life..."

And a phantom called convention forbade me to kneel down, to cry and to ask him for his blessing.

I managed to remain standing, stammering:

"Mr. Justice...Mr. Justice..."

"You two," he continued, "the Professor...his magnificent work...and now your book with the inscription..."

Again, I saw tears in those eyes of an archangel of Judgment Day.

There was no room left for mortals. Somehow we found ourselves outside of his realm.

I hastened to find Jules. My anxiety cried out:

"Can he recover, Jules? Can he get well again?"

"He is dying, Panther. We won't see him again."

"Why, Jules, why?"

"When they begin to radiate like this, there is no return. He said to me that after his recovery he would not withdraw from the world any longer, as he had always done, that he would stop avoiding people and that he now

would try to mingle with them. ‘I will become much more sociable.’ When I heard this, I knew: this was the last effort of mortal powers to draw him back. He had already turned from this world.”

Miss Tracy joined us, to find out whether we *hoped*. We sat together in silence. She had seen him after our visit, and he had said:

“Kate, I *love* these people...”

Gradually, a whole group assembled, watching each other with anxiety, bound together by the same love. I said:

“If on Judgment Day he stood between Heaven and Hell, deciding who had to go where; and if he would send me to Hell, I would gladly go. He *is Justice...*”

All of Miss Tracy’s words began with the preamble: “If the Lord gives us the Justice back.” We all felt that somehow he had been “taken” already; but as long as he breathed and smiled and talked there *was* hope. Wasn’t there?

Knowing of Jules’ antipathy to too strict formality, she painted pictures for the future:

“Next year, if the Lord gives him back to us, we will induce the Justice to build a little house, all for himself, somewhere in the country. There, I will sit at his feet and the Professor to his right, in country clothes, and Eva to the left, and we will let him enjoy our love.”

There were hour-long talks between our host and Jules, about the Justice’s conception of law and about the interest he had shown in Jules’ work on the development of legal thought among primitive peoples. Other conversations united Mrs. Lehman and myself. All were “about the Justice”; and there were Miss Tracy’s never-ceasing descriptions of little incidents which so well disclosed his character. But she told them only to us alone and not if anybody else was around.

When *The Nine Old Men* had appeared, Pearson and Allen’s witty but a bit cheeky chronicle of the Supreme

Court, the Justice had kept this fact from Miss Tracy for a long time. But one evening, he told her.

"Imagine, he said: 'Kate, they wrote a book about us. It's not very bad about me. Some got it worse. You're in it, too. I did not tell you, I was afraid you would sue them for libel.' There are so many lies in it about the Justice's father and about me! I never forced him to eat lemon jello! Never! I never censored plays, telling him where he should go and where not! Eva, you should tell them the truth! You will write about it, some day, won't you?'"

I promised. We really came into quite a gay mood. She laughed:

"That book is terrible about some of the other Justices. But concerning our Justice they have mostly good things, really wonderful things!"

When I asked her whether she had frequently admired the Justice in action in the Supreme Court, she answered:

"No! Never! To see me there would make him nervous!"

O this golden heart of Kate Tracy! Her unselfish love would be worthy of a whole saga of its own, in this world of egotism and of hate. If only a record could immortalize the sound of her words, when she said: "*Our Justice*!"

He liked to take some cake along for luncheon. But since the other Justices had sandwiches, he disliked to show his preference for cake and very often did not touch it at all.

When "Kate" found this out, her maternal instincts were bitterly offended. She asked the Justice:

"Can't you stick to your conviction? If you like cake better, why not eat it? Are you afraid because of the other Justices?"

But here, he became angry and said:

"Cake is no matter of conviction, remember that, Kate!"

We all smiled tenderly. It relieved her and us to hear more.

When his beloved sister Nelly was deathly ill, he forbade Miss Tracy to do the night work and watched at the bedside, alone, every night.

When Nelly bought a new hat, the Justice asked:

"And where is *Kate's* new hat?"

Miss Tracy answered that she needed none. But in the evening, she found a substantial check on her desk, together with a note: "For *Kate's* new hat." Thus, she obliged. When she presented herself to the Justice in the new, luxurious bonnet, he remarked, in a reflective mood:

"I'm afraid, *Kate*, that is not much of a hat."

A carpenter had been ordered to come, to do some work on the upper floor. After two hours of raising a rumpus, he didn't finish the job but asked for immediate payment. The Justice wrote him a check. Miss Tracy demanded that the man first finish his work. But the Justice sent him away, with the money. "Don't you think, *Kate*, he *needs it!*" was his comment.

He usually arose at five o'clock in the morning, to enter immediately his home office. ("The other office was occupied by the boys," said Miss Tracy, meaning the Law Clerks.) There, he began to write his opinions. She asked him not without reproach:

"Why must every opinion be like a poem?"

She wanted so much for him to save his strength! But he changed and polished and smoothed his sentences, until they satisfied his fastidious literary taste. He refused to have breakfast before seven, in order not to shorten the cook's slumber. From the earliest morning hours he was dressed immaculately. Even in the heat of Washington he never appeared in shirt-sleeves. He refused to enter the Supreme Court in any other garment than a dark suit, while, as Miss Tracy insisted, "the other Justices wear under their robes just what they find in their wardrobes!"

He reluctantly agreed to have a lightweight dark suit made, more appropriate for the heat. "But he wouldn't wear it when anybody else was present."

At night, he often worked so long that he forgot to eat and began to feel cold. On such occasions, “little Catherine,” the maid, followed him with a tray, wherever he went, carrying toast and a glass of wine. She did not leave unless he had taken it.

Thus he was loved by all who were privileged to be near him. He was so gentle, so good.

Immediately, we somehow felt, that he might be too gentle for most institutions of this world, and this thought renewed our anxiety.

We couldn’t stay much longer in Westchester; our boat would sail soon. After expressing to our hosts the inexpressible load of our gratitude and after commanding the golden-hearted Miss Tracy to the mercy of God, to strengthen her for what was bound to come, we left the house.

It was the Justice’s car, black with beige upholstery, that brought us to New York. The well-known low license number said: “Washington 61.”

We two and Harry, the Justice’s chauffeur, felt somehow as if he were present among us who loved him so very much. We began a friendly talk with the heart-broken young man.

“Do you think he will get well again?” he never ceased to ask. “Do you think he will be better? Do you find him improved?”

When our hotel was reached, we thanked him for his devotion.

“We are so grateful that the Justice has you. We thank you for your love to him.”

We almost wept, we three, in the crowded street before that noisy hotel.

The familiar sight of the three red funnels of the *Ile de France* did not inspire our hearts with the same delight we had felt a year before. Leaving America, even for a

short vacation, meant so much now. We could not as yet look forward to revisiting the old, the declining world, while the unsolved secret in the silent room in Westchester haunted us day and night, and while a letter from Miss Tracy was in my pocket which began with the words: "Our precious Justice is so very sick" and later mentioned ominously an "oxygen tent."

The weather was sunny and breezy—no comparison to the mad heat of the year before. We succeeded in the routine rush for "*une petite table pour deux*" in the dining-room, the first duty of experienced sailors.

The sea was calm, like melted lead.

When the first *Atlantique* came, the ship's paper, we read:

PORT CHESTER, N. Y. The condition of Supreme Court Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo ill with a heart ailment was reported Thursday night as unchanged.

Instead of enjoying the renewed opportunity of falling back into French, at other times my holiday-language of happiness, I murmured: "unchanged..."

A friend among the ship's officers invited us to his cabin for a cocktail, and we listened politely to his remarks about America and the Americans:

"Ils sont trop jeuns. Ils sont sautés du barbarisme directement dans une vie de grande luxe, sans connaître la décadence."

Usually, this would have been the key-word for a night-long discussion. But this time, we hardly responded.

"...unchanged...an oxygen tent..."

"Qu'est ce que vous avez dit, Monsieur?"

"Pardon me, I missed what you said."

Four days later, I stood in that little narrow space of the ship's bow, that ploughs a foamy furrow into the grudgingly yielding waves, giving to the traveler the enchanting feeling of quick forward-movement. Jules stood

suddenly behind me and showed me the latest issue of the *Atlantique*. I read:

PORT CHESTER, N. Y. A small private funeral Monday was planned for Supreme Court Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo who died Saturday during an acute attack of coronary thrombosis.

I heard Justice Cardozo's voice:

"In this respect I have experienced many deaths. Perhaps, if the real one comes along, it might be much gentler."

To us, he had always seemed to be like a part of God, disguised in the mortal shape of man.

He had returned to Immortality.

I wrote to mourners of Westchester, and we felt consoled by the thought that a load of flowers would reach them in our name: "To THE SOUL OF AMERICA."

When I returned to my place in the ship's bow, I became aware of a ghastly coincidence: on the very day the Justice passed away, an evil old man whom we knew had celebrated his eightieth birthday, surrounded by hate. It was like a strange demonstration of the two principles of life, the divine and the perishable—that the immortal Justice had died, while the other man still continued to breathe in his own, egocentric pseudo-world.

In a story of the Brothers Grimm, Death shows to a curious mortal the life-candles of his fellow-men. The intruder is even led before his own light, a flickering, burned-down stump. In his horror, the doomed man reaches out for another candle, presses it on the melting remainder of his own and thus secures for himself a new lifetime, by depriving a fellow-being of his. Was this possible? Had the birthday-celebrator who had never met "our Justice" found a way of secretly tricking him out of his life, dedicated to others, thereby prolonging his own self-centered existence?

Forgive me, friends. Sudden grief and too many books can provoke unjust reflections. We must go on believing that all is wisely predetermined in the eternal plan.

I began to realize what the world had lost in Justice Cardozo: one of the greatest men of our period and one of the purest noblemen of the spirit. What America had lost was immeasurable.

As for ourselves—his death had deprived us of all the happiness connected with our rebirth into a new life. In him, we had found America. With him, we lost, for the second time, all that had been dearest to us.

The ship moved on rapidly. Again at my favorite place I looked down into the ever-agitating swirl of jade-green and white.

An old Professor at the University of Leipzig who also was the head of my Church, had, at my confirmation, bestowed upon me, this scriptural text:

“I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing.”

Now, seventeen years later, I suddenly understood it.

I had been blessed by knowing one of the greatest men of my time. To even *understand* the extent of his magnitude meant blessing. Justice Cardozo believed in and lived for the same ideals that had ruled our own destiny. He came from the same, borderless country whence we originated—he went on to that immortality in which we believed.

Perhaps, I might be able to pass on at least a faint ray of his light to the men and women of my lifetime, to prove myself worthy of having known him.

The evening came. Jules wound his arms around my shoulder. We looked out into the limitless space, where ocean and sky melted together in the dusk.

We thought of him who to us will never die.

CHAPTER VIII

“CHEZ NOUS, ON N’AURA PAS DE GUERRE!”

Returning to the Old World in those years to see the clouds gather, we felt like Indians discovering Europe; like Yankees eager to find out about that ancient continent.

In the evenings before the landing in Le Havre, the sea-gulls, white sailors in the morning, moved their darkened wings noiselessly in the raspberry-colored sky, like gigantic bats. The lighthouse of the Scilly Islands abruptly cut the dusk with sudden shocks of light. The tiny cliffs looked hopelessly romantic and the English fisher-boats with their three-cornered brown sails seemed fragile and old-fashioned. The focus of all this became suddenly very narrow.

Paris was to us neither refuge nor waiting-place any longer. We belonged to America. On the boat, while listening to Saint-Saëns *Danse macabre* we saw ourselves surrounded by friends, old and new. “Fans” closed in on us, because of an interest in our books. We promised some blond American girls who had “majored” in French, yet found themselves hopelessly entangled in the rapidity of Gallic talk, to show them a Paris no tourist gets to know.

Well, it was not possible for all those people to visit us in our customary, but impossible, abode. We seemed to owe it to our American dignity to choose more presentable headquarters than those our dear old *Quartier Latin* could possibly provide. We tried to stay at the *Réginia*, with the statue of Joan of Arc in front. But the official Paris we saw from those windows was not the ancient city of Villon and the *Panthéon*. We could not sleep there and tried another address near the *Madeleine*. The taxi driver, noticing on our luggage traces of the *Gare St. Lazare*, the “American station,” tried what we New Yorkers call so impressively “taking a party for a ride.” He was surprised

indeed to hear Jules respond with some exceptionally unmistakable remarks in clear Parisian *argot*.

Now, "wealthy" Americans, we stood on another eighteenth-century balcony, listening to the hum and twitter that was Paris. But we could hardly discern from this spot the ancient face of dirt and beauty, perfume and flirt, history and love that constituted the charm of Paris. It seemed so disillusioning. The summer season had driven most characteristic *élégants* to summer resorts and country estates. The shabby crowd on the boulevards was depressing to our eyes, accustomed to the luxuries of Washington and of New York. Was this really still *la ville lumière*?

Were these Paris hotel rooms? They appeared too spacious, too neat and too over-decorated. I remember a bathroom of extravagant magnificence. Floor and walls were covered with light gray tiles, interrupted by a delicately sculptured pale yellow pattern of water-lilies. The bathtub (were there bathtubs in Paris?) was chiseled from a single block of yellow marble. When I tried to use this manifestation of art, neither the "hot" nor the "cold" faucet yielded any water. When we called the manager, he looked at us with horrified disgust.

"*Mais, monsieur*," he stammered, "you did not really wish to enter this tub for bathing purposes!"

Well, we knew a place where the warm and the cold water did not work either, but where the ancient face of Paris lay still unveiled; where the hotel rates were one twentieth of this one, and where we had been respected for twelve years.

We moved. To the "*rive gauche*"¹ with its old houses that had stood here long before the boulevards shot up. To the Paris where, in the fifteenth century, decent citizens had closed their doors and windows at night when the cry: "The scholars are coming" warned them of the approach of the unruly students of the Sorbonne.

¹ "Left bank" (of the Seine), nickname for the *Quartier Latin*.

Soon, the whole Rue Monge knew:

"*Les Américains sont retournés!*"¹

Hadn't we exchanged Christmas cards for years? Didn't we receive birth and death announcements, weren't we parts of the *Quartier*? They had once shared our concern in finding a "new country," and after the first stamps from our American letters adorned the albums of their boys, "*les Cognais*" had, logically enough, turned to them into "*les Américains*." We were their only Americans. The others, handicapped by language difficulties in this one-tongued neighborhood, had to wrestle with non-working bathrooms elsewhere. It was in the Rue Monge where all my out-fashioned American dresses regularly arrived. Some samples were still *le dernier cri*² here.

Now, we were again among the old women in felt slippers, among the young girls so pale and unattractive in the morning but turning into birds of Paradise in the evening. Even dogs and cats were the same—just a little fatter. Looking down the slanting, narrow streets leading to the Seine, we drank our morning beverage in the open, conducting something like an oriental divan for all the families who dropped by to greet us. We had brought along what they liked: most in demand were pictures of President Roosevelt; but other rarities found happy acclaim also. We distributed cards depicting the Capitol of Washington, the Lincoln Memorial, and Rock Creek Park, together with highly appreciated American special delivery stamps and nickels with Indian head and buffalo which soon dangled on many a tot's necklace, together with holy medals of *Sainte Genéviève*. We told them of the birch-bark canoes gliding over the blue waves of Lake St. John. But the Negro University was too much even for their imagination. They just couldn't believe it!

¹ "The Americans are back!"

² "The last cry" (of fashion).

"*Copin!*"¹ they said to Jules, bursting into laughter, "don't make it too strong! You are not in Tarascon here, remember!"

To their amazement, we really produced later an American Negro Professor in the *Quartier Latin*. It was Jules' Dean of Howard whom we had met by chance in the American Express Company's offices and who insisted upon visiting the Roman parts of Paris. I am glad he did not notice the wide-open mouths and the staring eyes following us everywhere, because we talked to a black man in English! Negroes, to the Paris population, were natives of the French African colonies and therefore spoke French.

It was well that our official address remained the American Express Company. We registered our names in the visitors' book and soon had a number of American friends on our trail who wished to roam through Paris in our company. Some well-meaning people pursued us who believed that liking a book entitles you to monopolize its author's time.

We had known Paris many years, but for the first time we now discovered thoroughly the typical American world behind the *Opéra*. We secured the latest available issues of *The New York Times*. We even went to the American drug store to buy certain preparations to which we were now accustomed. We made appointments with friends in the *Café du Dôme* and the *Café de la Paix* instead of in the *Rotonde* or in some Algerian *soukh*.

In Washington we had lived in two worlds; here it was three: the petty bourgeois of an ancient Paris street claimed us as their own "*Américains*"; the important and the less interesting European refugees from Hitlerism clamored for Jules' advice and help; and our fellow-Americans expected us to act as their guides. We tried to do justice to all. But when we were alone, we compared the easy-going, defeatist French and the desperate and

¹ "Pal"

weary ex-Germans to the cheerfulness and power of our country beyond the ocean.

How often did we discuss, in the Rue Monge, that monster by the name of Hitler!

"*Bah! Ça!*"¹ was the usual reply, literally homogeneous to that of the Huron Indians of Canada. But, after all, Hitler was farther away from Quebec than he was from Paris. We felt uneasy at the thought of the Maginot Line which, we knew well, smelled more of pastry than of powder. The man in the street simply refused even to consider any thought of possibly approaching war.

"He has polluted other countries," said Jules, "what will you do if he ever should try to overrun France?"

"Throw away our arms. We want no war!"

In the light-flooded offices of the American Express Company we called daily for our pile of letters. From New York, from Washington, or from unseen friends of other American cities came only the kindest thoughts and good wishes to us.

One day we found two letters which had traveled from Europe to America and back again. One came from my friend Jacquino of Monte-Carlo; the other, a short note with a printed German-language enclosure, had been sent by an exiled German friend.

What Nazi paper could possibly interest us? We knew that Hitler continued to attack Jules on the front pages of his Berlin and Cologne papers as a "friend of niggers and Jews." Such stubborn remembrance was flattering indeed, but not very worthwhile reading.

"My congratulations," wrote the sender, "upon the distinction and honor you have just received. I am proud to know you. What a splendid cause for justified pride!"

The enclosure turned out to be a Nazi newspaper which somehow had fallen into our friend's hands. We read:

"*Ausbürgerungsliste.*"²

¹ "Bah! That!"

² "Expatriation List."

"*Lips, Julius*, Ph.D., J.D., Professor of Anthropology and Sociology, born in Saarbrücken. This shameless author of a piece of trash published under the title of *The Savage Hits Back* herewith loses his German citizenship."

His "*Ehefrau*" or "legally married wife," Eva Lips, was remembered likewise. Since it was not the custom even to notify the ex-Germans thus distinguished but only to steal immediately all seizable property they still might possess, our friend had thought it wise at least to let us know.

Eight months in a Russian hospital under the motto of "*Der Dank des Vaterlandes ist euch gewiss!*"¹ — distinctions bestowed by the ministry of culture in Berlin — "a pride of German science" — "the youngest full professor on account of his extraordinary achievements in the field of..." *et cetera, et cetera*.

These were thoughts of bygone days. The "punishment" came too late. My very substantial inheritance due to me from my father's estate was "being confiscated herewith."

"So what!" I exclaimed, using Ziska's favorite American expression, "so what!"

We would go now to the great storage house to sell the rest of our European furniture, to finance the return trip to *our country*.

I wanted to know what Jacquino's written message might be. He had read my American book and liked it. His English was fluent, he had learned it in London. He ended his letter with this remark:

"*Vous vous éloignez de plus en plus de notre chère Europe.*"² He knew me well. Thus gave the answer to the letter from Berlin, and explained why it could not hurt us any longer. Yes, on the ancient soil of Paris, six railway hours from Cologne, I felt how right Jacquino was. I lived in Washington, I had declared my intention of becoming an American citizen. The peace and greatness of Justice

¹ "The gratitude of the Fatherland is vouchsafed to you!"

² "More and more you withdraw from our dear Europe."

Cardozo had made another being out of me. It was not this beloved city that had changed—it was I. Wider horizons had narrowed for us the old, the declining world. Jacquino knew that we would spend the summer in Paris and that we might visit him and the shores of the Mediterranean, and yet, he had chosen this moment to tell me of my "withdrawal" from Europe.

I soon found other reasons which supported this attitude.

We were in Paris for a very special purpose. Jules had been delegated to represent, at an International scientific meeting, the Negro University of Washington, D. C. Since scholars from practically all European and many American universities would take part, his announced subject was indeed a challenging one:

"The American Negro and Modern Racial Theories."

It would not be especially pleasing to Nazi ears. Nazi, yes—because the hospitable city of Paris had invited all who wished to come. It soon became evident that Hitler did not wish to lose so splendid an opportunity for his propaganda. A well-organized group of human records, the wisdom of their Führer on their lips, soon marched in, proudly, displaying their Swastikas in that free and modern building in the Rue St. Dominique. Like a pack of wolves they stuck together, ready *en masse* to answer each "offensive remark," excluding individual thought, individual action, and individual responsibility. It was a strange feeling to see *them* as guests of the city of Paris. I shook like an epileptic when I came across them. A guard of French friends surrounded Jules and me to intercept, if necessary, any "*rencontre*."

But nothing happened. Everybody was much too polite, and the Nazi wolf pack themselves seemed to be embarrassed if not frightened at sight of us. They had recognized Jules at the first second; they knew whom public opinion favored.

And yet, they knew where and how to take advantage in true Hitler fashion. Their trick was to appear, even when scientific sub-committees were in session, in such overwhelming numbers that their votes at the final resolutions were almost always decisive. Shrewdly and deliberately, they thus abused the democratic principle of free voting and employed their own majority in the interest of their totalitarian purposes. The neutral chairman, to whom this liberal principle was a sacred manifestation of true democracy, invariably suffered at these sessions, but all he could do was to look on helplessly at this well-organized abuse of free thought.

First, however, we celebrated the opening ceremonies of the CONGRESS DE LA POPULATION in the *Maison de la Chimie*. The entrances, the broad staircases, the halls, were guarded by tall soldiers in gala uniforms in blue, white, and red. The presence of these members of the *Garde Républicaine* betrayed the fact that the President of the Republic was already in the building. Monsieur Albert Lebrun sat not far from us, an unassuming, modest civilian gentleman without "chichies."¹ After the official addresses were over, he rose and dismissed the assembly with a graceful gesture. We followed him down the monumental stairs. The soldiers presented their sabres with the golden pommels. They stood at arms like marionettes; only the red plumes wavered on their enormous golden helmets.

It seemed too spectacular, too refined. Could soldiers like these ever successfully encounter mechanized hordes? Would a city of such splendor be inclined to remember the sturdy, manly virtues of her past?

It would not have been Paris if at least one more celebration had not been scheduled for the members of the congress before work itself really began. This second feast took place the very same evening in the *Hôtel de Ville de Paris*.² The scientists of all nations sipped champagne be-

¹"trifles"

²The City Hall of Paris.

fore they assembled in the *Salle des Fêtes*¹ where the words "*Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité!*" sparkled from the ceiling and the band of the *Garde Républicaine* played "*Pavane pour une Infante*" by Ravel. They followed it up with Debussy ("*En Bateau; Ballet*"). There was no militaristic, martial note to be heard, and the addresses delivered by ministers and great scholars were artistic, mild, and delightfully witty.

I should have left the further proceedings to Jules alone. It was my great interest in his science that played me an ugly trick.

The scholars assembled, on these occasions, in different halls of learning where the members of the meeting could attend whatever gathering they preferred from a topical point of view. I entered with Jules one of the halls just as a scientific film was being shown. As quietly as possible I sheered to the nearest seat in the dark, while Jules joined some friends in the other part of the room.

As the lecturer ended and the lights were turned on again I noticed, to my very great surprise, that the man at whose side I sat was a Nazi "scientist" of former high standing who had preferred, in 1933, to sell out his honor to the Barbarian, in order to save his job. This man once had been for weeks a host in our own house in Cologne, and we had not heard of him since. We looked each other in the eyes and both considered it better taste not to show any sign of recognition. But I could not prevent my blood from boiling. I was hardly able to breathe, so great was the emotion that overwhelmed me. A "Nazi," to me, had become something real yet remote—a conception like that of the Devil to a naïve heart. I realized the existence of the monster, but it had transformed itself into something as far away from my daily life as the Apocalyptic Horsemen. I could no longer imagine it in a physical human body. And such a body sat right at my side! Too proud to leave the field of battle, I tried to direct my gaze toward

¹ Ball Room.

the American chairman whose presence here gave me some sign of hope.

A Czech scientist now opened the discussion. Since his French was poor, he used the German language. It was clear that most of the assembly fully agreed with his words.

As soon as he had finished his purely scholarly remarks, the Nazi at my side jumped up and shouted:

"How can you, a Jew, dare to make remarks on racial problems such as these? You are not qualified! Any 'Aryan' man in the street would know better. He would be indeed welcome here to this discussion, but not you!"

The city of Paris was our host. Ninety per cent of those present were of the opinion of the speaker. What happened? Nothing. Again, good breeding was victorious over justifiable indignation.

There, suddenly, I heard a voice. The voice spoke French. Not until the first sentence was over did I realize that it was my own voice. Yes, I stood, addressing publicly my Nazi neighbor:

"Any 'Aryan' man in the street would be welcome to answer, you say? Well, I am an 'Aryan.' Not a man in the street but a woman who studied anthropology. You seem to have forgotten that this is a scientific meeting. How dare you come here, abusing the hospitality of the city of Paris, to repeat at this dignified place of science the criminal teachings of a foreign house-painter?"

I did not go farther. Jules and two French friends stood at my side.

I awakened outside, receiving, of all things, congratulations! I was ashamed of myself because of this unlady-like outburst. I hated to have caused Jules one embarrassing moment. But out they came to shake my hand and to utter, in typical French fashion, exaggerated but soothing words of praise. My adversary had sneaked out. The congress did not see him again. I saw others in the lobby, wearing their Swastikas: Ernst Rodenwald, once a great scholar who wrote a good book (*Die Mestizen auf Kisar*);

Richard Thurnwald of Berlin who had, one year before, pleaded in New York for a "refugee" job! The meetings were "out" for me. I could not have stood another one.

To recover, I did the logical thing. All alone, I climbed the steps of Notre Dame, I entered the ancient church as you may enter a green forest in the morning, and God came back into my heart. Leaving the dome, I proceeded to the tower. Regularly, as other people visit their relatives, I used to visit in Paris the chimerae of Notre Dame whose faces had no horror for me. Climbing the many hundred steps worn by age, is my favorite form of purification. When I finally had reached their lofty height, I looked down at the city below. It was more than two thousand years old. It lay in the tender gray mist rising from the Seine. The stones of its pavement had seen more history than any book can tell. Invaders had come and gone. Paris had grown, but it had never changed. Lovingly, I let my hand glide over some of the old stone faces whose features were made rough and rounded by rain; sud; sun; and dust—the atmosphere of Paris through the centuries. The weather god had devoured an ear here, a tip of a toothed wing or a claw there, making the old devils a little bit ridiculous and helpless. One, with a rounded snout, looked so much like Tapir, the murdered boxer, that I wondered whether he might have been reincarnated here in stone, as a watch-dog in the service of Notre Dame of Paris.

Over all these good-natured, weary chimerae there stood with his trumpet the Angel of Judgment Day, a promise of power to be regained, a promise of redemption to the habitants of the ancient city who, too, were good-natured, weary, and overaged in their views, who might therefore discover some day that they were doomed for a period to pay for their complacency and also to gain a new appreciation of liberty.

Here, aloft, on the tower of Notre Dame, in a prophetic mood, I foreknew that, by a modern miracle, the fanfare of resurrection would resound from this stone trumpet of

Our Lady on a day to be chosen by her and that the tune would not be one of the sleepy hymns, but rather:

"Allons, enfants de la patrie, le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

Where else could we go with such thoughts than to the noblest Parisians we knew!

Paul Rivet, Paul Langevin, Henri Lichtenberger, Anatole de Monzie, Léon Blum, George Bonnet saw the approaching doom and waited for the great fanfare as we did. They still hoped that reconstruction might come from within. Others, with equal insight, doubted it. Darius Milhaud played the anticipated rebirth for us on an organ in a magnificent blue hall while we listened in chairs covered with panther skin. Gustave Cohen symbolized it for all Paris with his revival of the medieval *Vrai Miracle de Notre Dame* performed before the church itself with the chasm of Hell to the right and the gate of Heaven to the left. Whoever sat there among the thousands in one of those phantastic Paris nights, can never forget the image of the crucified Christ high up over the gates of Notre Dame, a symbol of Paris and of France, waiting for the redeeming sound of the organ, the sudden lights behind the stained panache windows and the trumpet of the Angel.

As always, we found sublime hours in the company of Jules' colleague, Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, *membre de l'Institut*.¹ Visiting him in his patrician home near the Champs Elysées, our nerves sensed once again the finest textures of thought, of living culture, and of the aims of greatness. The walls of his hall-like rooms were covered with leather volumes. Oriental rugs rivaled the splendor of Gobelins; of savage and Asiatic deities. Gadgets of gold, crystal, and silver; priceless paintings and sculptures had assembled around the fragile thinker who welcomed us with all the generosity of a Sky-man. Like Justice Cardozo, the great American, was Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, the great French-

¹ Member of the *Institute of France*, the highest scientific distinction France could bestow on her outstanding scholars.

man, so firmly rooted in the best traditions of his own people that he understood all nations. He spoke many languages equally well, was at home in all countries, and yet was Paris, if ever a man succeeded in synthesizing all its prisms in one mind. We spoke to him about Justice Cardozo whom he knew. As usual in his presence, our conversations soon covered the earth. We discussed his friend James Joyce, the extraordinary author of *Ulysses*. We talked about savages and far-away horizons, America and the decline of Europe and, above all, the alarming lethargy of France.

"I see it coming," he said, with his low, singing voice, "I would rather die myself than see new hecatombs sacrificed again. France disgraced—may I rest in her soil before it happens."

The gods have granted his prayer. He did not live to see "it" happen.

When we left him, we became aware of one peculiar detail. We had known Lévy-Bruhl for many years. Listening to his exquisite thoughts expressed in musical French was one of the great treats Paris had to offer me. And yet, this time, we had conversed with him in English and had not even noticed it! What had been his last words to us?

"You are Americans now. It rests with you to contribute toward the deepening of her thought and the defense of her liberties."

But would America allow us to make such contributions in the spirit of the words of this Sky-man? We prayed for it. We still pray.

Between these unforgettable words and visits I had very earthly things to do. While Jules dedicated most of his time to the *Congrès*, I took all the necessary steps to sell what was left of our Cologne possessions. From the great storage house I went to the *commissaire-priseur*,¹ from him to the *Hôtel Drouot*.² It was like a last sadistic

¹ Licensed government auctioneer.

² The famous scene of art auctions of Paris.

whim of fate that I was forced to let pass through my hands each little object of art, each chair and pillow, painting, or kitchen tool; each rug, mirror and piece of china that once had filled our own house I called home. Each individual object seemed to ask me:

"Can you take it? Are you a good American now?" And I could answer "Yes!" with a smile. It all was nothing but the slag of an outlived life. It was the outgrown skin of a snake who now wore a new, a prettier covering.

The things we ordered to be shipped to America were a few thousand books; a harem lamp from Africa; an ancient Peruvian water-container, a few Egyptian figures from ancient tombs; an exotic dancer of precious China, two masks from New Guinea, and some other gadgets whose origin was the *world*. I took care to avoid anything of backward-looking, sentimental value. This kind of thing would be ballast, not enrichment. And yet, it was well that I had not to see the grand piano again which had paid for our research work in Beaver House.

The money we received enabled us to pay the very substantial costs of the whole procedure; to finance our return trip to America, and to grant us a short vacation, to be spent on the shores of the Mediterranean.

The *Congrès de la Population* ended with a gala performance in the *Comédie Française*. The temper of the participants had, in the meantime, changed quite a bit. Nazi provocations had become so numerous that even the most indulgent scientists now felt angry and offended. They, the *decent* participants of the meeting, had decided to end the work with an adequate ceremony inspired by their French colleagues.

When the invited guests arrived, it was evident that they were in the majority. In the Restaurant *Lapérouse*, an outstanding dining place on the *Quai des Grands Augustins*, the cream of world science assembled at one

of the most lavish luncheons I have ever attended in Paris. All the great names were there, British Lords and French Noblemen. There were Germans who now spoke French; Germans who spoke English; Italians conversing in Spanish; anti-Nazi Czechs speaking German; Americans expressing themselves in their own quaint French; Frenchmen speaking the King's English with equal quaintness; in short, this luncheon had all the world-embracing charms which these international meetings have for those who love fun and merriment.

Lobsters, pheasants, *pâtés de foie gras*, four kinds of wine besides the champagne, and the absence of Nazis made this luncheon truly enjoyable; and seldom have I heard such witty conversations in so many languages accompanied by such excellent food.

After the address of Paul Rivet, some other scientists spoke. I was so involved in irresistible *causries* that I hardly noticed the speaker now acclaimed by the guests at the other side of the huge table. Not until he began to speak did I find out that it was my own Jules who had been invited to address the assembly in the name of the guests.

Among the many addresses I have heard him make—from profound "paper-reading" in German, French, or English, to after-dinner "kidding" in purest American, I still think that this was his best and wittiest.

He began in English, rather solemnly. Then, feeling that some of his Scandinavian, Czech, Lettish, and Austrian neighbors did not understand this language, he switched over to German, explaining that, for their sake, he would now for a few moments use this language so terribly abused by Nazi lips at the meetings and now so appropriate in a "nordic" mouth for the glorification of the liberty of research. When he spoke of the purpose of all true science, "the pursuit of truth," he reverted to English. "The day will come," he said, when we will have to lay aside

even our science for a time to fight, rifle in hand, for something even more precious than our scholarly work: our liberty." Finally, toasting the French hosts, he ended in a glowing appeal, courteously proclaimed in the language of Paris, asking all those present to stand with their consciences, their knowledge, and, if necessary, their lives, "*comme des rochers de bronze*"¹ for the cause of liberty in their respective countries; to defend the honor of their science, and the hopes of all decent humanity.

Dear, dear, was I proud! It was a good thing that the illuminated ice-cream tower in the shape of Notre Dame took all my attention. Otherwise, I might have spread my tail like a peacock or begun to crow like a rooster.

As we were now ready to leave Paris we knew that we would not return to it for a long, long time. Very probably we would never see it again as we had known it. From the furniture we had to sell to the expressions of highest French refinement of spirit and hospitality, this last visit was to us nothing than one long "good-bye." Amidst all the gaiety, all the glamour of that queen of European cities, we saw ourselves surrounded by *morituri*. It was not so much the men and women of Paris who, we felt, were destined to die; but rather the best among them would have to hibernate until a new spring would re-awaken them to a clearer, cleaner, more responsible form of life, which, however, could not be as unique and beautiful as the old one had been. It was most tragic that all great Frenchmen agreed with us, but that they saw no possibility of avoiding the fate already knocking at their doors. It was only natural that, with such presentiments, I wished to say good-bye also to the three places where we used to "call socially" at the end of each visit to Paris. The first "address" was the tomb of Heinrich Heine on Montmartre cemetery where we left, following the custom of his inter-

¹ "Like rocks of bronze."

national admirers, our calling cards and our flowers. We read the epitaph the poet had written to himself:

*Wo wird einst des Wandermüden
Letzte Ruhestätte sein?
Unter Palmen in dem Süden?
Unter Linden an dem Rhein?*

*Werd ich wo in einer Wüste
Eingescharrt von fremder Hand?
Oder ruh ich an der Küste
Eines Meeres in dem Sand?*

*Immerhin! Mich wird umgeben
Gotteshimmel, dort wie hier,
Und als Totenlampen schweben
Nachts die Sterne über mir.*¹

Three years later the world press announced that Nazi vandals had "effaced the last trace" of Heinrich Heine's tomb.

After this visit I proceeded to the *Dôme des Invalides*. But I could not regain the old awe at the sight of Napoleon's tomb. The old silken banners, the precious mosaics spoke to me no longer.

FOURSCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO OUR FATHERS
BROUGHT FORTH ON THIS CONTINENT, A NEW
NATION, CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY, AND DEDICATED TO
THE PROPOSITION THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL

were the words which echoed in my heart while I bent down to greet, for the last time, France's great son of Corsica.

Now, only the *Panthéon* was left. I did not lose much time with the wide upper hall where Clovis King of France, Jeanne d'Arc and Sainte Genéviève seemed to suggest solemn warnings from their paintings in misty blue. I went rather to the porphyry urn containing the heart of Gambetta—a heart that bled for the cause of liberty.

¹ "Where, at last, may the weary traveler find his rest? Under palm-trees of the South? Under the lindens of the Rhine? Will foreign hands bury me in a desert or shall I rest in the sand near the coast of some ocean? For aught I care! Wherever it may be, God's Heaven will surround me and at night, His stars will be the candles over me."

It was in the crypt that the old spell came over me again. The subterranean passages radiated from a phantastic bluish indirect light, while the tombs to the right and left were festively illuminated. This produced an effect of visiting ghosts walking around, my ghost and that of the old warden, and as though the only living ones in these rooms were the silent inhabitants of the illustrious tombs.

Each of them had a special message to Paris, a message which France did not care to hear. The torch growing from Rousseau's sarcophagus seemed to remind his countrymen that it is the spirit alone which lightens the world, not those little comforts and joys which lose their meaning when their fundamental ideas are destroyed. Voltaire rested in the place from which the bodies of Mirabeau and of Marat had been removed and now reposed "somewhere under the pavement outside." One room was fraternally shared by Victor Hugo and Zola. Noticing a real every-day book of paper on the tomb of Victor Hugo and asking my guide about it, I learned that Jeanne Hugo, the poet's eighty-five-year-old granddaughter, came here each week to bring another of his immortal works to this place. For a long time I stood by the grave of Jaurès, the martyr of World War I, and I wondered who would be his successors in the times to come.

Leaving the *Panthéon*, erected "to her great sons by their grateful country," I felt well prepared for a long parting from France. Like a sponge, I had absorbed once again the essence of Paris and had understood, in the light of my new country, what was eternal here and what was doomed to perish. Whether Hitler really raped France or not—a rejuvenating process was due, in whatever form it might come. This year I had danced once again in these streets to celebrate with the people of France their *Quatorze Juillet*¹ and had wondered why no one had remembered

¹ France's national holiday, celebrating the birth of the French republic (July 14th, 1789); in America termed "Bastille Day"—after the fortress stormed that day by the people of the revolution.

that liberty is not something you inherit from your grandfather to put in your living room where it now stands to guarantee you safety forever. Each Frenchman felt as though the Tree of Liberty stood somewhere, firmly rooted in the soil of France, spreading its branches eternally over each citizen. They did not realize that this tree needs daily trimming, daily care and attendance, that apprehensive gardeners must constantly remove the parasites from its leaves and water its roots with an ever-streaming fertilizer of responsibility and voluntary sacrifice. The tree of French Liberty was dead long before the test came. Complacency, selfish bliss, defeatism, and corruption had dried it up. Therefore, when the invading hordes finally arrived, Hitler merely needed a kick of his boot to fell it.

The careless attitude of Paris was especially hazardous since it was the capital of the country entirely centralized in her. A lawyer settling down in Lyon would never be considered first class if he had not at least some training at the Sorbonne; a surgeon without having studied in Paris would hardly be acceptable to a city like Nantes. No one in Rouen or Marseilles, Angoulême or Rheims would think much of any professional man, artist, government official, or officer in whose curriculum the word "Paris" did not appear. But Paris was not only the country's brains, she was also its heart. What artistic, commercial, industrial effort would be worthwhile without at least some arteries leading to the adored center? None. Whatever glamour came to and from Paris, it was considered as a halo around the whole country's head. Whatever catastrophe endangered the safety or honor of Paris paralyzed France as a whole. When Paris changed, the whole country changed.

On the other hand, not all the goings-on in the outskirts of the republic necessarily affected the nation's capital. There existed spots in France where life had hardly changed in centuries. A few innovations of mere technical significance had been accepted, naturally, but the frame of mind

of the inhabitants had not altered, neither had their whole approach toward life.

This was one of the reasons why we were so keenly interested in the southern parts of France where the abundance of nature, the splendor of a brighter sun, and the magic of the Mediterranean sea had created a land of dreams with light-hearted children who never would know of lasting sorrow or of poisonous ambition.

Who knows only Paris does not know France. Who never lived in Marseille, "*Porte de l'Orient*,"¹ will never understand what the close proximity to Africa has done to those shores where the monuments of a Persian, Moorish, Roman past are still evident on the coasts of a sea from whose borders the culture of Europe has arisen millenia ago. The stretch of land famous as the Riviera is indeed a mirage of Paradise itself, to be equaled perhaps only by the island of Madeira and by certain parts of Egypt. The people who will not agree with me, are those who, disappointed by the inefficiencies of so-called "grand hotels," do not find them up to date any longer; and those who have observed the growing shabbiness of certain Casinos and the continuing proletarization of Nice.

But who ever has lived with the natives of the *Côte d'azur* in their tiny villages, not as a "stranger" but as one of them, will understand why we had ventured, during years of political, economic, and private difficulties, to return, even for a few days, to a country where the pride of an ancient past has given kingly posture to each fisher-woman and royal disdain for monetary wealth to the last peddler. From Marseille to Menton, human sympathy is still the most highly evaluated coin deciding all relationships. The finest wit counts more than a fat pocketbook; the gayest laughter makes queens—not the appearance of a fashion-plate.

Within this long stretch of Elysian France, one tiny, independent country is embedded: the Principality of

¹ "Gate to the Orient."

Monaco, ruled by a Prince whose castle dates farther back than even Notre Dame of Paris. Visitors familiar with history used to sneer at this square-mile-wide bit of "independence" extending from Cap d'Ail to Roquebrune, where everything, including the Constitution, seemed to be borrowed from France; where the Prince wore a French general's uniform, and the official language was that of the *Grande République*. And yet, later developments have created an entirely different situation. Today, Monaco is freer and more independent than France.

People the world over hardly know much about Monaco—but even the Bushmen of Africa have heard of one of its three tiny communities: Monte-Carlo, the gambling center on the Mountain of St. Charles.

As a newspaper correspondent, my duties had transplanted me there once for four months every year. I was supposed to write accounts of the activities of too-rich and therefore boring people; but I could not become excited over their "distractions," some of which consisted in the cowardly shooting of poor pigeons emerging from cages; in auto beauty contests, and, last but not least, gambling. Regarding this latter sport merely as another anthropological expression of human foolishness, I spent a rather dull time in the Casino itself.

But I was not only a writer. As Jules' attentive companion and assistant, I had become an habitual observer of all forms of human activity. I had turned into an anthropologist, one who tries to analyze people according to the cultural and social utterances of their lives. Whenever we returned from Africa, we would stop at the Riviera and certainly not in Monaco, but in Eze, twenty bus-minutes away.

With Jules' eyes I had learned to ferret out the unobserved and to appreciate the unspectacular. It was his anthropological approach that made me aware that it was not the foreigners and their ridiculous pastimes that were the interesting phenomena in Monaco, but its *natives*. Who-

ever had taken the trouble even to notice the silent men and women who seemed to be on earth exclusively for the purpose of serving *les étrangers*?¹ Whoever payed attention to their homes, their families, their hopes and dreads?

It was twelve years now since I had become acquainted with them; since I understood the Casino to be one gigantic welfare institution created by their state for their sake; since I first became a frequent guest in their homes and gardens and since, yes, I confess it, I had begun to write down a minute record of their own lives which might be published some day as the first truthful book about Monte-Carlo. No Monégasque is ever allowed to gamble. To them, the foreigners are nothing but the milk-cows providing the taxes they themselves would otherwise have to pay. It is not the Casino that is "Hell," but all the personal little devils which the foreigners import and turn loose before the eyes of the shrewd psychologists they ignore.

During our long talks and walks with Jacquino, one of the best educated and most interesting sons of Monte-Carlo, we had acquired more anthropological insight into the innermost recesses of "civilized" minds than during our stay among all imaginable highbrow circles of great cities. *That* was the fascination we received from each new visit to the *Côte d'azur*.

And now, we were back again. Back with Jacquino, Claude, Etienne, and Yvon, who told us that "nothing had changed" and that "*les clients*" were still behaving as though the world were one bed of roses.

We enjoyed our old routine of swimming, strolling, visiting. Only, that we now read *The New York Times* on Larvotto Beach and that I spoke English with many old friends with whom I formerly had been able to deal only by deaf-and-dumb motions because they could speak no French.

Jules had a group of scientific colleagues in Monaco. The prehistoric caves of the neighborhood had drawn

¹ The foreigners.

numerous archeologists and ethnologists to the Principality. I was not astonished, therefore, when these French and Monégasque professors began to urge me to let Jules go with them for a hop to the Sahara, where they all had done fruitful work before. A plane had been already chartered. Perhaps, I thought, no final good-bye to the Old World would be complete without another visit to the familiar African places. Very soon, I found myself alone, waving to a tiny bird disappearing in the blue sky of Nice, carrying my partner to the Sahara.

Alone, I said. But there was not much loneliness possible for me between Nice and Menton. I knew too many people born on that blessed soil. A wonderful time began. From fisher-boats, I hunted for sea-urchins. I revisited a dear grave on the cemetery of Beausoleil, high up in the mountains, laughing at the foreigners who take the cemetery of Monaco right on the Corniche for the "resting place of the Casino suicides." There have been no suicides in Monte-Carlo for eighty years, except two because of lover's grief. Probably, gamblers are too stingy these days.

The Exotic Gardens enchanted me again. I revisited on the ancient road of Hannibal the Monument of LaTurbie whose white marble splendor from the sixth century is unknown to most foreigners hurrying to the Casino deep below.

As in Paris on the towers of Notre Dame, new knowledge came to me on the summits of these fateful Alps. The Principality lay deep below, the earth was fragrant with flowers from Paradise, my eyes rested on the azure waters which had been the cradle of the formation of Europe. Here, where people today tried to deprive life of its reality; here, where the earth seemed too beautiful; where a dream was being played up and responsibility remained an unknown word—I saw the syntheses of all the weaknesses and sweetesses which once were called Europe. Monaco as a place was insignificant. Monte-Carlo as an *attitude*, however, was the key to the coming breakdown of all vain,

self-indulging, calcified nations. The monster crept nearer every day. Hitler was not so mighty a demon as he fancied himself to be. In some instances he was merely the unleasher of the self-destruction Europe had begun. He was merely the tool of a destiny which the Old World had brought upon herself. War would come. How would the *attitude Monte-Carlo*, at home in Paris, Brussels, and the "old school-tie" circles of England, not to mention scores of other defeatist headquarters, stand the test?

Never had I seen the beloved coast with eyes like these. But never before had I known men like the great sages of Washington who had transformed me into a reflective, responsible child of the New World. America had taught me to think no longer in such terms as "France," "Germany," "Switzerland," "Italy," "Sweden," but to call the tune of all their energies and peculiarities merely by the name of *Europe*. I thought in continents now.

Jules' letters sounded like from The Arabian Nights. I read them to my friends in Jacquino's arbor; the heavy red wine sparkling in our glasses.

" . . . again a guest in the ancient palace of the Dey where they opened the globular ceiling to let me sleep under the stars of Africa, just as we did years ago...the pomegranates still in the park, the playing waters, the birds in their gilded cage..."

That was Algiers. And later, from the plateau of the Hoggar, from the land of the Tuareg deep in the desert:

" . . . where we found the grave of the Tuareg princess in the sands, you remember, with all her heavy golden bracelets; proving that a flourishing trade of Etrurian and Roman art once existed where we now tramp over the desert."

" . . . Boubaka . . . "

And, from his way back: " . . . significant adventure in the oasis of Bou Saâda . . . it was market day. All listeners in their burnoses cowered in the sand around the teller of tales. Suddenly, unexpected noise interrupted the

story of the princesses from the islands of Wak-Wak. A gesticulating, shouting mob, a political parade from the city of Algiers, entered the place. There were fireworks. Torches flared up, yet, the sun was still in the sky. '*Vive Guastafino!*' was the slogan, '*Vive Guastafino!*' He is the representative of the radical socialists. Since Algiers is not regarded as a colony but as a "department," certain members of the population have the right to vote. The politicians invaded the oasis with their noisy display of white man's advertising. Finally, Guastafino himself addressed the crowd. Motionless, the desert sons remained in their positions, still turned toward the teller of tales. The shouting politician explained why he alone was able to solve all economic, racial, and cultural problems of the oasis. The fate of France, nay, of the world depended, he claimed, upon the right elections in the oasis of Bou Saâda.

With the approaching night, like the sound of an organ in a mighty hall, the prayer call of the Muezzin suddenly sounded from the height of the mosque: '*Lá iláha illa 'llah!*' 'There is no god but God!'

At this signal, one listener after the other slowly left the crowd, turning toward the mosque or toward the near-by café, to pronounce there on his prayer-rug the words of the evening ritual in the direction of Mecca. The craze of European politics was forgotten, dissolved in Allah.

There was only our group left to listen to Guastafino who talked on and shouted..."

Finally, before the departure: "...this city of Algiers where centuries of European fashions cannot even influence women's clothes; where only an occasional French shoe betrays the invasion of civilization because the Mussulmanic culture is so safely enshrined in its old rituals that nothing can shake them, not even our white 'conveniences.' A Catholic missionary told me that he not only did not succeed in converting a single 'heathen' into a Christian, but that instead many white members of his congregation had adopted the Moslem creed. No wonder, it belongs to

this soil, just as the ghosts and *Mistapéos* belong to our good Naskapi Indians..."

The party of scientists returned safely to Monaco. We had to leave the Old World.

"Good-bye," said Jules to Jacquino, "*au revoir jusqu' après la guerre prochaine.*"¹

"*Non, non, non!*" interrupted Jacquino, terror in his wide blue eyes. "*Chez nous, on n'aura pas de guerre!*"²

From the death-bed of Justice Cardozo we had set out to cut the last ties which bound us to the Old World. From the death-bed of a continent we returned home, to America.

Was it days, weeks, or months later that I sat, in the company of an admirable American woman, on the terrace of the French Pavilion at the World's Fair of New York?

It was a pastel-blue evening, like those of the *Côte d'azur*. We looked down upon the charming scene, waiting for the play of the fountains to begin.

Dusk fell quickly. There, somewhere in the dark a symphony orchestra began to tune their instruments. With one gigantic swell, a tower of water shot up in the middle of the basin, caressed by smaller columns, tiny at first, like the artfully cut taxus trees of Versailles. With them, music began to rise and lights: yellow, blue, pink, and green. The jets turned into water-spouts, joining with sounds and colors and sudden fireworks in jubilant unity. Now, I recognized what was played: Dvorak's *New World Symphony!* At the diminuendos all the instruments calmed down as if holding their breath for a supreme effort which arose with the crescendo, melting into a triumphant fortissimo, a powerful syncretism of sound, color, and upward movement—a seraphic dance, a manifestation of beauty and confidence, watchfulness, and youth: a promise of victorious presence and glorious future, a demonstration of the greatness of a continent called America.

The chirping French waiters around us became mere

¹ "Good-bye until after the next war."

² No, no, no! In our country there will be no war!"

phantoms. Were we really on French soil? We seemed to float in the air. Was it a foreboding of the day when the golden letters adorning this building with the words

Liberté — Egalité — Fraternité

would be removed, as a symbol of shame and defeat?

Listening to the great symphony as an apotheosis of beauty, I had a feeling that this proud pavilion had collapsed under our feet and that we were held aloft alone by the power of the playing waters; the rockets; the immortal sounds; the changing lights of dawn and noon and night, whose perfect blending sang the glory of America.

CHAPTER IX

THE MILL OF CHRISTOPHER STREET

We had come home to New York to stay. Before our departure for France, we had thought it time to strike our Washington tents. We felt that we might lack the strength to begin anew a life between two worlds in a single city, and again to see our days divided by a color line. It requires unusual mental gymnastics to balance gracefully between a Negro campus and the Shoreham Hotel, between colored eating-places and the embassies. We were afraid that our qualities of hearing might become distorted by a bewildering acoustic entanglement, when vocables like "Jimcrow," "nigger," "high-yeller," so lavishly poured upon us in the morning, mixed with our "evening words," derived from the most refined fancies of white man's sophistication. We felt our poise endangered and our gaiety dimmed. In order to save our mental balance, Jules had accordingly submitted his resignation to the Negro President.

No happier New Yorkers ever returned to their home city. We lived now in a huge building on upper Riverside Drive, not far from the George Washington Bridge, where in the evening never-ceasing chains of light noiselessly flashed along the speedway in perpetual motion.

Working at our desks, we listened to the voice of the New World, so excitingly different from the sleepy murmurs of France, and we gained the ever-increasing feeling that these United States were not asleep in an illusion of eternal safety. America, unlike Europe, had a conscience. Americans were beginning to understand that in these days of technical miracles this planet of ours had shrunk greatly—that oceans were no longer unconquerable barriers—that continents, formerly remote and isolated worlds, were now convenient jumping-off places for gigantic birds of de-

struction—and that the germs of a disease in the body of Europe could not be prevented from spreading here by a mere ostrich-policy of burying one's head in the sand, encountering approaching dangers with a blind, unprotected rear.

We saw the signs. We watched the growing efforts in the minds of those who felt responsible for the safety of America. We felt like delicate instruments—all the strings of our sensitiveness touched again by the fingers of a fate, the threat and extent of which we knew so very well. It was not a personal fate, it had nothing to do with individual ambitions or expectations. It was the fate of our century, the danger of all countries, including this one which we loved. Our minds, our hearts ached with an urgent desire to take part actively in this time of emergency; to cry out what we knew ought to be done; to become soldiers in the growing army of construction which sprang up to proclaim the American "No!" in answer to the barbaric challenge from across the ocean.

But—we were still guests in our new country. It is not good taste for guests to offer advice to the owners of a house who themselves have not yet made up their minds about the future course they wish to take in their own affairs. If we wanted to be good Americans some day, we had first to wait, quietly and patiently for the day when the owners of the house would accept us into their family. Not until we had been found qualified to share the obligations of citizenship did we feel entitled to claim for ourselves the American privileges of free speech, free action, free discussion of national needs.

No lover has ever watched more impatiently, more excitedly, for a letter from his beloved than we did for one of those long, official-looking serial envelopes from the Department of Naturalization. We had taken all the necessary steps. The First Papers were ours.

After years of waiting, we then had been allowed to fill out an exhaustive document, called "Preliminary Form for

Petition for Naturalization" which left nothing unsaid, from the Christian names of our parents to the purpose of our trips abroad. Some of the questions had struck us as particularly quaint.

"Are you a believer in the practice of polygamy?"

"Are you a believer in anarchy?"

"Do you belong to or are you associated with any organization which teaches or advocates anarchy or the overthrow of existing government in this country?"

Wasn't it quite naive to assume that believers in such practices would answer these questions with an innocent "yes"?

"Have you ever been an inmate of an insane asylum?" For a person who had spent one full year under Nazi rule, this was not easy to answer.

Other questions, however, were of the greatest significance to me, and my affirmative answer to them was as seriously meant as the famous "I do," the vow of marriage. This time, we intended to marry ourselves to a nation, a land of our free choice, not one into which we had happened to be born by chance. I thought of some American acquaintances who took their citizenship casually, as a matter of habit. They reminded me of the tiny child-brides of India who are tied to a husband at an age when nobody can possibly grasp the significance of matrimony. I felt my marriage to America as a very grown-up affair indeed.

"Do you understand the principles of government of the United States?"

I wrote "Yes," because there was not enough space left for: "Why else do you think I came here?"

"Do you fully believe in the form of government of the United States?"

Believe? I am ready to die for that "form of Government" which is the only one under which human beings should be required to exist.

"Are you ready to answer questions as to the principles and form of government of the United States?"

Yes—if the examiner be merciful.

“What have you done to prepare yourself for an examination of the government of the United States?”

I wrote: “I have studied the history and the government of the United States.” I added, directing my reflections to the memory of a man who, to me, represented the soul of America:

“You, Mr. Justice Cardozo, have prepared me ‘for an examination on the government of the United States.’ When you talked to me of Lincoln, who sat in his marble chair in the Washington Memorial while we passed by, you and he became one to me. Yes, I have read many books in the meantime; I have brooded in the Library of Congress, running over the pages of many a volume that dealt with the history of America. I know many facts and figures now. They may improve my knowledge, but they certainly don’t show America to me so clearly as you did. Your life and the life of Abraham Lincoln; the Thanksgiving turkey on the table of Justice and Mrs. Brandeis; the letters of hundreds of unknown readers of my first American book; the songs of Indians, cowboys, and Negroes, the towers of New York and the cornfields of the West—these were my preparation for American citizenship.”

An oath was printed on that preliminary form for naturalization, the oath of allegiance to the United States, and we were asked: “Are you willing to take this oath in becoming a citizen?”

I wrote the three letters which form the word “Yes.”

We were required to name two witnesses willing to testify concerning our “character and other qualifications.”

When we asked the oldest and dearest companions of our American years, they were ready to accompany us on the day we were to be called—“Harry,” the Professor of Philosophy, and “Joe,” the big business man.

We had to wait five more months before we were finally invited to “file our application for citizenship” and to undergo the examination.

While Jules relaxed on his wealth of knowledge—he would have been able to pass any examination on the history of France or Great Britain or Africa as well as on the government of the United States—I plunged into the detailed history of the American Revolution. I memorized “the thirteen original states,” the Constitution, the “relationship of the individual to the government,” the “ten executive departments,” and similar bits of information.

The day before the examination I overdid things a little. Something happened which I had not experienced since my school-days: when I went to bed, a row of phosphorescent numbers arose from the dark, frightening me considerably — “1620” — “1776” — “1787” — “1789”... But suddenly, they disappeared to give room to six words, radiating like the writing on the wall which once terrified Belshazzar of Babylon. Yet, my words were neither cruel nor threatening. Their origin was the Gettysburg Address:

“...A NEW NATION, CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY...”

Consoled, confiding, calmed down, I fell asleep.

Next morning, riding in the subway, I read this in *The New York Times*:

After Chancellor Hitler and Premier Mussolini had ended a cordial talk aboard a train near the Italo-German border yesterday, Berlin forecast a German-Italian-Russian bloc to eliminate British influence in Southeastern Europe...

In London, where Prime Minister Chamberlain is to face critics in the Commons today...

That was the *world*. It could not hold my attention. Against the rattling of the train I mumbled:

“All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives...”

I wore a black silk dress, printed with tiny lilies-of-the-valley, a black fur jacket and a crazy little black hat with a white veil. No perfume.

“The House of Representatives shall be composed of...”

"Panther!" said Jules, "I hope you don't collapse before we get there!" We left the subway.

Christopher Street—one of those Greenwich Village streets which seem to be made for the night rather than for daytime—looked dirty, tired, and unbecomingly busy. We remembered our friend Floyd Dell's poem which he had recited so often to us in Washington with a monotonous nostalgic voice: "Eleven Christopher Street." The usual conclusion was his added words: "They've torn it down now...", the house where he had spent such happy years....

Everybody seemed to walk in but one direction, toward the Federal Building, corner of Washington Street—one of the least attractive government structures I have ever seen. The more people stumbled over the faulty pavement, all on the left side, united like ants on one of their mysterious streets, the more we lost track of the crisp subway-beauties and their agreeable sleek young men. What shuffled forward here looked like Marseille near the Vieux Port, like Paris near the Gare St. Lazare, like Algiers behind the Place du Gouvernement. Heavy old women; noisy girls; men in suspenders, jackets over their arms; shreds of many strange lingos.

When we reached the corner, we saw our two faithfuls: Harry, mild and kind, and Joe, well-fed and beaming—what a relief!

Passing through an inhospitable hall, we entered a crowded elevator and soon found ourselves in something like a huge stable, packed with prospective Americans, many of whom did not look it. More than oceans seemed to lie between Times Square and this room. We received the waiting numbers 133 and 134;—108 was just being called—presented our papers and forms and waited, sitting on bare brown benches. The friendship of us four had a respectable background of dinner parties, ships' bars, Paris invitations, book conversations, laughter, and fun. But now, we felt as though not we ourselves waited here but

our doubles, resembling the originals, and yet lacking their spirit. We were almost embarrassed. My imagination had played too many colorful tricks on me, and I had already seen too much of America to be able to appreciate this bewildering mill. We heard:

"Is your sister on relief?" — "Do you keep home together?" — "*Mais pourquoi?*" — "He makes seventeen dullahs" — "Swedish..." — "...*ballando come dei pazzi...*" — "*der is von Sachsen...*" — "Yassah!" — "Can't you get him out somehow?"

"Number 129! Number 130!"

Joe began to wipe his brow. His handkerchief had a bittersweet Russian-leather fragrance. We all tried to catch a whiff of it.

"Dear me! Look at all those Negroes," said Joe.

Harry smiled with the combined wisdom and patience of Emerson and Kung-Fu-Tse.

"People—" he said indulgently.

Jules had his curious anthropological look and murmured something about "acculturation." When he asked me:

"How do you feel?", I answered:

"...the number of representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand..."

This made us all laugh.

"Number 132!"

"Soon it'll be our turn.... ."

"They should reform this procedure," remarked Joe. We arose puppet-like, when our numbers were called, presented some documents and moved forward to the outside of a little cage with ground-glass windows. Therein, we were told, sat the examiner. We would have to face him soon.

I was called first. Entering, I observed in this enclosure at last an *American* atmosphere of cleanliness and good cheer. Immediately, I recovered from my outside impressions. The tiny room contained two desks, the right one ruled by an elderly matron, the left one by a middle-aged,

kind-faced male official. Since the right one already had a visitor, I turned, with a sigh of relief, to the left.

I sat down to face the kindly examiner, while the full light of the windows blinded my eyes—the rightful position for all interrogated suspects.

He asked me a few routine questions and filled my answers in on a long form hanging down from his typewriter.

“Have you been married before?”

“I should say: no!”

“Was your husband married before?”

“Certainly not!”

We laughed. To loosen my tension, he started to chat. I began to hope that he liked me. I probably seemed more American to him than many of the frightened foreign birds outside in the waiting-room. He told me that he was born in Virginia and grew up in Washington. And yet, his ideal was Lincoln. I, too, began to tell him a few little stories. He mentioned our European trips. I spoke to him about France. He asked me:

“You like France very much?”

“Yes,” said I, “the Mediterranean.”

“You like it better than the United States?”

“If this were true, I would apply for French, not for American, citizenship!”

We laughed again. Even the matron smiled while telling her applicant:

“But at least *this* you should know!”

When it came to my “profession,” we began to talk about literature, and he wrote down the titles of my published and my planned books.

Suddenly, he turned very business-like, and I saw now, that his “social” attitude of the beginning seemed very much kindred indeed to that of a surgeon who jokes with you while you lie on the operating table, just before the anæsthetic mask sinks down upon your face.

He began to type fervently, casually lifting his eyes and abruptly shooting at me this question:

“What is the American equivalent of the English Magna Charta?”

What a complicated framework to hide a simple thing!

“The Constitution of the United States!”

He continued slyly:

“And what is the highest law of our country?”

“Again, the Constitution.”

“And what are the three branches of our national government?”

“The legislative branch, the executive branch, the judicial branch.”

“You know more than I do,” said he and smiled, making fun of his eager examinee.

Tap, tap, tap—said his typewriter. To what novel did this interview inspire him? After a pause, he had another question ready:

“What is the chief duty of the Vice President of the United States?”

How strange that Jules had just this morning prepared me for this stumper! I still heard him say: “Don’t give the foolish answer: ‘To take over the President’s duty when the President is absent!’” Thus, I could say, not without pride:

“To preside over the Senate!”

The examiner seemed to be amazed. My vanity grew, I felt like a blowfish. Naturally, I was now bound to tumble into the next trap.

“Can the President, by his own right, impose taxes upon the population?”

Fully convinced of the President’s allmightiness, I promptly answered:

“Yes!”

thus forgetting that America is, after all, a democracy!

But he did not mind the lapse, and our relationship again took on a more social flavor. He confessed to liking

our little conversation. I congratulated him that he was to meet Jules.

"This becomes more and more interesting," remarked this charming scrutinizer. When I left, he was kind enough to give me his personal calling card. I still cherish it. What a privilege to have met you, Mr. A. R. Mackey!

When I joined Jules, Joe, and Harry after so long a time, they had come to the conclusion that "something must have happened." Jules started to console me as if I were a flunked student. None of these three enlightened spirits seemed to have great confidence in my mental abilities. They were rather astonished to find me in so happy a mood.

Then Jules was called in alone and was also received in a "social" way. His examination consisted of but one question, preceded by a rather generous preamble:

"I don't want to make a fool of myself, Professor, but *one* question I *have* to ask you: What is the equivalent of the British Magna Charta in our United States?"

"The Constitution, with special emphasis on the Bill of Rights."

Well—Mr. Mackey did not ask him further details. He seemed satisfied, but did not neglect to inquire about Jules' recent and future books, "in order to get them for myself." It became more and more difficult to leave this delightful official, in order to proceed with the prescribed routine. Our friends, by the way, were called in, too, to answer the question:

"Do you recommend these two applicants for American citizenship?" They did.

In Mr. Mackey's office we took the *first* oath. Soon we were to find out that at almost any desk where we had to stop there was some swearing to do; as if a multitude of oaths would help to make us better citizens. I, personally, would have preferred just one solemn oath to so many, but I am sure that there were well-founded reasons for the so frequently heard request: "Raise your right hand!"

Presently, we entered another waiting-room and had an

opportunity to study the effects of strenuous waiting on the mentality of (a) a philosopher, (b) a big business man. While Harry, a gentle smile on his face, remained motionless and absorbed in deep thought, sending his soul away like a meditating Buddhist, Joe turned into a nervous busybody and began to clamor for a telephone, like a desert traveler for water.

The philosophical approach proved to be by far the better. After a long time, we came to a desk where a young man swore us in again, asking us a number of routine questions already filled out in our applications.

"Did you, Dr. Lips, *really* enter this country on May 1st, 1934, aboard the *Majestic*?"

"I did."

Under oath. Heavens! They had on file all the necessary documents, including the original landing permit from the boat!

Each leaf of the rather voluminous bundle which composed our files was now being marked with a rubber stamp. We learned that we two constituted a "double case" and were ushered into a corridor where we had to hand over our files through a small screened window. We paid five dollars and again took a holy oath.

After this, the supreme torture for our witnesses began. We had to wait in a huge bare court-room, where countless people were already assembled. Slowly, slowly, following mysterious rules, the applicants were called upon in a seemingly senseless order. At 10:30 sharp we had entered the Federal Building. Now it was 1:15 and there was no hope in sight of ever getting through all the red tape.

Harry still remained a philosopher, but Joe was very angry. He jumped frequently from his seat to smoke a cigarette in the hall, or to whisper with the colored clerk who carried documents to the Judge's desk. He murmured names of influential friends, only to get the Judge's answer:

"I take them as they come,"—whereupon this gentleman left for lunch. True, many applicants who had arrived

long after us were lucky enough to be called upon, but in pointing out this inefficiency Joe did not exactly flatter the feelings of those in charge. They just overlooked our little group.

Assembled around us we found what Luther has termed "the yeast" of many peoples. If America was the big cake, this yeast played an important part in making her grow—yet, there are raisins, almonds, and many spices needed to perfect a cake, and of these there was not much evidence in this court-room.

Three raven-black darkies gesticulated before the newly arrived Judge. I thought of the noble Hindu scientist of Washington, who had lived sixteen years in this country but could not become an American. A very aged doll-like Greek remained timidly listening at the edge of his bench, jumping up every time a name was pronounced and sinking back again into disappointed, yet obedient, readiness. Two little men, looking like twins, finally accompanied him to the Judge's bench, and soon we saw him raise his wrinkled old hand.

Our release came from behind, from a neighboring room. A clerk called our names. When we stood before the desk, only my documents were there. Jules' seemed to have gone astray since he had handed them hours before to the man behind the screened window. Finally they were found, some on the table, some on the floor.

Again we raised our hands to take an oath, as did our witnesses who, once more, were asked about our desirability as future Americans. The Judge turned to Jules.

"Have you ever been arrested?"

"No."

"What is our form of government?"

"A republican form of government."

"Do you believe in its principles?"

"I do."

Jules could step aside. I was called.

"Have you ever been arrested?"

“No.”

“What is the highest American court?”

“The Supreme Court of the United States in Washington.”

Like music sounded the redeeming word:

“Passed.”

A man at the door handed us one envelope and one postal card each. We read that we would need these when we would be called again in about three months, this time without witnesses, “to take the final oath.”

We left. Joe hurried to the nearest telephone. As we passed the hall, the last official whom we had faced came after us.

“The Lips case?”

“Yes.”

He asked us to have another look at the envelopes and cards in our hands. We found out that they were somebody else’s. We returned them. A clerk rushed forward with the right ones.

As we trotted back along Christopher Street, we felt tired, starved, and a little sad. Too great a love is easily disappointed. We had pictured this ceremony as something unforgettably beautiful. Of course, it was entirely our own fault that the technical procedure had nothing in common with our glowing American dreams.

We thought we would act “in character” when we decided to take our belated lunch at an Italian place, where we slowly regained our poise and usual cheerfulness.

Joe and Harry—*they* were America. In Washington, long ago, we had become Americans. The stamping of papers and the too frequent proclamation of solemn oaths were merely trimmings which we had to endure in patience. Naturally, we would not have been the four pals we were if we had not spent the whole afternoon planning striking rejuvenations and improvements for the citizenship procedure. We hoped that our new nation, conceived in liberty, might some day find more inspiring ways to satisfy the

legal requirements and yet to offer *something* to the souls of future citizens.

At home, then, we felt as if we had returned to America after an expedition to a foreign land. We felt, that somehow we *were* welcome to the United States and reread with deep gratitude the letter of a great American judge to Jules:

...I would have been one of your witnesses except for the fear that my judicial work might render it impossible for me to appear at the right time. I feel that American citizenship will be enriched by the intellectual and spiritual contributions that you and Mrs. Lips will render.

We forgot the mill of Christopher Street to return to our own conceptions of patriotism. We recalled one oath, so far removed from serial hand-raisings:

“I hereby declare, on oath, that I absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty, and particularly to Germany, of which I have heretofore been a citizen; that I will support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I take this obligation freely without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion: So HELP ME GOD.”

From that day on we considered ourselves Americans. Our documents had been found in order; we had passed our examination; we had publicly renounced all long-broken ties to the barbarized country of our birth; we had acknowledged by our signature the oath of allegiance to America.

But Uncle Sam had some special delays in store, until he allowed us to call ourselves rightfully his niece and nephew. When the legal waiting period of three months after the examination was over, we expected every day to receive a summons to attend the “final hearing.” We did not make any summer plans and remained in the sweltering

city of New York, in order not to miss the call. In August, we wrote a polite letter of inquiry, only to receive the answer that our case was "being duly considered."

In October, Albert Einstein was made an American and satisfied the curiosity of the press with the statement:

"I would even renounce my favorite sailboat if such action were a part of my citizenship."

We owned no sailboat, but we had arrived in America not much later than the great sailor did, and our impatience became unbearable.

Then came the alien registration law and turned us once more into "foreigners." We waited until the last moment—but even after six and a half years of faithful American life and six months after the examination, we still "got no break" and were not admitted to the final consecrations.

In order to satisfy the law, we had to make our way to one of the prescribed places for alien registration. We chose the main Post Office on Eighth Avenue: "Neither rain nor snow..."

Here the routine necessities were speedier and "niftier" than in the mill of Christopher Street, in spite of the fact that the human material lining up as "aliens" looked even more like "yeast" and seemed indeed to require, for the good of America, some kind of registration or control.

Everywhere ushers and advisers were at hand, and the whole procedure showed the striking efficiency so evident at American airports, railways, plants. Since we had filled in at home the required documents, we needed neither help nor ink. We entered a tremendous hall where scores of little tables harbored ceaselessly rattling typewriters. The men who operated them were chosen flowers from all imaginable human races who had found their way into American citizenship and civil service jobs. We were stunned by the expression of the great idea of an anonymous stage director who thus demonstrated to the newcomers the idea of all-embracing and overwhelming Ameri-

can unity. Huge flags were here displayed whose message seemed to be:

"You, too, can join this unity. Just have patience and obey the law."

I was ushered to a table where a young man with obvious Filipino characteristics did a quick and good job, ending with the inevitable:

"Raise your right hand!"

Jules as usual seemed to carry a mysterious magnet in his pocket which unavoidably attracts every Negro in sight. Promptly a round-cheeked darky got hold of him, slowly printing facts and figures on the dotted lines. He needed a double amount of time, but as a compensation he forgot to make his applicant swear.

We sparkled with good-will. Yet it was a strange feeling to find oneself being asked:

"Have you ever been finger-printed before?"

But a look at the crowd seemed to justify the question. We said cheerfully: "No."

The second half of the procedure was pretty exciting. We both were led to different tables where thick ground-glass panes were prepared for the finger-printing process. A vision of Paderewski, who had himself made a brave and public endorsement of this ceremony, came to me, and I imagined his own magnificent hands being submitted to this routine.

The clerk moistened a rubber cylinder with printer's ink and passed it slowly over the glass, blackening it. He then took each single finger of both of my hands, like an entomologist seizing an interesting bug, and rolled it with an expert movement over the ink. Together with my blushing red nail polish, my hands now presented a black, white, and red color effect—a fashion hint for idea-hunting eccentrics.

He had a paper blank ready, with neat sections for each of my ten fingers. He rolled each finger over its proper spot on the paper. Until then, I had fancied my

fingers as being narrow and pointed—what I saw now taught me the erroneousness of human assumptions. The product of his efforts was ten horribly broad spots of three times the volume of the original, with lines like a lunar landscape. As a gruesome climax, he produced one complete reprint of each whole hand.

If I were a member of the Federal Bureau of Investigation looking through the finger-print files, I would visualize the possessor of those printed female paws as a crude creature, probably a mass-murderer, burglar or thief; in short, as the embodiment of a brutal criminal disposition.

If my French glove-maker had had a chance to glance at this image of "my hand," nothing could have saved him from fainting.

Jules came toward me, showing his very diligently blackened hands, which he called "a biological miracle," because even the darkest Negro has a lighter palm, while our "finger-printed" hands showed white backs and inky interiors.

But the law did not neglect a cosmetic touch. A smelling liquid made its appearance, was poured upon a community rag and turned the color of our hands into an interesting gray.

We left the place in an animated mood. The whole procedure reminded us strongly of an African initiation ceremony we once had undergone, only the Tuareg of the Sahara used henna instead of printer's ink, and palm leaves in the place of paper. And in the main Post Office of New York City no one had sipped three drops of our blood or forced us to top off the feast with roast larvæ of cockchafers; neither had any chieftain spit ceremoniously into a holy drinking cup.

Ten months after our citizenship examination, we were advised by the Immigration Office that one of our Washington witnesses—because we needed "character witnesses" also for our two Washington years—had chosen not to

appear to testify in our behalf. He was our former landlord. We had chosen the first batch of Washington witnesses from the humbler walks of life, because to us it seemed absurd to misuse the time of Senators, Monsignori, Supreme Court Justices, and other high administration officers for a little personal formality. But now, we considered an early solution of our citizenship "case" as the chief aim of our lives, worthy to be pushed along by all means we could possibly think of.

We therefore submitted another list of prospective "Washington character witnesses," this time full of names whose illustriousness should have caused giddiness even to the toughest immigration inspector. At the same time I wrote personal letters to these prominent friends asking their forgiveness for my presumption. But they did not mind it a bit and took it as good sports. They all sent us charming letters, expressing their amusement and their readiness to testify in our behalf. Mrs. Brandeis was really called upon to express her opinion on our characters.

When this new waiting period began, we really wondered how a wandering Italian cigar-maker like our friend "Gigi" who had made his way from San Francisco to New York, or a roaming peddler clamoring for citizenship might ever have been able to make the grade. Gigi, for instance, hardly knew how to express himself in English. Had he been able to produce "character witnesses" for every stop of his long American crusade? If Non Quota Immigrants like us, who had been freely invited to America, and who did not lack one rubber-stamped required document, were thus scrutinized, how about former stowaways, people who overstayed their visitor's visa, or refugees? To acquire American citizenship, we now realized, required not only spiritual preparation and legal cleanliness—it was almost a profession, a full-time job, an exclusive occupation. At least, that is what we experienced.

Eleven months after our citizenship examination, we were invited to present our alien registration cards at the

Federal Building at Christopher Street. I made my way there alone, lined up, presented the cards, watched them being checked, and took them home again with me in the hope that this might be my last appearance there before our final Americanization.

So dear was America now to our hearts that we cheerfully underwent all such formalities which served to maintain her safety. It is better to vex a few just and honest hearts than to let slip through the meshes of the nets of law those suspicious characters who might escape under a less rigid procedure. The fact that we found ourselves listed with forty-eight exhaustive lines in the *Who's Who in the Nation's Capital* did not necessarily constitute proof of our immaculate character. We began to like the complicated preparations for our citizenship. The harder you have to struggle for an aim, the more its attainment satisfies you in the end.

It seemed to us that we had made good use of our American years. The English language no longer presented any difficulties. Jules had contributed to the education of young Americans, white and colored, and had opened their minds to the boundless kingdom of scientific truth. Our work, our books, our beliefs were now American. We had met American men and women, humble citizens as well as outstanding figures of our century. Whenever our country should accept us into her family of one hundred and thirty millions, we felt that she might have no reason to be ashamed of us.

Our expectation of the "final hearing" became the contents of our days—a mania—an obsession.

But since even the mills of God grind but slowly—why should the mill of Christopher Street be any quicker?

CHAPTER X

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

Under a giant multicolored umbrella on Monte-Carlo beach I had held in my hand letters forwarded from America. They all contained an adeptly formulated, startling request directed to me personally: that I appear during the coming fall and winter season on the platforms of various organizations, addressing the members on some subject to be chosen.

Well, that was something new! As I sat on the beach facing the blue sea and looking at the best-seller list in *The New York Times* which contained the title of my own book it had been easy for me to give silent thanks to those unknown friends for their interest and to accept their invitation whole-heatedly. Yet the novelty of the request gave me a little apprehension.

In Europe a writer is usually far removed from his readers. Beyond his own social and professional circle, he hardly ever meets the people who are interested in his work. His "fan mail" is not a mass phenomenon, but rather the effort of some adolescents to find a sympathetic author who can help them through their intellectual period of storm and stress. In Europe also there is an innate age-old respect for all manifestations of the spirit through the medium of the fine arts, and literary, religious, scientific and philosophical works. This respect is sometimes so great that it becomes a barrier between the individual artist and his audience, and silences many people who would like to express their opinion and appreciation. Now and then young people, in a moment of unrestrained enthusiasm, will break through and earnestly implore his guidance; but older people, long accustomed to this traditional respect, remain silent behind the barrier, and thus the author is

deprived of their more mature judgment. It is on rare occasions only that a European author appears in public before a selected group of cultured people and reads from works already well known to them. Sometimes he makes a concession and adds a few pages from the manuscript of his new book about to be published.

This same relationship between spiritual leader and audience prevails in other departments of life. Students have such deep respect for their professors that they would scorn in his presence to bring any intellectual discussion down to a lower level. Even members of the Church congregations stand in awe of their spiritual leader and approach him for advice and help only after long internal struggle with themselves.

Lastly, those people who are not in the intellectual classes are ever humble in the presence of a particularly learned man. The few modern European thinkers who have tried to break down this traditional respect have either been frowned upon by their colleagues and regarded as "unscholarly," or their friendly advances have been questioned as well as misinterpreted.

Grown up and educated along these lines of thought, I never had stopped to marvel at Jules' revolutionary habit of maintaining a cordial comradeship with his students.

"No science is worth its name," he used to say, "which satisfies itself with forcing facts into young heads without giving to those who struggle for a clearer insight into the deeper problems of all existence, a lasting, constructive compass of life." Consequently, he dedicated practically all his free time to "those who struggle," therewith antagonizing many of his over-aged colleagues of the beard-stroking variety. Whether a plumber worried about the affairs of his small business, or a Catholic priest was tortured by a conflict between science and dogma; whether a young student was in doubt whether a certain girl would make him a good wife, or an elderly woman was inconsolable over the death of a beloved child—his serious

consideration and advice were given to all who asked and especially to his pupil and wife. No wonder that in America as everywhere else his acquaintances embraced all specimens of humanity: sailors and navy commanders; Negro students and Italian cigar-makers; lawyers and judges; news dealers and publishers; musicians and refugees; workmen and industrialists. I had seen agitated mental patients become calm when he merely entered the room; and even animals came to him when in trouble, feeling instinctively his power to bring them relief.

It may sound absurd and yet it is true that this power, which derived from a perfect integrity of thought and action, made even me shy at times, because neither wealth nor social standing ever impressed him; neither titles nor publicity. A great man, to him, was a man with a clean character. A "successful" book, to him, was a constructive book, clear and well written—regardless of its topic or the number of its editions. While he had always lived in Europe according to the strictly human, the American approach; I, during my first American years, was not able to rid myself of the notion that certain views held by a select few were destined for others equally select and not for "everybody." I reflected.

But now suddenly, America stepped into my life and gave me success. Some of the letters which I held in my hand said in effect: "We like many of your thoughts, and therefore we wish to meet you. What dates have you open?" This was a very important transformation of my whole mentality. With my gratitude came a new impulse, with my impulse an anticipation of new things I was about to undertake. The confidence of others gave me new confidence in myself.

An impressive list of future lecture dates grew without any effort on my part at a time when I was completely unaware even of an institution called "lecture agents."

I had returned my "Thank you! Yes, I'll do it!" to the American groups from the golden-blue Riviera shores,

somehow convinced that it would be a long, long time before I would have to meet these new obligations. But September came with surprising speed, and with it my first address.

Never before had I ever spoken to a large audience who had come to listen to my words. But, strangely enough, I was not afraid. All the speakers I admired had spoken with such ease that I did not see how it could be very difficult. Furthermore, Jules did his best to nip in the bud all inclinations on my part to develop any inferiority complexes. He promised not to appear at any of my lectures, at least as long as I was a beginner; and he encouraged me to get my inspiration from my audiences instead of from his criticism.

"Be human, be natural," he advised me, "don't look for theatrical effects. It is better to use simple words fluently than to stumble over 'sophisticated high-lights.' Remember that you are speaking to friends—adversaries wouldn't have invited you. And never try to tackle any subject you have not mastered thoroughly. Then, you can't fail."

Nevertheless, I resolved to prepare myself most carefully by writing out every word of the lecture. I would not try to "translate" anything, but would think in English and express my thoughts in the American idioms I had learned. If, as I reflected, I added to these mental precautions the further self-assurance each woman experiences while wearing a new dress, I might be able to achieve a "natural" result.

"I Saw it Happen" was the title of my first attempt at public speaking, a subject I "mastered thoroughly" indeed. It was easy to build a skeleton of main thoughts and to trim it with some fun, some picturesque incidents, and some personal experiences. When it lay before me, typed on the best paper available and with a new ribbon, I "barged in" on Jules one evening, ready to try it out on him.

"You don't intend to *read it!*" he said with accentuated disgust. But I assured him I did.

"Now, listen, Panther," he said in a rather stern voice, "Remember this: either a person can speak or he can't. You will know after your debut. If you can't, give up. If you can, you belittle your own work by publicly producing a manuscript. People who will forgive an occasional lapse in a speech informally given may react less agreeably when you try to read it. It would deprive you of the vital personal contact each speaker needs while facing an audience."

I did not agree with him at all.

"Do you *know* your topic?"

"Yes."

"Is what you have written down here the truth and nothing but the truth?"

"Yes."

"Well, then you need no manuscript!"

"I most certainly need one, and I'll take it along."

He smiled rather peculiarly. Later, I interpreted it as a *vicious* smile.

"You belong to the people who have to learn by force. You'll learn."

He brought me to the station. It was not far to Philadelphia.

Standing in the open door of the car, I looked at him for a last inspiration.

"Have you your manuscript?"

"Yes. Here." Triumphantly, I took it from my pocket.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor. The train moved.

With one quick grasp Jules snatched the manuscript from my hands, calling after me:

"Either you can speak or you can't!" waving at me with the stolen sheets. He disappeared and with him my last hope.

I was furious. He never had done anything like this before. I felt frightened beyond words. But then, my

anger got the upper hand. He probably thought I was helpless now. But I would show him! Now, it *had* to be a success. Sinking back into my seat, I began to remember the "skeleton" of the speech, thought by thought. After a while, even the "trimmings" came back to my memory.

A swanky car was at the station to meet me. Two fashionable ladies received me most cordially. I tried to impress them as a veteran, the "I'll show him" always firmly anchored in my mind.

After a luncheon which I enjoyed so much that I forgot that an aftermath was in store for me, we drove to the lecture hall where, as I had been told, 'over five hundred members' of the group were already seated.

With dignity, I followed my hostess through the packed rows and disappeared in a gigantic armchair on the platform. ("I'll show him!")

Someone said something awfully nice about a book not unfamiliar to me, ending with the words:

"...I give you Eva Lips!"

She gave them Eva Lips. Since no rabbit-hole was in sight on the platform there was no escape possible. I rose, stepped to the center, and wondered why the applause for the chairman was so prolonged. When all had quieted down, I began to speak.

Now, something quaint was happening. I forgot not only the "I'll show him!" but also the fact that this was my debut as a manuscriptless speaker to an audience grown up in the English language. I remembered just four words: "I saw it happen."

That was true. I *had* seen "it" happen. Deeply absorbed by this realization, I conjured up an imaginative listener. Not "over five hundred," no, just one. The face of a dear friend who, I now imagined, had just asked me:

"You saw it happen? Tell me, how was it? What conclusions do you draw from your experiences? And how might we, here in America, profit from these conclusions? Is there any constructive advice you can offer?"

I answered this dear questioner who sat invisibly somewhere in the dark, deep abyss before me. I answered truthfully, eagerly, happily with a smile here and a reflective pause there. Thrice, a cacophonous noise seriously disturbed me. I woke up and recognized it as the clapping of hands. These interruptions startled me so that I had some trouble resuming the thread of my thoughts. But they came back, miraculously. After what seemed to be ten minutes, I had even the nonchalance to glance at my watch. I had spoken three-quarters of an hour! It was time to conclude. Hadn't I prepared what, on the white type-written sheet, had looked like a "striking ending?" I suddenly remembered it. Now aware for the first time that I stood before a critical audience, I proclaimed these words slowly and in the full knowledge that they were my own product. Out they came, smoothly, without a flaw. I began to enjoy myself on this platform. But since I had no better sentence in store to top this one, I smiled and ended with a cordial, grateful:

"I thank you!"

These people seemed extremely generous. Was it pity that made them applaud so persistently? Or did they really mean it? If so, it was a success!

Finding myself somewhere in the crowd, surrounded by hand-shaking well-wishers, I hardly heard anything. I felt as though I were awakening from a narcosis. The words of my hostess finally restored my usual equilibrium:

"It went over with a bang! You possess all the composure and know all the tricks, dear, which only long experience can provide."

Well, well, well—this revived me greatly.

When I returned home to Jules, I had two other signed lecture contracts in my pocket, to appear, within the next ten days, before different groups in Philadelphia whose chairmen had listened to me and had signed me up immediately after the lecture.

By the time I arrived home, I had gotten over all my

indignation about the "dirty trick" Jules had played on me at the station. As always, he had known best. He had realized that I needed a strong counter-emotion to forget all possible anxiety on the platform. I had been so furious with him that there was no time left to worry about the lecture itself. And, furthermore, he had forced me to speak without any manuscript. This first experience was decisive. Never in my then begun long career as a public speaker have I ever used a manuscript on any platform. This does not mean that all addresses were not carefully prepared at home. But no typed sheets would ever rob me of that precious element of immediate human contact with my audiences which I later learned to sense the very moment I began to speak as something physically present, a magic tie which could be intensified, loosened, or syncopated with my growing experience.

This new career of mine, which from now on caused me to criss-cross my country every winter, appeared to me as a most precious means to feel the pulse of America right on the spot. It was as though some great sage from above the clouds held the strings of my fate and had decreed that I was to be a lecturer, in order to round off the wisely planned curriculum of my complete Americanization. These were the years in which I learned to be at ease under all circumstances; to forget mental or physical indisposition; to think quickly when suddenly confronted with unexpected obstacles like a corsage falling from my shoulder or a fainting woman at my side. A genuine, inborn love of people made this work a continual thrill. Beyond all, I saw America! This fascinating apprenticeship made me very humble and very grateful. It seemed that I received so much more than I was able to give. Wherever I arrived, there were friends. Sometimes I saw no solid bed for weeks. In my changing Pullman berths I went from one city to the other, always in that happy tension a soldier feels who is called upon to make good; always eager not to disappoint those who

trusted in me; always resolved never to become a victim of routine.

Naturally, the most often heard question still was:

"How do you like America?" Many people pressed me almost to make a critical comparison between their group and corresponding activities in Europe. If I wanted to be truthful, and I was, I could only answer:

"How could I say anything critical about your city? You have spoiled me too much."

I learned so much about people, about the country, its hopes and fears, its mentality and its peculiarities that I never ceased to wonder about the miracles of good-will unfolding before my admiring eyes, about the unlimited possibilities of America, and about that precious human element which men like the Washington Justices had crystallized within themselves and which I now discovered in smaller compounds in thousands of eager souls.

Americans, I learned, too, were all born speakers. No other nation expresses itself with such ease and poise. School children, when called upon to speak their minds freely, were able to do so calmly and with astonishing self-assurance. Mothers of five children rose from a luncheon table to introduce a speaker with all the fluent rhetoric of experts. Forum questions were fired to the platform from an inspired, intelligent crowd, teaching me the full meaning of democracy in action.

But the reasons for inviting a lecturer were not intellectual alone. People called upon all imaginable species of humanity to listen to their message. Public clamor for a man or woman who had "made news" could drag anyone onto a platform, from the winner of a corn-husking contest to a criminal escaped from Devil's Island; from the parents of the Dionne quintuplets to the man "who interviewed the Scottish farmer who found Hess."

That meant, as a lesson to me, that most audiences longed for human inspiration rather than for merely abstract information.

Another phenomenon was the desire for new faces. After a great success in any city in Europe, a performer could be sure that he was now on his way to build up for himself a faithful flock of listeners who would wish to see him at least once a year. To them, he would be always welcome. He would be loved in a stubborn, persistent, and stirring way. In America a great success meant that the speaker had "delivered the goods" and that other groups, noting his reputation, would endeavor to secure him for their programs.

I heard glowing reports of the previous year's lecture "by the woman who invented radio," meaning the daughter of the woman who discovered radium. But when I asked whether she would be invited to appear here this year again, I was told:

"But we *saw* her! She is now in other parts of the country." This attitude was something to be reckoned with, in order to avoid disappointments.

Sometimes a new book by an author whom lecture groups have already "seen" might rediscover him at the scene of some of his previous successes, and he would be re-established as the man who had accomplished something in the meantime—like an old house whose newly-painted appearance makes a revisit worthwhile.

Reflections like these kept me awake for hours in my hotel bed or Pullman berth. After strenuous lectures I used to read some great English book of permanent value. My nerves still vibrating with the excitement which naturally results from any personal contact with a large audience, I turned the pages covered with silent letters transmitting majestic thought. This confronted me with the problem of the great difference between the spoken and the written language. One appeals to the ear, the other to the eye—one can be supported by gestures and a vibrating voice; while the other, by the cool perfection of its technical presentation, needs stronger means to turn a reader into a sympathizer.

The spoken word has its own magic. The manuscript of a speech should be built according to principles different from those essential for the printed word. The printed word remains—which means that it should be composed in such a way that its beauty of expression and its line of thought merge in each other completely. The painful process of birth never becomes evident in a good book. Its readers do not know whether the author needed weeks to formulate one certain phrase or whether he jotted the whole work down in a fortnight. In a lecture, however, the speaker's worst enemy is the evidence of any effort. The spoken word is perishable. The more work a speaker has put into his lecture, the more butterfly-like it should appear. It is a compliment for the speaker when people say:

"Oh, it comes so easy to you. I wish I had your gift," even if this compliment does not do justice to the great amount of work he has put into his "easy" presentation. All great singers know this, all great churchmen and politicians. All utterances based on sound need just that "easiness" to convince.

There is no doubt, however, that speaking is a more primitive expression of thought than writing. Each human being can talk. There is no tribe on earth without a language. But there are many tribes without any knowledge of the written word. Not without reason does science divide peoples into those with written records and those without. It is an atavistic remembrance of the past that sometimes causes modern students of certain problems to prefer the spoken word to the written page. Therefore, a good lecture should never sound as though it were being read from a book; but a good book should always sound as if it were being told. I know many outstanding thinkers who are able to express their ideas in a magnetic, convincing way when called upon to express them to a group of friends or to a lecture audience. But these same men and women lose all their originality and power of expression the very moment they sit down to put their ideas in writing. In that moment,

their ancestor from the Stone Age looks over their shoulder, and wonders why they use signs when the human voice seems so much more adequate to express human thought, and their style becomes embarrassed and wooden.

One tricky peculiarity is common to the spoken and the written word alike: they give to the listener or reader neither more nor less than their author has put into them. Do not expect your lecture or your book to draw tears from the eyes of people whom you have never met before or to provoke their smiles, if you did not first put your own tears and smiles into your thoughts and words. This is a very mysterious process of freezing in and thawing out—this meeting point of author, reader, and listener, united in emotions which they share. A record will not yield the mighty concords of a symphony when a mouth-organ player has stood before the microphones in the studio. No book, no lecture can stir up hearts if it has not been born out of a heart that has first been stirred. That is why today tears still moisten the pages of Heine's poems when we read:

*“Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen mach ich die kleinen Lieder.”*¹ And that is why that dubious Prince of Denmark, that Moor of Venice, and those lovers of Verona are able still to tear our hearts to pieces.

I brought back all these realizations from my lecture trips through America. They had not been topics of discussions with newly-won friends; they grew out of my observations of audience reactions.

There is one demon threatening all professional speakers. His name is Routine. I took care from the beginning that he never should be allowed to stand at my side, prompting “sure-fire hits” or “guaranteed” expressions whose artificiality would disgust any group. So often have I heard even distinguished lecturers belittle the intelligence and the “level” of their audiences that I wish to stress one self-experienced truth.

¹ “Out of my great sufferings I make my little songs.”

American audiences are very shrewd. It is often in the small towns where people take more time to reflect upon life where the slick speaker encounters his first stumper. And: audiences cannot be fooled. Like babies, like dogs, like primitive people, and like Sky men (the extreme meet here), each American audience is keenly aware of whether you are genuine. When you stand before them with a worn-out routine speech, not your sweetest smile can save you from being a "flop." They know it the moment you start. Their reaction will be accordingly. When you secretly hate dogs, but approach to please your hostess, her Scottie or French Poodle or whatever it is, when you scratch him hypocritically behind the ears, his answer will be a: "Grrrrrrr." The same answer is in store for the routine speaker who undertakes to trick an American audience.

This holds true for women's clubs as well as for high schools, for religious groups or welfare-drives, for men's organizations as well as for annual dinners, for metropolitan cities as well as for Western small towns.

Wherever I went, to Christian Churches, Jewish Synagogues, service clubs, or mere social gatherings, the flag with the stars and stripes greeted me from the platform. It waved, triumphantly illuminated, from balconies. It spanned the walls behind the speakers' table. It adorned, between flowers and candles, the white table-cloths.

Called upon to speak, it was easy then to make sure with one proud glance, whether "our flag was still there" and to begin to address inspiredly my fellow-Americans.

In a time of international threats and of materialism, in a time of rattling arms and mobilizing armies, I was permitted to experience the wonderful truth that the written and the spoken word were still powerful enough to influence human souls. While the majority of Europeans were gagged by political power, I was allowed to help in voicing our desire for safety, justice, and decency, and to raise my voice to the glory of liberty.

Each city, each group had something new to offer. Each part of the country was fascinating in a different way. I never knew what to expect. Often, the tenor of a correspondence was entirely different from the group itself. Often, a small town, hardly marked on the map, would make me queen for a day. Sometimes, adversaries showed up at the most unexpected places; or an ocean of love and congeniality carried me to Elysian joys.

A miracle seemed to have helped me with my English, which now came painlessly, naturally. The platform had no terrors any longer. I had learned to use the seconds of interrupting applause as occasions for concentrated, strategic thought. My audiences seemed to like best a blending of information and inspiration, intermingled with a little fun here and a few personal recollections there. The range of my topics had grown far beyond certain of my own experiences. Fearlessly, I spoke to isolationists on "Don't Take Liberty for Granted!" I brought "A Message of Hope" to Jewish organizations and reminded metropolitan groups of the connection between "Ancient Books" and "Modern Problems." As a citizen, later, I tried to interpret "The Diseases of Europe as a Remedy for America." These were only a few of the subjects which interested me most, and they were interrupted occasionally by talks on Indians, African Negroes, "Back-Stage Monte-Carlo," and a variety of other side-issues.

The luncheon gardenia, the evening orchid became symbols of lasting friendship. What an astonishing thing is human remembrance! At the beginning, it had seemed to me that I would probably forget many details of the cities and individuals I had met. Weren't there too many? But, to my amazement, I still see before me very clearly all the hospitable homes where I stayed, humble or palatial. I remember the Boy Scout who, three years ago, surrendered his room for my sake somewhere in Illinois and the restful night I spent among his plane models, men-of-war, moose antlers, and Disney creatures. I remember the kingly house-

hold of a wealthy manufacturer where I was assured that each piece of furniture up to the last fork had been imported from Europe—which inspired me to ask Baby Snooks' question:

“Why, Daddy?”

A churchman's home in Cleveland had a living-room whose enormous windows made it possible for the family to live so intimately with Lake Erie that all its moods of grayish dawn, of jubilant noon, and of purple evening were a part of the furnishings.

And I saw the great factories, the monuments of American spirit of enterprise, the promise of its invincible future. The lakes and streams had been turned into obedient slaves, carrying on their backs the coal and oil and raw materials for gigantic activities. The nocturnal skies were red with excitement while reflecting the glare of immense furnaces. Iron structures of phantastic shapes cut silhouettes of power into the clouds. Detroit, Chicago, Toledo, Hammond, Cleveland, became symbols of supreme human achievement. I visited soap factories, oil plants, iron works; I saw textiles grow on magic looms; mystic towers smashed atoms; candles grew from slowly turning steel millipedes; laundry soaps filtered into familiar packages; kettles contained paper pulp; refined sugar turned into candy; floor wax ran into square cans; precious china grew under skilled hands into vases; chicken farms covered thousands of acres; golden corn lay between the pyramids of stalks on blessed fields; tobacco grew toward its harvest; flowers, growing in hot houses, were bred for city luxuries.

America, the beautiful. Here was her greatness, here the sources of her unique energies. My country.

While I spoke, in the evenings, for the sake of the safety of these riches, while I tried to stir up complacent beneficiaries of this wealth to a new appreciation of the blessings they enjoyed, the daylight hours rewarded me with these sights, as though to confirm my words and to rekindle my enthusiasm.

I said to my listeners: "What, then, may you ask, is the meaning of this precious liberty? To the children of America it is something with which they find themselves surrounded from the moment of their birth. Liberty may be compared to your own mother. Daily you enjoy her tenderness, her blessings, and benefactions—but not until she is gone do her children feel what she really meant to them. They took her for granted. We all know that the physical motor of our life is our own heart—but not until it threatens to stop do some of us realize and begin to protect the preciousness of that vital organ. Like your tender mother, like your own warm heart, is liberty. Guard and cherish and realize its virtues now, not after you have lost it through your carelessness."

Sometimes I felt like a lonely crusader, but generally the response was as overwhelming as the manifestations of power which had inspired me to fight for their maintenance.

I visited the industrial city of the Ford Rouge Plant at Dearborn, Michigan. At the peak of production it used more gallons of water a day than the cities of Detroit, Cincinnati, and Washington combined. Over five thousand men alone kept the immense area clean. Maxims adorned the walls of the entrance Rotunda: "Industry does not support people . . . people support industry"; "With one foot on the land and one in industry America is safe." If the man who formulated them acted accordingly, if this mighty plant really was operated by such spirit, no anxiety for the future was justified. I followed the intricate auto particles along the assembly line and wondered about the aims and hopes of a man who made his living by moving his arm in one direction, by handling a certain hammer or wrench as but a single part of that phantastic machinery of perpetual motion.

In Indiana, I asked the executive of a steel plant about the ambitions of certain workers. He said:

"They don't want to be promoted. Even if they could make more money, they prefer their present position to

another one which would force them to more strenuous thinking."

I did not believe that at all, but I had no chance to begin a private discussion with the blond, sun-tanned Hercules who, in the glare of his furnace, molded iron bars into red-glowing spirals which looked like bracelets for the arms of a giant princess of prehistoric times. Yet, they would merely be springs under the bodies of Pullman cars.

Like surgeons at an operation, the men and women of soap factories wore cotton pads before their mouths, to protect their respiratory organs from the biting soap dust.

I was eager to know their thoughts, their hopes and fears. I talked to some of these workers in seclusion. But since I can't publish their remarks as those of the majority, I shall not repeat them here.

They and the gigantic mosaic of the mightiest industrial effort on earth constituted the gigantic complement to the world of the Sky-men at Washington who formulated their rules of life.

All these industries had their origin in the land, in the little Corn, Cotton, and Coal homes with road letter-boxes, apple pies, rocking-chairs, quilted bedspreads and gardens full of mallows and herbs. They originated from communities where the general store was the social center, the mail-order catalogue an event and the church a seat of divine dictatorship. I shared their lives to a degree that made it difficult to leave. They added another nostalgic affection to the fidelity I felt already for other children of this earth, be they savage Africans, Indian fur hunters, or Mediterranean fishermen.

Sometimes, when I had seen too many human faces, I longed for the sight of the members of the animal kingdom. Accompanying me to the performing bears of Cincinnati or to an owl in Toledo who, in the evening and with glowing eyes, thrust his beak into a piece of meat, my patient friends wondered at the amount of relaxation I drew from such picturesque idyls.

Once, in Chicago, one of the worst blizzards of her history shook the Windy City. Was it silly to choose just this day on which I had lectured to visit the distant Zoo? When I arrived there, after three changes of vehicles, I turned out to be the only visitor to this tremendous tract of land. My purpose was a visit to the pandas. All wardens and animals had plenty of time for me. The pandas were delighted with the Tibetan home-weather and performed special tricks for their only admirer. A monstrous orang-utan offered his hand to me. Being advised to refuse it, I had to endure the penetrating, disdainful look of his sad eyes, so full of reproach as if I were a vain worthless woman and so full of conceit that I would ignore the cordiality of a member of the working class.

The climax of this visit came in the bird house in whose cozy warmth I celebrated a reunion with *Abu Marcub*, the Egyptian shoebill to whom I talked in slight but to-the-point Arabic. Our conversation was interrupted by a gentleman of the *homo sapiens* species, and we decided to involve him.

"Are you a lover of birds?" he asked. I certainly was.

"What brought you here in this blizzard?"

"A need. I saw too many human faces."

He seemed to understand that perfectly. Introducing himself as the chief of the bird house, he soon showed me his favorite pals. But when we came to *quezal*, the precious Mexican, I revealed to him many an ancient story of the divine rôle this feathered creature had played in the symbolism of Mexico, when he, a snake around his neck, had risen to divine honors as Quezalcoatl. *Abu Marcub's* history, too, had many new points for him, and he rewarded me with the sight of the humming birds that had been specially stored away.

I brought my newly gained strength to a fascinating bluish hall in Charleston, West Virginia; to Youngstown, Ohio, and to many other cities whose names alone, together with my adventures there, would fill a book of their own.

These trips were fatefully accentuated by the intervals

I spent at home. The pauses of rest brought other adventures which, though seemingly unrelated to my travels, stood to them in some mystic connection.

Certain realizations made it then especially clear to me that I had been reborn into a new and entirely different form of life. Just as our hair and skin and blood undergo a never-ceasing process of rejuvenation and renovation, giving us new bodily form within the course of a few years, my soul had been rebuilt by the phases of the experiences, the tests, and lessons of American life.

Having returned from a long trip, I sat in that spacious and extraordinary room which our friend, the composer, has built as a temple to his music. This studio had the dimensions of a small church, an effect achieved by a breakthrough to the next higher floor in a tall apartment building of New York. An immense Chinese carpet of restful blue, soft chairs, pillows, unusual pictures, and great bunches of fresh flowers created a background of beauty for the two grand pianos. One of them just sang out in a majestic way, as soon as the maestro began to caress its keyboard.

The great artist had just played "The Dance of the Birds," a musical poem of unusual charm which he had composed as the complement to an exotic fairy-tale written by Jules.

We sat spell-bound. We relaxed. Our troubles had left us as had the usually ever-present challenge of our many duties. In music we had recaptured for a moment the long-forgotten European indulgence in art for the sake of art—a blissful detachment from all purpose, hurry, and intention.

"You played the piano once," said the maestro. Still entranced by his play, I began to mention names and pieces I had dismissed from my mind years ago. Liszt's "François de Paule marchant sur les flots"—Milhaud's *Boeuf sur le toit*—Schubert, Beethoven, and above all, Bach, the divine.

Somehow I found my way over the blue rug to the piano stool. The maestro silently placed before me some sheets

of music. I recognized a valse by Chopin. I seemed to remember every bar.

With amused curiosity, Jules rose from his chair to look over my shoulder. A long-forgotten feeling of the supreme joy which only music can give to its disciples filled my soul. I began to play.

But my hands trembled on that keyboard accustomed to perfection. It was, as though the black and white notes withdrew from my touch. My eyes faltered, refusing to read the once familiar symbols. My enchanted heart held its beat for a second. I saw a huge black veil sinking down over a whole realm of beauty once mine, suddenly lost and outgrown. A door had been closed, a talent had left me which demands all of its adepts and refuses admission to the occasional intruder.

I had lost the ability to read, to play the music I once loved. Realizing this in a flash, I lifted my fingers from the magic board, feeling that it was forever. The maestro kindly offered to give me lessons, to bring back to me "what would easily return," but I refused. Believing in the creed of perfection, I never had belonged to those who do things half-heartedly. All I had undertaken had been done with the utmost effort and in the best manner possible. Nine years ago I had thought: of what worth is music if you cannot drink in liberty from its blessed sources? Now, fighting for that liberty with all my energies, I had lost the ability to play music myself. This was one of the tricks destiny had played on me. I could not change it.

Music was mine no longer. It was just one of the prices I had to pay for the free, strong fighter's soul now mine. There were obviously a number of other things no longer allowed to me: having a dog (my frequent absences would make him suffer), growing flowers I could not always tend, being complacent. Music, as I understood it did not tolerate technical imperfection.

As soon as I realized this, I tossed it from me volun-

tarily and removed its pursuit from my new, my busy, my American life.

Yet, I could not refrain from wondering whether the many-scaled instrument that once was my soul had changed beyond recognition during these crusading years. I had met many a one-scaled individual in the intervening years.

But I had no time to care. People were waiting for me. Fellow-Americans expected me to bring them inspiration and constructive uplift in these troubled times.

That very night I boarded a train to address a large Forum group in Springfield, Illinois. I spoke there of the co-ordination of all forces among us to achieve a higher appreciation and a more effective protection of liberty. I told my listeners that no sacrifice must be too great for any of us at a time when all concentration was needed for the preservation of our four freedoms and for the preservation of our form of civilization which expresses itself in art, in science, and in music . . .

It was a great day. Somehow my audience felt that I had brought them more than empty phrases, that I was ready to *live* what I believed, and that to me no sacrifice was too painful to prove the sincerity of my beliefs.

It was so logical that I found myself next morning before the shrine of my nation: Lincoln's tomb.

The simplicity of the monument was overwhelming. I slowly circled the rotunda and read, from bronze tablets, the Gettysburg address; Lincoln's farewell to Springfield, and his second inaugural address.

The cenotaph in the sarcophagus chamber bore the words

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1809-1865,

overshadowed by the flag of the United States and the President's standard.

After having paid my respects to the hero whose resting place was adorned with wreaths and many States' colors, I proceeded with my lady companion to the archives of the custodian. This remarkable old man, a Mr. Faye, lived in

a room overcrowded with priceless Lincoln trophies. When my friend introduced me to him, he merely repeated my name, digging in a pile of newspaper clippings. Finally he had found my picture, cut from the local paper. Comparing, like a customs official, my features with the printed photograph, he nodded approvingly and crossed the clipping off with a checking sign. I had to autograph it. Thereupon, his interest in the visitor had waned. Whoever came to Springfield was expected to humble himself before the sacred tomb. That everybody came was this wonderful old man's only concern. He was the appointed guardian-angel whose sole purpose on earth was to collect the respects due to his hero from the mere mortals who were being admitted to the celestial place of pilgrimage.

Deep as was the impression which the Monument made upon me, it had a strange effect upon my mind. That under it rested the body of the martyr made it holy. And yet, the Washington monument erected to the greatness of Lincoln's spirit, had stirred me so much and so everlastinglly that the memorial containing his physical remains did not seem to measure up to it. When I left the shrine at Springfield, closing my eyes to make its appearance last in my memory —the picture of the monument in Washington again and again erased that of the tomb. Whenever I think of Lincoln, I cannot help adoring the perfection in which immortal art has celebrated him for all ages in our nation's capital.

Visits like these were highlights of an abstract nature. But there was another very concrete gain from these trips, far beyond that of great sights, of changing cities, and landscapes. There was one decisive realization, one ineradicable fact which repeated itself on all my trips wherever they led me. If you were to ask me for the greatest human experience which I constantly renewed, and always equally impressive, I would answer without hesitation:

“The greatest wonder I have met on those many travels is The American Woman.”

Yes, the American woman is so far superior to most of

her European sisters that singing her praise, proclaiming her laudation, building her triumphal arches has become my favorite occupation. Distinguished by charm, highlighted by refined grooming, well-dressed and composed, the American woman combines with these many advantages a keen mind, high human qualities, and an extraordinary energy. In Europe, so-called "gifted" or "superior" women lose themselves so completely in their supposedly higher mission that they very often neglect the female privilege of being charming. Women are specialized there. The worldly ones are often not very enlightened; the plainer ones lose after their marriage all contact with broader interests; the political ones overdo their misunderstood mannishness; the scientific minds detest household duties; the beauties are often mere collectors of lovers; the unattractive ones give up right at the start. I have known wealthy European women who neglected their appearance with the reasoning: "My husband would love me even if I dressed in sackcloth"; and I know many "outstanding" European females who regard the good housekeeper as detestable and of low intellectual level. There are exceptions, of course. Typically enough, most of these European exceptions are now in America as refugees.

America alone has produced the ideal blending of female virtue. It believes in a theory which always was my own: that a so-called "outstanding" woman begins to be "important" only at the moment when she *adds* to the qualities and abilities of her average sister the special qualifications she claims for herself. A great poet who cannot cook does not impress me. A political woman who does not take care of her husband's buttons is a pitiful sight. A professional educator who neglects, over her theories on child psychology, her own offspring, is no gain to any nation.

I had been very eager to get into closer touch with American womanhood. Much gossip went on in Europe about Yankee females imitating their menfolks by sacrificing their charms for the sake of professional ambition. The

flat-heeled bespectacled spinster of Britain and America was a cartoon figure in many European magazines.

No wonder that my amazement at the sight of the unsurpassable women of America turned into admiration, my admiration into love!

I first took as exceptions the exquisite representatives of my own sex who came to greet me as hostesses, as chair-women, as social leaders of their communities—until I saw that they were the rule. A most interesting phenomenon was, that invariably those women who seemed the most charming, those who were the most active for the sake of their club, congregation, and community, were also those who kept their household in perfect shape, their husbands happy, their children well-behaved, their whole surroundings in a state of perpetual harmony. The best-groomed women I met were also the most intelligent ones. Just as in a painting which represents many human figures, a few of whom appeal especially to us by some inexplicable feeling of inner relationship, some among the thousands of American women I know have stepped forward from the crowds to become so very dear to my heart that their friendship does more to me than make up for my lost family in a lost country.

To me, the cities where they live symbolize their radiant personalities. I cannot separate New Orleans, for instance, from the delightful Anne-Marie in whose house I spent a number of dream-like January days. A banana tree stood before my window, glowing azaleas filled the garden, and poinsettias had the height of trees. A Negro voice sang:

I'm so glad
to be newborn again.
I've been a long time talking about my trials.

We roamed through the famous French Quarter which was so much more Spanish than Gallic, admiring the ironwork of fragile balconies and watching genuine Mammies making pecan pralinés. In the company of some of Anne-Marie's extremely gay and attractive women friends in

one of the renowned patios we had a delightful lunch. All were highly intelligent, yet no one tried to be high-brow there. Eating oysters à la Rockefeller, we discussed recipes from all over the world. The Gulf of Mexico which looks, on maps, as though New Orleans lay right on its shores, proved to be quite a distance away. In the Negro quarters, black people staring hostilely, sat on heaps of oyster shells, resenting the white intrusion. We escaped to Old Man River himself. When the legendary Mississippi really spread before my eyes, complete with steamboats, bullfrogs, pelicans, and 'coon-chasing Negroes, it proved to be indeed one of the great treats of my life, one of the revelations one never forgets, heavy with history like the Tower of London, bristling with that "dream-come-true" flavor like the sight of the Pyramids. Later I followed that venerable river up to Minneapolis, its shores trimmed with multicolored autumn leaves; and still later, I watched the ice-cakes on the mighty waters from the windows of a luxurious building on the University of Minnesota campus.

American cities—reflections of American women who have made them unforgettable to me. Boston is Gertrude who combines more outstanding talents than one might deem possible in one gay, easy-going, fashionable little lady. She is a member of the bar association, an accomplished musician, the builder and keeper of an artistically exquisite home, the ideal wife of a high state official, active in a score of organizations, yet never in a hurry. This faithful friend of incredible charm took me in her car to Mother Goose's grave, pointed out to me all the proud sights of her proud city and, in the shortest time, conveyed to me more of its significance than all history books and *Mayflower* sages could possibly do.

Cincinnati is Gussie, the wonder-woman. Wife of a great scholar, mother of a promising son, she is the moving spirit of practically all community activities destined to bring help and happiness to others. She personally adopted an entire refugee family from Europe without any regard

for reward. She gave Cincinnati to me as though it were a personal present. Strolling with her over the Seven Hills, I imagined myself in Rome on an enchanting spring day in a city so lavishly distinguished by manifestations of art. Deep down in the valley rolled the yellow waves of the Ohio, the other giant river which had so gracefully danced a few weeks before under the bridges of Wheeling, West Virginia. Here, in Cincinnati, the Ohio was the furnisher of fine-grained potter's earth whose transformation into objects of art we watched in the workrooms of the famous Rookwood studios. Vases, animals, urns, plates in all colors and shapes delighted the eye, and Gussie presented me with a huge green frog, so appropriate for a child of Aquarius, the heavenly water-bearer, naturally fond of all aquarine creatures. The Taft Museum boasted Franz Hals's and Rembrandts; the station, precious modern mosaics. A strange transport system on a lofty elevator carried trolleys, passengers and our car deep down into the valley. A tropical hot-house of enormous size surprised us with cacti, flowers, palm trees. Cincinnati can be proud of many things, and it can be especially proud of my good Gussie.

Mansfield, Ohio, is Fritzie, my blond, witty, spirited friend. Beautiful as a movie star, she is a master-cook whose creations, as to taste and appearance, would shame any *maitre d'hôtel*. Her home is an island of supreme taste, of spirited talk and gaiety. As a friend she is adorable; as a wife and mother, ideal.

Detroit is Juliette who tells me more in a short letter than many a college professor in hours. She is a professional woman, proud and pretty, who takes part with responsible anxiety in all the problems and challenges of the hazardous world situation.

Toledo is a whole bevy of women, sweet and lively. Their symbol is the Toledo Museum of Art with its auditorium in the shape of a Roman amphitheatre—an idea of Leopold Stokowski. There indirect lights transform the "sky" into Southern azure, into gray, orange, or red, as a perfect

accompaniment to the music which here found its ideal temple. Ancient glasses vibrate in luxurious cases. Spirited women take care that this vast number of art pieces never becomes a dry expression of the past but a living part of present, up-to-date life. Toledo offers a curious sight, too: a complete Catholic church, imported from Italy, stone by stone—a not entirely convincing idea.

St. Paul is Clara with the angel voice and Daisy: a typical American mother and an accomplished clubwoman who does all things the perfect way.

Minneapolis is Mary, a versatile radio woman, and Dr. Muriel, a Professor of English, radiating with human understanding, cultured wisdom, and literary sensibility.

Cleveland is Virginia—a clergyman's fascinating wife. My walks and talks with her, the generous hostess and inspiring companion, belong to my "Sky"-memories. Here was an ideal wife, the equal partner of an outstanding American leader. She had a parallel in Pittsburgh, where another great man was blessed with another great wife.

Camden is a splendid woman doctor; Glencoe a circle of delightful friends. Chicago is a large circle, symbolized by the girl with whom I spend at every visit a day in Marshall Field's, the most remarkable department store I ever saw. Champaign is a group of outstanding University women; Oak Park a dream of joy. Ah, it is so difficult to stop without telling what women symbolize to me Baltimore and Wheeling, Scranton and Johnstown, Racine and Youngstown, Washington and New York. All cities are inspired by their women, beautified by women, improved by women; all cities are growing, dynamic monuments to American womanhood.

No chance acquaintances are these women to me, but proven friends. They all have become parts of my life. I owe a deep debt of gratitude to them and to those busy little heroines of radio, newspapers, magazines, bookstores, who never allowed their daily routine to kill their warm, feminine impulse. They have demonstrated to me, unknow-

ingly, that women are indeed the inspiration and the hope of this world; that women live the ideals so many men proclaim; that women always will fill the first ranks when it comes to sacrificing, helping, serving, acting constructively, lovingly.

It would seem unfair not to include Our Lady of Bedloe Island who, though having come to us as an immigrant from France, symbolizes the apotheosis of all virtues of American womanhood. Ever since she arrived on our shores some fifty years ago, it may be safely assumed that, as a law-abiding individual, she has in the meantime succeeded in securing her First and her Second Papers, even if she might have had but a single answer to the immigration examiner's questions: the word "Liberty."

My thanks to you, women of America! My respects. My admiration. Don't believe me biased because you have spoiled me with your graciousness and have lavished your kindness upon me. And, don't believe me partial on account of the fact that the writer of these lines is herself—an American woman.

CHAPTER XI

AMERICAN CITIZEN NUMBER 4 965 900

You go through your days, trying to fulfill your duties as an honorable human being. You have wishes and desires the same as anybody else, but life has taught you patience. In some cases, you have given up hope of your most precious aims ever being materialized. Yet, you try to remain cheerful. It does not always rest with you to bring about certain decisions whose realization would mean more to you than your very existence.

We, too, had such longings. After seven full years of permanent residence in America; after having satisfied the law in every respect; fifteen months after we had passed the citizenship examination with the official renunciation of "all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty," we had not yet been able to reach the goal set at the very moment of our arrival: to become legally recognized Americans. Many great men and women of these United States had called us their friends in the meantime; we now mastered the language; we had been entrusted with many social and public tasks by our country; but we still lacked the sealed certificate and final assurance of our citizenship. Jacob served seven years for Rachel. We served seven years for our American citizenship.

Being the fighters we are, such helplessness made us sad. Anything you cannot *do* something about, depresses your soul if you are an active human being. Nevertheless, we carried on in the old cheerful way, hiding our disappointment. This mask of optimism had become so customary with us that our friends used to say to us during such periods:

"Oh, for *you* that is naturally nothing! Other people would break down under the strain. But you are always

gay. You just take nothing seriously!" They did not realize the amount of our self-control; a fact that has us, in many years, deprived of help when we needed it urgently, of money when we did not know on what to live, of sympathy when we were secretly longing for a shoulder on which to cry. It was just a bad habit of ours and, unfortunately, still is.

In this frame of mind, an official summons burst in on us like a real bolt from the blue. It was an ugly, serialized little thing without impressive appearance whatsoever—but its contents were more welcome than a message from Heaven itself. We were invited to appear for the last and decisive ceremony in the Federal Building on Christopher Street! Sometimes, when we are alone, we act as though not exactly grown-up. It must be the anthropological gipsy in us, the same little ghost which makes Jules so firmly convinced of his totenistic relationship to the legendary Honourable Bear Tribe.

No gift is more welcome than the unexpected one, no joy better appreciated than the fulfilled hope you had begun to abandon. Well, we danced a little, we sang, we recited the Star-Spangled Banner; we looked at our 'photos of the Lincoln Memorial. We were as silly and overjoyed as only poor children can be who are invited to move from an orphanage into the home of a loving family willing to accept them as their own.

Like bashful lovers we decided to keep our sweet secret to ourselves and waved away all attempts of eager co-celebrators to make a "publicity stunt" out of the occasion, with waiting newspaper photographers and "I am so happy" interviews. For such behavior the occasion was too serious. We were too deeply involved. Justice Cardozo would not have approved of such loud demonstrations. Neither did we.

This time we needed no witnesses in tow. All that was over. We would appear now in our own right.

The sun had come out after a number of humid early June days as we trotted again over the torn pavement of Christopher Street, worn away as the big bronze toe of St. Peter is by the kisses of the faithful in his Church of Rome. Again, many exotic figures shuffled along the same road. But our conception of Christopher Street had changed in the meantime. It was to us now merely one of the main veins of Greenwich Village, not far from the place where our friend Charlie created "East Tenth Street atmosphere"; near the tiny restaurant where Vilhjalmur Stefansson so often spun for us his arctic dreams. A few blocks away, Bennett, the painter, had conjured up his pseudo-Paris. The poems of Floyd Dell still seemed to linger around these houses. That was Christopher Street now to us, no longer a road of immigration.

"Final Hearing" was the official term for the great occasion, its scene the sixth floor of the mill that at last sifted the contents of the great melting pot. It was very early in the morning, nine o'clock. We were well in time but found, to our amazement, already an assembly of about two hundred persons waiting in a neatly arranged line. We were advised that men and women had to separate.

Of course, no one could possibly realize how much we had longed for this, our patriotic wedding-day, where we should be joined in marriage to our nation. Bridal couples walk together through the middle aisle—but not couples eager to be consecrated in citizenship. Since the women took precedence, I entered the ante-room long before Jules who only moved forward slowly in his compact file of men. I presented to two officials my summons and the embarrassing "alien registration card" which I now would get rid of forever. All found in order, I was admitted to the large court-room of everyday appearance, distinguished only by a silken flag to the left near the Judge's seat. Three huge pews, each containing ten rows of six seats, were still almost unoccupied. I sat down in the middle one, reserving one seat at my side for Jules. Some sturdy women crowded

in after me. An usher in shirt sleeves advised me to abandon "Jules' seat."

Remembering the picture of Einstein printed in all the papers, showing him taking the final oath at the side of his lady secretary, I asked timidly:

"Can't we sit together? Others do." The answer was: The answer was:

"Others fall on their heads and stay crazy for the rest of their lives. Sit down where I usher you. I have been in this business for years."

A "business" it was. I had forgotten that. Naturally, the man did not realize what this day meant to us. But it seemed so important to me to share this hour with Jules and at his side, that I mentioned the name of a great New Yorker who had, in profound and sensitive words, congratulated us on this day. I was not very lucky with this suggestion either, because I heard:

"We don't care from whom you have a letter, even if it's from the President of the United States!"

This made me abandon my hope.

To my left sat a fat woman who talked through all the proceedings in Italian with her neighbor. She had an impressive little moustache under her nose and a colony of black warts asymmetrically distributed all over her face. To my right sat, in a red turban, a Negro woman from the West Indies, a real *mamilaroi*, a sacred goat's horn on a cord dangling between her breasts. She betrayed a fancy for garlic, even at this early morning hour, but at least she did not speak in a foreign language. Both women had short, black finger nails with unraveled, worked-off edges. Loud clatter filled the air.

At the two Press Tables in the front, four nonchalant young men became evident. One chewed gum. Two were Negroes. More and more women filled the room. The middle pew was already overflowing, the second too, the third was half-filled. The electric fans turned rapidly. All the lights were on. From the row of windows to the right

streamed misty sunlight. The humidity of the previous days had returned.

Unceremoniously, the names of a number of women were being called who had married since the day when they filed their petition.

From the doors the men now began to stream in. Only a few had a chance to sit. All others had to stand along the walls. After a long while Jules appeared far from me, ushered to a place near the windows. His neighbor was a good-looking Swede with the first name of "Thor." (They later exchanged their cards. Thor was one of the few people present who obviously felt as happily excited as we did.)

The nonchalant young gentlemen disappeared from the front tables, one of them whistling melodiously. Near the flag to the left appeared a group who were conversing, among them the Judge. It became serious. A court clerk appeared. All future Americans arose from their seats.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! The U. S. District Court . . . is now in session. Give it your attention and you shall be heard." The crowd sat down again. The little Italian woman at my left yawned so whole-heartedly, involving her whole body, that she gave me an unintentional slap on the cheek.

The heavy-set, bald-headed Judge in his black robe took his seat. The names of two persons were being called. Both whispered to the Judge and returned to their places. These private huddles over, the court clerk rose again. Asking all those present to stand up, he slowly pronounced once again the oath to which we had signed our names on the final citizenship applications; the oath which we had already sworn fifteen months before.¹

I forgot my neighbors and some not too beautiful details of the previous hour.

This was the moment.

¹ Compare p. 227.

From the silken flag I looked to Jules, my eyes wet from the window glare. From beyond this court-room, Justice Cardozo's clear eyes seemed to look at me encouragingly. Justice Stone's words of congratulation were in my heart. I saw invisible audiences rise to honor a speaker who had just concluded an address on the privileges of American citizenship.

Since it was our wedding to our new nation, I yearned for some active participation. But not even an "I do" was requested. Why did no one "pronounce" us "Americans" just as in the much less important wedding formula the justice of the peace says: "I herewith pronounce you man and wife!"

We sat down again. I heard, from my left, the word "ravioli." The Judge honored us assembled Americans with a short address.

When I try to reproduce here the main line of his thoughts, I do it with due respect and in the knowledge that I could not possibly do them full justice. This attempt, however, may be forgiven on account of the holy enthusiasm with which I had received the fact of my final acceptance into the community of full-fledged Americans. My soul was so sensitive to every spoken word on that day that the Judge's address gained a supreme significance. I heard:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:

You enjoy now the rights and privileges of American citizenship. These rights and privileges have not come to us without struggle. We have fought for these things through which our country became great. Events are now taking place in the world by which these rights and privileges are endangered. To protect them, we are arming to the end that you and I and our children and children's children may enjoy them in safety. I wish to urge you who have come to this country to enjoy these privileges, to join with us in their defense. Nothing will be asked from you and demanded of you that we will not ask and demand from ourselves. As new citizens, you are expected to stand

shoulder to shoulder with the native-born citizens. Obey the law. Live in peace and amity with your neighbors. You are no longer Italians, you are no longer French, you are no longer German—you are Americans. Learn to speak and to read English better than you do now. It is the language that you should speak and read. It is the language of this country which will meet any attack from whatever direction it comes.

So once again, as I welcome you to this citizenship, I urge you to do whatever is necessary to save the land."

Therewith, the Judge disappeared.

It was a sincere, wholesome speech. To people who even now yawned or chewed gum, people who felt themselves present to attend to a "business," the actual contents of any address might have made no appeal to them.

But there must have been others in that room, people who had considered the process of their Americanization as a painful and yet finally triumphant expression of high responsibility; people who had come there that day with a passionate heart; people whose eyes flowed over at the sight of Old Glory; people who carried in their minds the countenance of Abraham Lincoln; people who were ready to dedicate their abilities, their enthusiasm, their blood to this beloved land; people who had prayed the night before to their God to make them humble enough, worthy enough to receive in this sacred hour with dignity the confirmation of their American citizenship.

New citizens of this kind had, probably, not had the opportunity to draw inspiration from American Sky-men whom they never had had an opportunity to meet. They might be in an urgent need of a stirring, unforgettable experience here, in this hour; to be treasured forever with the memory of this day of wedding to their nation. Perhaps, they did not know the Western plains, the splendor of America's South, the majestic expressions of its industries. Perhaps they had spent their previous years in the dark

corner of some little East Side shop. They did not know what America as a nation, as an idea, really meant.

This was the hour to tell them! This was the moment to tie them forever with sacred bands to their fellow-countrymen and to the soil of America whose wonders they probably had never seen.

This precious opportunity for the sake of a higher form of patriotism had, it seemed to me, not been fully used. During the time we all were assembled in this building for the final ceremony, nothing had been offered which could have appealed to those sacred emotions which alone can turn a From Somewhere individual into an inspired, faithful American who, by the burning love for his country, regards no sacrifice as too great to prove his gratitude, his loyalty. A patriot who would rather die than disappoint his country, needs an occasional emotional uplift.

It is not for my own sake—for I had become an American in Washington years ago—but for the sake of future citizens and future “final hearings” that I wish to suggest a few words a future judge might say to those eager to receive the sacred inspiration. Not presumptuousness, prompts me to do so, but the love for my country and the love for those men and women who have served, as I did, seven full years for the privilege of becoming Americans and who appear at the final hearing like chastened souls entering Paradise after a long stay in Purgatory.

“Fellow Americans!

Let the judge who has found your applications righteous and your eagerness to achieve American citizenship genuine, be the first to congratulate you on this great day in your lives. The family of one hundred and thirty-two millions whom you have shunned no obstacle to join, welcomes you as their own. This day to which you have looked forward for so long, is indeed one of overwhelming importance.

It was not you but fate that chose for you the day and the place of your birth. But it is you alone who have proudly and independently decided that you wish to spend

your present and your future lives in the community of this mightiest nation on earth, whose very existence is built upon the immortal ideal of democracy.

From this day on, the far-away countries which you once knew have sunk into the oceans surrounding our continent. America does not ask you any longer: 'Where do you come from?' but rather takes you into her arms with the question: 'Will you be a good fellow-citizen?' Whether you originate from ancient Persia, whether from the West Indies, from England, or from one of the unhappy nations of the European continent who are tortured by hatred and jealousy—your country does not care. We all, even the ancestors of Washington, the Father of our nation, once came from somewhere else, voluntarily, proudly, and with the resolution to be free and to stay free.

The United States offers you so much that you will have little reason to look back upon a life which lies behind you like the outgrown clothes of your childhood. The time of narrowness is over. The wealth and the resources of your country are immeasurable. Did you know that France does not even cover the area of our one state of Texas? That the United States is seventeen times larger than Germany? That all Italy comprises merely about three quarters of the size of California?

Our nation does not consist of one or three or ten states like these, but of forty-eight! And they are not fighting each other as are the diminutive states of Europe. They are united! Do you realize what that word means? Do you understand the greatness of our government which rules, in independence and in peace, these free and happy states; that it is a government of the people, by the people, for the people which grants to you Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness? No other government on earth includes human happiness in its fundamental principles.

This happiness is now yours. Remember the men who have fought for it in your behalf. Realize the responsibility of being free!

I know you are proud as I am to be fully recognized children of the mightiest nation on earth. You are ready as I am, I see it in your scintillating eyes, to defend the soil and the ideals of this our nation with all you possess. In a world torn by hatred, in a world of destruction, our country, our hemisphere are God's reservoir of construction. But greater than the immensity of our soil is the greatness of our ideals—ideals which have brought you here. Whoever dares to challenge these ideals will perish under our united reaction.

Pray to your God that He make you worthy of this citizenship. Wherever His Heaven may be, whatever the shape of the Paradise you believe in—you are free to worship in liberty on the soil of America.

During the many years of your American lives, you have been reborn into a new, better form of existence. You have learned a new language; new customs, new holidays have become yours. You have learned to celebrate Thanksgiving with an American turkey on your table; you understand now the meaning of our Fourth of July. Whenever you are in despair or grief, the image of Abraham Lincoln who died in the service of this your country will strengthen you, because it is he who helped build our 'new nation, conceived in liberty'; it is he who symbolizes your and my America."

A special light would play over the flag with the stars and stripes; a string quartet would appear. Each new citizen would find in his hands a leaflet with a stanza printed on it, and suddenly all assembled Americans, old and new, would rise and sing together:

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh—say does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave—
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

This is the kind of "final hearing" I dream of for future generations of naturalized American citizens.

The occurrences on my own wedding-day to my nation were, however, a little different.

After the judge had left, a period of dull waiting began. All new Americans remained in their seats, murmuring, talking, laughing. Most men, Jules among them, remained standing. After a half-hour someone said:

"All ladies who have signed their certificates can go. Take it easy, now. Those who have not signed the certificate will please stay!" Some women left. A gay mood of unrestraint took hold of the crowd. The West Indian neighbor to my right had forgotten her alien registration card and consulted a clerk. He advised her:

"Don't bring it today. Bring it Wednesday. I'm crazy as it is." All people who tried to get up and get their cases settled were advised to "sit down and rest yourselves."

The nonchalant young men took their places again at the little tables in front. All women present were directed to form in line. Piles of citizenship certificates became evident.

The left pew was emptied first. Each woman stepped through the railed entrance to the tables. Pew number two followed—mine. I now stood beside a woman who had brought along her three-year-old offspring, a boy who turned loose the wooden pegs of the barrier while crying for ice-cream. A scrimmage developed. Late arrivals tried to push into the rows. Sharp words were exchanged. A clerk interfered, to the delight of the women in front.

"He puts them back! Good! First come, first served!"

Sarcastic remarks turned into hysterical outbursts. Finally, the clerk advised all the women to sit down again and to start all over:

"Back! There'll be a riot here! If you behave like this we'll get nowhere!"

At eleven o'clock it was my turn. I presented my summons and the alien registration card. The clerk handed me my citizenship certificate and my photographs which I had previously submitted. At one of the little tables I signed my name twice and handed to the nonchalant young man a stamped envelope for the return of the certificate by mail.

Jules followed me a full hour later. Logically enough, it was a Negro who took care of him. This Negro provided the only individual touch of the whole ceremony.

As Jules signed his name, the young man asked:

"If you don't mind—what is your profession?"

"I'm an anthropologist," said Jules, "if this means anything to you."

"From Columbia?"

"Yes. I was there."

"Oh, then I know your whole story. I read the book!"

"Well, that's my wife who wrote it."

"Oh! How is Mrs. Lips?"

"There she is, in the second row. With the white jacket."

"Now, that's really something! Tell me, Professor, are you happy?"

"I am an American now. That is happiness enough."

Another shirt-sleeved clerk bumped into us at the door. Seeing our solemn faces, he excused himself:

"In this job you've got to smile. If you don't smile, you die young."

We smiled. We left the Federal Building. On the street we met Thor again.

"Come with me to Wievels to have a real Smorgasbord!" We couldn't oblige. We went home to drink, all alone, the bottle of champagne saved for this purpose.

Standing on our lace-covered, flower-decked table with the red, white, and blue candles and the silken flag, we toasted our new country as citizens' numbers 4 965 900 and 4 966 018.

It was easy to count our American years. We had come when the Dionne quintuplets were born and when the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air began.

It was easy to count the general milestones of our Americanization.

Our habits had changed first, from toothpaste to laundry soap. The hot summers had accustomed us to other types of clothing; instinctive desire for adaption had even changed our gestures and manner of articulation. The giant size of *feuilleton*-less newspapers had educated us to another, strictly factual approach to our daily paper. The different structure of radio organization had demonstrated to us the advantages of free competition in this field and had educated our ears to habitual non-listening to commercials. Different objects had to be bought in differently organized stores. We became familiar with the phenomenon of the American drug store, that conglomeration of pioneer needs and a mania for mixture. Academic achievement was measured by "credit points." A "professor" might be a man who taught saxophone playing, gymnastics, hair-styling, ping-pong, or Greek philosophy. Open piano keyboards signified hospitality. At public occasions, whistling was an expression of mass-approval, not, as in Europe, mass-disdain. A well-bred man never entered the street without a hat. Many ladies wore no gloves in public. Windows opened in an upward direction, admitting only half as much fresh air as their size seemed to imply. Most people changed their addresses every year. Dentistry was one hundred years ahead of that of Europe. The taste of whisky had to be accepted. The Lord's Prayer had to be relearned. A European milliard was an American billion. A mile was one and one half kilometers. A yard was ninety centimeters. Temperature was measured with the Fahrenheit, not the Celsius, system. Dresses were standardized and had to be bought ready-to-wear "in black, brown, navy—sizes twelve to twenty." It was not considered bad taste to wear "costume jewelry"

of painted and gilded lead. The bows on men's hatbands were at the side, not in the back. Men's hats were politely removed in apartment house and hotel elevators, but not in office buildings. Table manners required continuous shifting of the fork from the left into the right hand, refuting the European ambidexterity of eating.

Any anthropologist can change such habits over night. Not to appear conspicuous by "foreign" habits is one of the professional principles of all explorers. "New habits" was the easiest rule of adjustment.

The second step had been cultural. Our tastes changed. We now liked plays which we had found indigestible three years before. We began to read certain "funnies." We excused certain peculiarities of behavior because they were compensated for by rich human qualities. Actions which might have been offensive in Europe were all right here because their origin was naïveté, not evil purpose. We did not mind listening to jazz in the morning and to choral preludes in the evening. We developed another conception of jokes. We accustomed ourselves to "digests" and commentators. We began to read books everybody else read—not exclusively those we believed of lasting value. We learned to interpret the American emphasis on mass-singing as an expression of constructive mass emotion. We learned to work in offices with constantly open doors. We accustomed ourselves to cheerful invaders of our work and privacy. We explored the "encyclopedic" American mind with its preference for analysis rather than synthesis. We accepted the "never-give-up"-approach. We became aware of the fact that politicians, scientists, movie-makers, radio program-men, and publishers rather followed a public trend than created it. We wrote "love" at the end of our letters to indifferent persons. We called people whom we hardly knew by their first names, as they did us. All values we had known, all abstract conceptions, had been recoined. Our notions of profession and avocation; study and science; research and reading; Church and God; friendship and

marriage; dwelling and hospitality; authority and respect; music and literature, had undergone a revolution.

Not until our habits had been Americanized and our understanding of the phenomena of American civilization firmly cemented, was the final stage in our development reached: the reshaping of our souls.

No additional explanation on this point is necessary to the reader of this record of rebirth, which is nothing but a description of the reincarnation of two souls into a full realization of and a co-responsibility for the American way of life. Our milestones had been: physical adjustment in the spirit of good-will; Washington and Justice Cardozo; a close insight into the decline of the Old World; travels through America; and the resulting conviction that for centuries to come these United States were destined to assume the cultural, technical, and ethical leadership of the earth.

To celebrate this, we sat at our festive table on the day of the legalization of our citizenship.

Later, we followed our old custom of sitting together until far into the night to find out whether our motives were clean, our responsibilities fully recognized, and the records of our souls straight.

We had not come to America to grasp material wealth. We had not come to hide an ugly personal past. We had not originated from the huts of poverty to discover in the New World comforts never known before.

We had arrived for the purpose of preserving something: the ideals entrusted to our minds and hearts. These ideals consisted in the conviction that the elements of culture for which and by which we had lived, could remain constructive only in liberty. America offered them and us this liberty. Therefore, we owed her immeasurable gratitude.

We were probably prouder citizens after our conscientious and victorious fight for complete adjustment than many millions of fellow-Americans who had left this fight

to their fathers and grandfathers to enjoy now, in complacency, the privileges of democracy together with the monetary conveniences inherited from others. We felt closer to the Founding Fathers than to many generations in between. We had not come to grasp "sixty acres of land" but to offer to America all we had, even if it did not consist in material values.

And we had not only come to preserve but also: to fight. We had been born in an unfortunate century where the civilized world split itself into two adverse groups of humanity: armies of destruction, and armies of construction. The spiritual achievements of millenia were at stake in this catastrophe. Precious statues, paintings, stained-glass church windows were no longer safe in the "civilized" world and had to be stored in subterranean shelters. Religion, Justice, Science, and Truth were endangered at their very foundations by new hordes of barbarians. With the diamonds and the gold of Europe its most precious thoughts also had to be brought over the oceans to the Land of Liberty where they had not only to be sheltered and preserved but fought for in the spirit of responsibility. That was why we had come: to join the angels with the flaming sword who stood on American soil, defending and fighting before the Paradise of Liberty. This was the deepest significance of our citizenship.

In this fight we had acquired a new, stronger skin, a colder temper, a new self-control. We had learned to say "So what?" in the face of paralyzing disillusionment; "Who cares?" when another hope went down; "Forget it!" when misunderstanding threatened us. But, in return, we had been blessed by friendships of the enduring, the decisive kind. Men and women of America recognized us just as we them—as bearers of the same ideals and responsibilities as conscious defenders of that life, that liberty, and that pursuit of happiness which stood, a halo of eternal light, over the heads of the heroes of this nation.

This day, this moment seemed appropriate to reflect upon our own status within the social set-up of our country. So seldom do fighters have the time to think of themselves. With his roguish twinkle, Justice Cardozo had once said to Jules while listening to his conception of responsible citizenship:

"You will have a brilliant future in this country—if you don't starve in the meantime."

And, after Jules' resignation from the Negro University, he had received this handwritten letter from Mr. Justice Brandeis:

I am sorry to learn that the Howard students are no longer to have the benefit of your instruction. But your character gives assurance that somehow our country will get the full contribution which your ability and learning make possible.

Well, the great prophet had seen into a future still veiled to us.

Every morning now, sitting in my tub, I made it a part of my daily routine to think and to sing to myself:

"I am an American!"

which provided me with the right impulse to start a good and constructive day.

It was only natural that I longed for an official occasion to enjoy the privilege of citizenship in a more visible fashion.

This opportunity came with the election of a new Mayor for New York City. After I had read most carefully all requirements, I presented myself at the registration place for voters, a cleaner's shop just around the corner of our house. I announced to the middle-aged lady before the great book that I desired to register as a voter. When she asked me:

"Did you vote last time?"

I said:

"No. I was not yet a citizen then."

"Oh, so this is your first vote?"

"It is."

"Well, in this case *you have to prove your literacy first.*"

"My literacy?"

"Yes. That you can read and write."

I burst into laughter. I considered this an extremely "good one." But it was no joke. It really was the law. I offered to read her a passage from the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* which I had under my arm. But she did not seem to be impressed with this kind of literature. She advised me "to undergo a little formality" in a near-by public school.

Arriving there, I was ushered into a classroom where a very pretty lady teacher invited me to squeeze myself in a bench built for six-year olds. Three other slowly scrawling applicants were already at work, two Negroes and one elderly woman.

The peach-cheeked teacher (very worthy of a first-class shiny apple which I, unfortunately, had not brought as a prize like that of Paris, the divine judge of beauty) handed me a tripartite leaflet to which its proud author, THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, THE STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, had signed its name. I read:

"New York State Regents Literacy Test

Name:

Address:

Date:

Read this and then write the answers to the questions. Read it as many times as you need to.

In the village of Schuylerville, a short distance from the city of Saratoga Springs, stands the famous Saratoga Battle Monument. This is near the spot where on October 17, 1777, General Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates of the American Army. This surrender was a high spot in the Revolutionary War. The Saratoga Battle Monument was erected by the Saratoga Monument Association. The cornerstone was laid on October 17, 1877, just one hundred years after the surrender took place. The monument which rises to a height of 154 feet, is a shaft of beautifully colored stone. It was completed in June, 1883, at a cost of \$105,000.

- (1) Where is the Saratoga Battle Monument?
- (2) What city is nearby?
- (3) In what year did General Burgoyne surrender?
- (4) In what war did that surrender take place?
- (5) How high is the monument?"

Et cetera, et cetera.

I received a paper slip from the teacher and went back to the cleaner's shop to submit my CERTIFICATE OF LITERACY. I was allowed to keep one of its sections for myself "for possible further use." It proved a very worthwhile document. I sent it to my publishers before I submitted this manuscript. This little formality should be made a state law binding upon all writers of books. Thus, the public would at least be sure of their literacy.

When election day came, I went again to the cleaner's shop as one of the 1,080,365 women voters who had registered in New York City. After signing my name in the big book, I had time to study a poster at the wall explaining certain rules which made it possible for ill or *illiterate persons* to enter the voting booth accompanied by a helper. How these illiterates could possibly manage to sneak in after all the careful precautions, remained inconceivable to me.

I entered the booth, pulled the red-handled lever, moved some of the little name-hooks, pulled the lever again—and I had enjoyed my right of free vote.

It was a mere chance occurrence that we were privileged to spend just that afternoon as private visitors of the Governor of our State. As on previous occasions, we had again many opportunities to marvel at this outstanding man whose greatness is so perfectly accentuated by his unassuming simplicity.

The fact that this was election day was not even mentioned. We talked about a very charming object of mutual interest: dogs and, especially, boxers whom the Governor had bred as their first fancier in New York State. We recalled the tricks and antics of Tapir, the departed martyr and were rewarded with beautiful anecdotes about the Governor's female boxer "Budget," whose puppies had been named most appropriately "Surplus" and "Deficit."

CHAPTER XII

THE MIRACLE OF UNITY

Twenty months before the official outbreak of The Great Liberty War, the people of Europe were startled by a phenomenon of nature. An aurora borealis, more brilliant than any observed during the last fifty years, covered the skies with curtains of celestial fire. Two gigantic arcs rose in the East and West from which pulsating beams radiated like searchlights from a heavenly center. Red, purple, and green rays of unbearable intensity flashed down to the shocked earth. All transatlantic radio communication was interrupted.

It seemed to the people of Britain as though Windsor Castle were ablaze. The meditative Scots appeared fearful of an ill omen.

Is this a sign from the gods, asked bewildered humanity, that there will be war again over this unhappy planet?

They were wrong in this assumption. War was already there. Only, most people did not dare to realize that an explosive heap of guilt, complacency, and neglect had been allowed to grow higher and higher somewhere in the Old World. International conscience, that slow-acting fire-department, had refused to extinguish the initial flame of the peril, pretending that it was merely an incident of minor arson which would die down by itself, not worthy of immediate and concentrated action.

Who realized then that justice, liberty, and human happiness are indivisible on earth and that their abuse, even in the remotest corner of this globe, unconditionally destroys all justice, all liberty, and human happiness of all citizens dwelling on this planet?

Not even Hitler's invasion of Germany marked the beginning of a new world war. It started with the unavenged

rape of Manchukuo during those dark, hushed-up September days of the year 1931. China, appealing to the League of Nations, was unable to obtain an international verdict against the Japanese criminal. When the nations of Europe thus closed their eyes to this first major international crime since 1918, they threw away the first guaranty of their own safety.

A diabolical little man from Austria used this convenient moment of world lethargy. Ridiculed by France, belittled by Britain, overlooked as insignificant by the United States, Adolf Hitler began to establish crime as a form of government and gangsterism, based on threats and lies, as a constitution. A tired and complacent world gave him full play.

As accompanying music to his sinister activities, the shot of an assassin rang in the new era of horror. Twenty-two months after the establishment of the Nazi régime, undiscovered backers used the Jugoslav fanatic Kelen Hetrus as their tool to assassinate King Alexander of Jugoslavia and the French Foreign Minister Louis Barthou, riding in gala along the Cannebière of Marseille. Much in the same manner as Princip, the assassin whose bullet kindled the war of 1914, the killer of Marseille stepped on the running board of the slowly moving car and began to pull the trigger of his pistol scarcely an arm's length from the king.

His shots killed the two most resolute European defenders of international decency. A chill ran along my spine when after Hitler's invasion of the demilitarized Rhineland zone a member of the French government remarked to me:

"Good that Barthou has been assassinated. That fool would have marched." (Against Hitler)

Closer and closer moved the threat. France betrayed England and herself for the first time when she refused to agree to sanctions against the Italian invader of another free land: Abyssinia.

On each such occasion the tide of new international gangsterism tore off another piece from all coasts of safety and liberty. The governments of free peoples allowed it to happen, seemingly believing that the larger the waves the smaller their dangers and that cancer grows to its own decline. Unchecked, the avalanche rolled on, growing in size every day.

Three years after the beginning of the Nazi rule, civil war broke out in Spain. The righteous defenders of their democratic government were termed "rebels" and the rebels "nationalists" by the world press—a cruel verification of the Spanish proverb:

*"Siempre el traidor es el vencido, y el leal es el que vence."*¹

The skies covered themselves with a warning red of divine disgust. Not so the cheeks of men who invented, as a paltry excuse for their lethargy, the sweet-sounding slogan of "appeasement" so well defined by Raymond Gram Swing as "the sacrifice of a principle for the purpose of avoiding a conflict," an attitude immortalized by Neville Chamberlain.

At that time, Premier Edouard Daladier spoke in the city of Marseille, which provided so much symbolism in all phases of this war; contending that "peace and co-operation are realizable between the French and German peoples," the latter term referring to the Nazi régime. What terrible experiences this man would have to go through before he finally regained the spirit becoming to a Frenchman, a son of the revolution of 1793! He stood near the bronze plate inserted in the pavement of Marseille to commemorate the assassination of Barthou and King Alexander with the single word *Paix* (Peace). Three years later, the glorious silken standards of French history were carried over this same pavement to safety in Africa, while the weeping sons of France knelt beside the slowly moving trucks, crying helplessly for salvation. They know today,

¹ "The vanquished is always called traitor and the conquerer loyal."

as does Daladier, that the hymn which received its name from this city will unite a new France under the old battle-cry of the Marseillaise, on the day when the stone angel of Notre Dame will sound with his trumpet the call of resurrection.

When the Apocalyptic Horsemen smashed into Czechoslovakia, public opinion finally forced the umbrellas to be parked in the corners. War was being declared.

It began in the feeling of mutual underestimation, giving Hitler time to put the last touches on his ready machine. A defense psychosis gave birth to that monster called "phony" war. Besides with the Nazis, there was no spirit of attack. War could be "won by waiting."

One sentence explained the French approach: "*Je m'en fiche, je m'en fou.*"¹

The English rested happily on the superstition of the invincible old school tie.

In America, at the same time, a man said to me during the question period of a Forum:

"We shouldn't take the trouble of going into all those European problems. Tell me, Mrs. Lips, isn't it wonderful that we Americans have *all the guts* and no one else can measure up to us?"

It struck me like lightning. It was the American version of a Berlin slogan which had helped to expel from power those who had warned of the approach of Hitlerism:

"*Eh ick Sie um Rat frare, licber verloof ick mir!*"²

So many European nations had considered themselves "chosen peoples" before the wave of organized crime swept them away. They had complacently watched their neighbors' collapse instead of coming to their aid—and thus in time to the aid of all free peoples. Austria had tolerated Hitler's invasion of Germany; Czechoslovakia had done nothing against Austria's peril; Poland had looked on while Czechoslovakia broke down, even cutting

¹ "I don't care."

² "Before I'd ask your advice, I would rather run the wrong way."

off a piece of the cake for herself. Disunity, presumption had made it easy for Hitler to divide and conquer. Now, I learned that there were people in America who believed that Hitler would satisfy himself with one *continent*!

This "All the guts"-man reminded me of a number of primitive tribes who consider themselves exclusively as human beings and regard the rest of the world as populated merely by man-like beasts. Even their tribal names spell in their own languages the word "Men," refusing this designation to all other images of God.

It is such people, primitive or civilized, who, in the certainty of their superiority, fall first when their safety is challenged; just as the Nazis who abuse the Lord with their blasphemous dogma of a racial Germanic superiority, will vanish over-night.

Mr. "All-the-guts" was, thank Heaven, not at all typical of America; but if he had been made a general, the "too little and too late" tactics would have been his rule, because he felt himself invincible enough not to move one finger for his own and others' protection. It was Mr. "All-the-guts" British twin-brother who let the *Bremen* slip through the blockade at the beginning of the war and who allowed Singapore to fall where, as a Britisher told me, "the old school tie operated in full swing."

Individuals like nations do not learn from other peoples' experiences. Not even the tenderest mother can make her child profit from her own errors and from the lessons she drew from them.

But fate grants at least once to every responsible individual and every responsible nation the opportunity to rectify fatal mistakes and to start out toward a more wisely planned future.

Winston Churchill's "blood, sweat, and tears" brought the badly needed renaissance of conscience to England; deepened by the second betrayal by France; Dunkerque; and the bombings of London which confirmed the truth of a French saying:

"There are no two ways of becoming immortal. There is but one: to forget that one is mortal."

When the war had reached this brutal phase, even certain isolationists of America began to feel that here was not just another European war, but that the world had been divided into two groups of humanity: constructive lovers of liberty—and destructive demons whose lust for power would smash under their feet all gods, all laws, all liberties of mankind, if a miracle did not occur to check their onslaught. But up to that time, no miracle was in sight.

From American pulpits and lecture platforms came repeated warnings of the danger of this unlimited world-revolution which threatened to wrest and to smash the cultural and political achievements of millenia. But there was vanity and the "All-the-guts"-approach, there were party considerations, and there were those with selfish ambitions who prevented the man in the street, who saw well enough the reddened skies, from being heard. This period before America's entry into this war was a most dangerous one, not only to her later allies, but to herself.

An idealistic approach toward national security, a rightful patriotic pride and the resulting belief in invincibility together with many years of a soft and happy life, had built a Paradise for each citizen which he only too naturally refused to leave because of a mere threatening noise from across the ocean.

Yet, it was not the old comfort any longer. Human rights had been abused in other parts of the globe, and the American lovers of liberty felt this as a challenge to their own most treasured ideals. There existed no longer any international justice. Would the crime really stop on the borders of the New World?

It would not. Everybody heard the challenge of barbarism. Everybody watched with anxiety the developments elsewhere. But not all dared to realize even now that the neo-barbarism, brought to this world by the demon of destruction, tolerated no procrastinating reaction. Each

nation on this earth, each individual citizen had to make up their minds whether to answer Hitler and his satellites with a cowardly "Yes, take me and smash me," or with a clear "No! Dare to come and I'll smash you!" Silent disdain is not an effective answer to a robber who greets you with a drawn revolver. No ostrich-policy could impress the savages who had been educated to understand power exclusively as that of the bigger gun.

Their challenge to all noble aims of life necessarily taught all responsible citizens that, if we wanted to answer "No!" to Hitler for the sake of our honor and liberties, a new era would be bound to begin, an era of inexorable reality. If Hitlerism really meant a mass-challenge to all existing ideals on earth, the only effective answer could be a mass-answer of all defenders of these ideals. This meant that the predominance of merely private ambitions, private dreams of security, private conceptions of wealth and independence, had to be given up for the moment. If we all wanted to stay free, we had to sacrifice voluntarily many of our vested privileges—voluntarily, idealistically, to prove ourselves worthy of the liberties our country had safeguarded for us. We all had to realize that there was no Pursuit of Happiness possible for anyone anywhere, so long as the smallest portion of the happiness of other nations was still being suppressed or destroyed.

It was cruel, this knowledge. How much sweeter Mr. Chamberlain's words sounded: "Armed conflict among nations is a nightmare to me." It still is, to all of us. But it is we who, together with other nations of this world, have allowed the cancer abscess of Axis crime to grow. It is we who missed the moment when it might have been possible to destroy it with the help of X-rays. We waited until the surgical knife became imperative. It was like the cockroaches I allowed to multiply during my first American weeks. Weren't they just "summer bugs?" A little greenish powder would have kept them in check. But I had waited for the actual catastrophe. Not until I was

sure that they really were *vermin* did I call the great destroyer with his blow-gun. This unwise policy was the way in which the world had treated Nazism and its ramifications.

When united action was really the only possible answer, we all had to educate ourselves to a new feeling of unity and had to relegate our personal problems to second place.

But, how difficult is it for a cultured individual and a free citizen to say to himself: "The time for self-centered individualism is over. Humanity as a whole must be saved first before I can return to my 'normal' problems." It was doubly difficult in America, because here no dictator had the power of enforcing public reaction. No responsibility is greater than that of being free. Didn't it require a miracle to make the free, independent citizens of this nation forget their private aims and unite in one gigantic effort, a crusade of all defenders of decency in this brutalized world?

Much was asked of them. The idea of conscious individualism is one of the most precious elements of civilization, distinguishing highly cultured nations from primitive tribes. Should we really give up temporarily this finest flower of mental perfection in order to encounter the Axis hordes successfully on the basis of mass-superiority, the only kind of power they understood? It needed a miracle indeed to induce the proud members of a highly civilized nation to make so sweeping a concession.

This miracle came to America. Its name was Pearl Harbor. It came in the guise of a catastrophe. But the material damage it caused, the lives it took, were only the shadows of a holy light suddenly flashing up in all righteous American souls: the realization of what the enemy of faith and freedom really looked like; a fundamental recognition of his fiendish aims; a painful but clear view of the unmasked face of betrayal, crime, and brutality.

Overnight a sacred wrath forged all American patriots into one body. Forgetting their private aims for their

country's sake, they felt as one: as Americans. This new light in their souls gave them a sudden inspiration, crystallizing itself in the willingness to dedicate themselves to one sacred goal: the deliverance of all humanity from the Axis monsters. It brought new hope to all suffering nations, and it brought a precious gift to America herself: *the miracle of unity.*

William Hickey, a British writer who observed this miracle, marveled at it in these words:

"I witnessed over a wide area this extraordinary psychological adjustment by which the American people, formerly lethargic and disunited, reached in 24 hours the mood that it took Britons nine months of war to reach."

When President Roosevelt stood before Congress, recalling the events of December 7, 1941, "a date which will live in infamy," asking for a declaration of war, the sun of that newly won American unity shone over these United States and over the world, a divine blessing for all who believe in right and righteousness. When the President concluded:

"We will gain the inevitable triumph—so help us God!" former isolationists rose as one man to proclaim in stirring words the change of their hearts.

The warners since 1933 were no longer lonely crusaders. They were the voice of the majority now, the voice of their nation.

And this sun of unity of public opinion and unity of Congress penetrated with its rays all parts of the waste American continent. Its light radiated from the actions and words to the man in the street, to the farmer in his field.

"How proud we should be to be able to choose what we like in liberty!" asked Jules' tailor, giving him a chart with new suit patterns.

In Pall Mall, Tennessee, Sergeant Alvin C. York of World War fame let General MacArthur know that he would be mighty happy to round up his mountain neighbors

and their squirrel rifles for the destruction of Japanese snipers.

I received stirring letters from people who formerly had disagreed with some of my thoughts.

The people united. The world united.

For the first time since the beginning of his sinister rule, Hitler and his fellow-gangsters saw themselves unable to divide and conquer the newly-formed bloc of inspired decent humanity. For the first time, unity grew as only crime had been allowed to grow before.

For the first time since the beginning of this war, the birth of the United Nations concentrated mighty armies of construction. They now pledged themselves to destroy destruction and to wipe out an enemy whose complete defeat was "essential to defend life, liberty, independence, and religious freedom."

Stronger beamed the light, brighter shone its aspects. As a demonstration of world-embracing power, the Unified Command included men from Britain, America, and China. The Pacific War Council symbolized its aims by its six leaders from six nations.

This was the first overwhelming answer of democracy to the Axis.

The decent population of the earth had at last arisen to meet the demons of the underworld. Civilization had united to smash the bringers of a new stone-age. Humanity had finally realized that liberty, justice, and happiness are indivisible. All defended, by the miracle of their unity, the immortal ideals of all free peoples on earth. The farmer of the American West felt that a Russian peasant woman, trampled under Nazi boots somewhere in the Ukraine, was his personal concern. Jews wept when stones were thrown at praying Catholic women in Munich; Christians arose to defend the tortured Jews of Europe; New Yorkers suffered when they heard of desert fighters running out of water; Chinese considered Pearl Harbor their grief; the Philippines became a vital topic among Londoners; heroic deeds

performed by French patriots were celebrated in Asia; Russia's victories were considered by the whole decent world as the beginning of the turn of the tide. Napoleon had said of Russia: "She does not beat her enemies—she devours them."

This torn world, our world, has regained its conscience and has forgotten its disunities and selfish interests to fight for its own rejuvenation and reformation. All nations are prepared now to fight for the defense of their own brand of happiness, however they may conceive it. And America, perhaps, has most at stake.

She fights for the preservation of the American way of life, for the free worship of God in whatever form, and for those fundamental rights of the individual which our Constitution terms *inalienable*. Defending the preservation of the rights of all, we fight for our own, most precious individual privileges.

We fight for our very Life which, under dictatorships, would no longer be in the hand of God but in the hands of sadistic men.

We fight for our Liberty—the first victim to fall under modern tyranny. We fight for that liberty which means, to the individual, the right to live within the framework of a democratic community, the kind of life each citizen is entitled to build for himself according to his own circumstances and abilities.

We fight for the Pursuit of our Happiness, the scene of which is our home and our family. Dictatorships distort it by forcing the members of a family into artificially composed outside groups; by destroying privacy and the right of free assembly; by enforcing a negative form of education; by taking the mastery over each citizen's life out of his own hands. We fight against uncertainty—that decisive element of the barbarian "new order." It gives no rest to individual, family, or nation who are compelled to live ever in fear of the dictator's next whim.

We fight the uncertainty of thought and action which deprives nations not only of their past, which is manifested in their traditions, but also of their future, which is manifested in their planning. Victims of dictatorship are doomed to live in the present alone—a wavering, dangerous present, the way of a rope-dancer; a present whose form is not determined by the individual citizen himself but by a blasphemous state, arbitrarily elevated to godhood.

We fight in order that art and science, music and beauty, innocence and laughter may not perish from this earth. We fight for the preservation of all that distinguishes man from beast, for the joys of our days and the rest of our nights. We fight for our own happy end and for the Kingdom of Heaven we hope to see.

For one who has always enjoyed safety and freedom from fear, it is difficult to realize the full extent of what is at stake. Those in this present world who have lost all—individuals or nations—find it easier to fight for what experience has taught them to regard as the only worthwhile possessions of life. Those who have lost everything are better able to discover the best means of fighting for all. The name of the enemy who looks over the shoulders of those who still have their possessions is Complacency. Don't think your house is safe when you lock the front door. The intruder may dynamite his way through your roof. Everybody knows that it is painful to break a leg. But only those who have actually experienced it know *how* it hurts. It is the same with the loss of liberty. Only great wisdom can provide the continuous alertness, the continuous readiness to voluntary sacrifice which alone can protect our American liberties. It needs a fanatically subjective and at the same time a great objective approach to do the right thing at the right time for the protection of liberty. All those who are now Americans and who once left their birthplace in some foreign land, whether years or centuries ago, to find that liberty on a new and greater soil, should know better than any other people that it is the pioneer

spirit alone, the readiness to abandon all to gain more, which will win us this war. Unfortunate are those who merely inherited the great ideals that brought their ancestors to these shores and who have lost the great original spark of idealism through easy opportunities which this spark alone helped to create. Now, it is not a question of losing only towns or lands—the whole world may be lost if we citizens of the United States, who inspired the formation of the United Nations, allow any personal consideration to overshadow our common fight for the victory of all decent humanity.

Even in this super-mechanized war, it is not the machines alone which win battles. It is the spirit of the human beings who use them.

It was not the Maginot Line which broke down in France, but the complacent soldiers who manned it. The defenders of Malaya were not “outnumbered and out-armed”; they believed in old-fashioned defense rather than in attack, and they lacked the spirit of dynamic leadership.

When our spirit slumbers or begins to falter, when we allow democracy to become an empty word, our cause is lost, even if we technically outnumber the attacker. Democracy has rested too comfortably for the last one hundred and fifty years. Too many of its beneficiaries took it for granted. To make it triumphant, we have to rediscover the spirit of its founders.

Democracy has not only its special blessings, it has its own obligations, voluntarily recognized by the free. And it has its own code of international behavior, its special dignity. Not all countries living under a republican form of government rightly understand that dignity.

I was in Paris when Madame Albert Lebrun, the wife of the last President of France, sank down before the visiting British Majesties in a deep curtsey of ridiculous docility; and I was in New York when the First Lady of America treated the same King and Queen with simple and therefore dignified American “hot dogs.” Such little

details are sometimes more revealing concerning the character of a nation than many official proclamations. The dignity of a democracy is entrusted to each of her citizens. We should all remember that at every moment of our lives.

A dangerous routine-feeling toward the dignity and the institutions of democracy whose blessings we daily enjoy very often fosters an attitude of cynicism which enjoys posing as "intellectual" or "highbrow," but which is, fundamentally, as dangerous to our vital possessions as any enemy attack. I found that cynicism at those parties which we left protestingly and in the silence of guests who remained there. It is a cynicism very frequent on some lecture platforms where speakers sometimes mistake freedom of speech for the privilege of ridiculing the finest efforts and traditions of our country. Especially, youthful people seem afraid to declare themselves as being unconditionally in favor of our best traditions. They have not yet lived long enough to understand that our so-called modern problems are the same as those that have ever confronted humanity, only under different names. They use their urge to be original in a most alarming fashion. The average American has a natural inclination to belittle everything which he, personally, has not achieved. In this time of war, some Americans over-indulge this inclination by cynically critizing their government, their nation, and their own most precious privileges. Nowhere have I heard more bitter and more devastating criticism of American institutions than from native Americans—especially from those who have lived abroad for a considerable time.

These cynics have not become part of the American miracle of unity. Unknowingly perhaps, but not less dangerous, they act as the stooges of Hitler who conquers by dividing. "I don't need as many foreign propagandists as you might think," wrote Hitler, "in any country I find natives enough who are eager to take over." He found his Quisling in Norway, his Laval in France, his Coughlin in America.

What we need are young people and seasoned ones who are not afraid of appearing ridiculous while displaying a new, healthy, happy optimism; people who say "Yes!" to life and "Yes!" to America and save their "No!" for the challenges of dictatorship.

Destructive cynicism is as wrong as the attitude of cultural stagnation. It is an indirect means of co-operation with the destroyers of all forms of civilized thought when cultural activities are postponed "until after the war," even if not all such obstructionists go as far as the one known to me who is postponing the realization of an important scientific project "until the time when the after-maths of this war are over." If our souls are to live—and without our souls we cannot win this war against barbarism—our science, our art, and music must go on flourishing while we fight; if only to demonstrate to us the difference between our world and the world of destruction.

It is a hopeful sign that we are culturally much more mature in this war than we were in the last one. We go on performing "The Mikado" and "Lohengrin" because we know that their origin and contents have nothing to do with the politicians who seduced and crippled the people whose dream-images these works depict. Dante has nothing to do with Mussolini—the Statue of Liberty, a gift from free France, is alien to the Vichy government. What a triumphant expression of the internationality of true civilization lies in the fact that it is Beethoven who provided the musical dots and dashes for the United Nations' V for Victory!

We don't burn books. We don't destroy manifestations of the spirit, regardless of where their creators who now populate Paradise once lived on this earth.

It is America's task in this war not only to be the arsenal of democracy and the checker of ruthless attack, but also to become the protectorate of all the visible and invisible cultural treasures of all peoples on earth and

especially of those peoples who at present prove themselves unworthy of their own past.

This cultural, constructive approach of America as the inventor and leader of the idea of the United Nations representing civilized mankind as a whole, explains why Hitler and his partly excavated, partly hysterically dreamed-up "Gedankengut,"¹ this ridiculous pseudo-ideology, are doomed to perish from the earth. It has nothing constructive to offer. The disciples of Nazism are taught what and whom and how to hate—even the objects of this hate change continuously—but they are not told what to love and to cherish.

*Wenn die Germanen untergehn
soll die Welt in Flammen stehn²*

is the most widely circulated verse of Nazi ideology, hanging over the beds of millions of Nazi youths. The idea of destruction is predominant in his whole approach. Scuttling ships or scuttling oneself is the way out of any predicament, not the constructive resolution to build something lastingly constructive. And Hitler loves not even, what he pretends, the German people. Since 1933 he has told them: "I am Germany!" and he tries to teach them to love that "Germany" represented by himself. He who likes to fancy himself as the great builder is nothing but the leader of the greatest demolition squad on earth. To destroy his armies of destruction, our armies of construction are now in the field.

As with all tyrants the motive of his actions is a painful feeling of inferiority. Just as his colleagues of the olden times, he is terribly alone.

Xenophon said of his contemporary tyrant: "Instead of friends he has slaves!" If Hitler were better educated than he is, he would probably know the three points which Aristotle gave as a recipe for a successful tyrant:

¹ "Wealth of thought," Hitler's own term for his "philosophy."

² "When the Germans perish the whole world must be ablaze."

Keep your people on the lowest standard possible,
because the needy are too weak to conspire.
Create mutual distrust among citizens.
Make your subjects unable to take political action.

It may be worth while for American patriots to study these principles most carefully and to analyze with their help the activities of those cynical enemies of unity whom President Roosevelt has termed "members of a sixth column." Their weapon is especially "to create mistrust among citizens."

Besides a unification of constructive and inexorable will to victory among his enemies there is but one danger any tyrant or dictator dreads: the irresistibility of fearless, outstanding individuals who speak their mind regardless of material consequences. Therefore, right at the beginning of his rule, Hitler tried to extinguish all those Germans and later all Europeans whom he was unable to impress by his methods of terror.

Dictators have their instincts. Hitler certainly is unfamiliar with the wisdom of his classic colleague Periander, yet he applies the same methods to suppress the most "dangerous" personalities among his subjects.

Periander, the tyrant of Corinth, once sent a messenger to the tyrant of Milet, asking him for advice on how to rule in utmost safety. The tyrant of Milet led the messenger to a cornfield. Drawing his sword, he there beheaded all corn ears which grew higher than the average ones. Periander understood the message and killed in one night all outstanding citizens of his realm.

This should teach the democracies that from their united masses some enlightened heads should be allowed to rise for the benefit of all and that the great, cultured characters of the United Nations should be listened to by all and authorized to act for the benefit of all. For this reason Hitler fears Roosevelt and Churchill who have everything he himself has not: truth, breeding, the wealth of a universal education, and the fearless character of a great man.

Men alone can win this war, not cowards; an undaunted spirit of unity, not citizens who distrust each other. Machines of war are their tools. Outstanding leaders do not depend on machines alone.

Men who represent, by their actions, immortal ideals can and always will win even against most unfavorable odds. This is the lesson Edouard Daladier of France has learned who turned from a "softie" of appeasement into the accuser of Riom, following the example of Gregory Dimitroff who, from a seemingly hopeless position, defeated and conquered even Nazi judges. *Men* and their convictions are the secret of the invincible British commando raids, not merely the machines they use as their tools. *Men* will rise in Europe against overwhelming technical obstacles to lead their suppressed nations to triumphant revival.

When our material superiority over the Axis has become a fact, the spirit of democracy, not our planes and guns and tanks alone, will hurl the philosophers of destruction into the abyss of defeat which their deeds have prepared for them. Germany never would be able to endure bombings of the kind England has survived, because Hitler has not understood how to give to the German people any constructive ideal beyond his teachings of terror, betrayal, and crime.

Civilian morale in this war is not an aim but a prerequisite for the final success of that military as well as cultural attack which will win The Great Liberty War for the decent and civilized nations of the world, forged together in common destiny by the miracle of their unity.

This book, friends, began as a very personal account. It ends, as each personal story in this time of vital struggle should, with a profession of faith in my country and with the modest realization that the significance of one individual would be nil and the story of the rebirth of one soul in liberty would be without meaning to others, if there were not a certain inner offering with which a man or a woman

can serve his or her nation in these perilous times. This spirit I mean is that of rendering account to oneself and to one's nation in the constructive resolution to truth.

The world in which we live cannot afford to cast aside any evidence of constructive effort from whatever humble source it may come. For victory, we need all our resources furnished by our factories as well as by our minds. To understand each other we have to unveil our open hearts to our fellow-men to show them the integrity of our will to self-surrender. The times of Neville Chamberlain are over, to whom Czechoslovakia was a "far-away country." Our world has become alarmingly small. Today, we defend America from Australia to Dakar, from Iceland to Iraq. And we should defend the American way of life in the soul of each fellow-member of the United Nations who tries to live for our common immortal ideals fearlessly and undauntedly.

Whoever among us has become a conscious preserver and defender of the treasured traditions of mankind, whoever feels himself a bearer of the eternal powers of culture and love of liberty is welcome to his fellow-fighters in this century. It is not the extent of his achievements which is decisive for his fellow-men but the intensity of his goodwill. Everyone who acts as though the integrity of America were entrusted to him personally should be allowed to bring his message to the soldiers of construction—be it only a woman who came, as an exalted greenhorn to these shores eight years ago, born under the happy stars of Aquarius like George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Walter Damrosch, and Douglas MacArthur whose admirer she became. She tried to understand first the visible and later the invisible phenomena whose blending results in the greatness we call America. She tried to be honest at all times.

The more she grew into her country and became a part of it, the more she learned to forget all designs for per-

sonal happiness, private ambition, and the longing for economic safety, a house, a dog, music, a flower-garden, a position—wishes, human perhaps, yet so negligible when compared with the challenges to all human happiness in our time.

Now an American with heart and soul, body and nerves, she made herself ready to serve her country best, wherever her help, her experiences, her loving heart were called upon to bring something to someone. When America entered this war the woman who wrote this book had lived for nine years in a peaceless world; it was the ninth anniversary of her own struggle with the savages who are still trying to tear to shreds our happiness and our inalienable rights. Her education to be a good soldier should be concluded by now.

But all I try to tell about my own development into, what I hope, a good American, must remain an inadequate symbol only of the greater aims achieved by the greater soul whose partner for life I am. Living his ideals instead of discussing them he remains silent, leaving me alone with the hope of having made it clear that without his example of integrity I would be neither a soldier nor an American today.

On the first day of war we offered our services to our President and to our Governor. But until we were needed we would not allow precious time to pass by in vain. Before our country wished to make other use of all we had, I decided to offer at least my blood to the soldiers of America.

After a short telephone inquiry during which I could assert that I had never suffered from malaria or heart disease I was granted an appointment at one of the Blood Donors' Centers of the American Red Cross conveniently located in downtown Manhattan.

It was one of those late city afternoons shortly before the rush hour. The lights of New York shone in all colors

of the rainbow from magnificently decorated shop windows, telling of a world of luxury which some people obviously still took for granted. The uniforms of soldiers and of sailors lost themselves in the crowd, whimsical touches rather among the multicolored costumes than symbols of alertness and of fight. Society matrons sailed home in noiseless supercars—did they ever hear of rubber rationing? Debutantes returned from fashionable teas to dress for dinner parties.

A solemn joy inspired me. Human blood has a strange atavistic symbolism. No medieval treaty with the Devil is imaginable without the signatory's name written under it with this magic "ink." Life-long brotherhood is sealed with blood from the African deserts to the secret societies of Asia. The red liquid which gives us the warmth of life and which is able to restore life to the wounded body of a soldier or sailor who fought for you and me, for your ideals and mine, your country and mine, has a glory of its own, because each ounce of it has entered and left the mystical ventricles of our own living, hoping, enthusiastic heart.

No monetary contribution, however generous, can provide the thrill of individual giving as strongly as this present of blood which each healthy American should donate gratefully as his or her confirmation of the brotherhood existing among all men and women standing together in sacred unity to save this distressed world for a better future in the name of liberty-loving humanity.

The reception each donor gets is so kind, the appreciation of his little gesture so overwhelming, and the self-adoring attitude of some donors so exaggerated that some prospective donors hearing of the "sacrifice" shrink back from it in the fear of impairing by it temporarily their physical or mental capacities. Instead of praising the donor, public voices should rather praise the hosts who embellish so gracefully this little get-together: the expert

physicians and their helpers and the little canteen where after the routine part is over every visitor's gift is outdone by splendid hospitality. Sitting in soft chairs in a lovely room in the company of beautiful nurses, he may order tea, coffee, cookies, fruit juices, or whisky, and will be served by these delightful hostesses who pamper him with cheerful conversation. Is this your idea of a "sacrifice?" Not mine.

Everybody should be proud to take part in one of the most miraculous performances of modern science which never has been used before anywhere on so large a scale and in so competent a way. The donated blood is sent to a laboratory where it is processed into dried plasma, made ready for use as a transfusion and delivered to the Army and Navy for distribution. As a service to the donor, his blood is typed and he is informed of his blood group. This information may be of great value to the donor in some future emergency involving his own or a friend's life.

When I entered the building exclusively dedicated to this service, I was received by three friendly nurses in light yellow uniforms. No hospital atmosphere whatsoever was noticeable. A large wood-cut on the wall depicting a Chinese horse gave an artistic touch of private hospitality to the surroundings. I filled out a routine blank, affirming that I was "between twenty-one and sixty" and certified by my signature the fact that my own, voluntary impulse had brought me here as one of the about one hundred and twenty-five people who appeared here for the same purpose every day.

An elevator took me upstairs where kind nurses ushered me into a tiny room where I took off my dress to exchange it for a white linen coat which gave a touch of pleasant anonymity to each of the half dozen women present, erasing most delicately all differences of social background and monetary status.

No hostess can receive you more charmingly at a dinner party than the two nurses did between whom I now found

myself at a little table in a separate room. Thermometer in mouth I listened to their friendly chat while they took my pulse, my blood pressure and my temperature. A tiny prick in my left middle finger produced a smaller drop of blood than any you draw from yourself occasionally while sewing. It was compared with a tiny chart, and I learned that my temperature was 98, my pulse 88, my blood pressure 154/109 and the hemoglobin contents of my blood 90%.

This tiny drop of blood, by the way, was the only evidence of the red liquid I got to see during my whole visit. Shrewd psychology and ingenious apparatus reduced it to a mere notion that people were actually leaving this building with a pint less of their blood. The white-wrapped bottles I noticed later under the cots did not seem to have any causal relationship to the purpose of the donors' presence.

While waiting for my turn I was provided with some most interesting facts.

More women came than men to offer their blood to the soldiers of America, and all women made "much less fuss" about their visit than the males. This was no surprise to me. It only confirmed my ideas about the character of the American woman.

Wives of outstanding politicians or men of public life? The nurses could not remember any. But they spoke fondly of some male visitors who had endeared themselves to all on account of their "beautiful approach." Boris Karloff, the horror-man of stage and screen, had behaved here as a lamb; the members of the National Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra had appeared as one body of patriotic will; but, beyond all, there was the blind man who had, for the first time in his existence, found a means to render himself useful to the cause of his country at this time. Led by a guide, he had appeared ten times at the Blood Donors' Center. And he would come again, after the prescribed eight weeks were over.

The men and women who came here originated from all walks of life. Most of them were foreign-born.

Someone said, while we waited:

"We have not been brought up to think of war."

Neither have I, I can assure you. But I learned. I learned to be my own fortress first before expecting others to fight for my rights. I learned that only the miracle of absolute, self-forgetting unity can save the future of civilized mankind and that it is America and her allies who will win this fight. This Great Liberty War will be won in the spirit of sacred responsibility, the only cornerstone for an enduring peace.

So deeply was I involved in my thoughts that I hardly heard the call to come.

I entered a square little room each of whose sides was taken in by a high-legged cot. Three young women lay there already, in their white coats, smiling; their eyes dreamily directed toward the ceiling. There was no evidence of any apparatus, besides a few gadgets on the floor, wrapped in white cloth.

A tall young doctor glanced professionally at my left arm artery and advised me to lie down on the fourth cot.

After dabbing the vein with iodine and alcohol, the nurse tied a short rubber hose around my upper arm and made me close my fist. The resulting congestion of blood made the following injection of novocaine absolutely painless. This injection, in turn, had an anaesthetizing effect. I did not feel at all the introduction of a hollow needle into the vein and I did not even see the attached small tube through which the blood now began to run.

Opening my left hand and closing it in a fist slowly and rhythmically, I let my thoughts travel to the Australian continent where the plasma of my blood would arrive some future day. I dreamed of kangaroos, koala bears, cockatoos, and black swans. I dreamed of the soldiers of my nation fighting for victory shoulder to shoulder with Britishers,

Aussies, and Anzacs, bound to each other by the miracle of unity.

For a second I heard distinctly a tiny, drawing noise to my lower left. It was caused by a warm stream of liquid moving from a living vein into a muffled container.

It was just ordinary human blood of group AB.

Yet, it was American blood, flowing for the cause of liberty.

THE END

